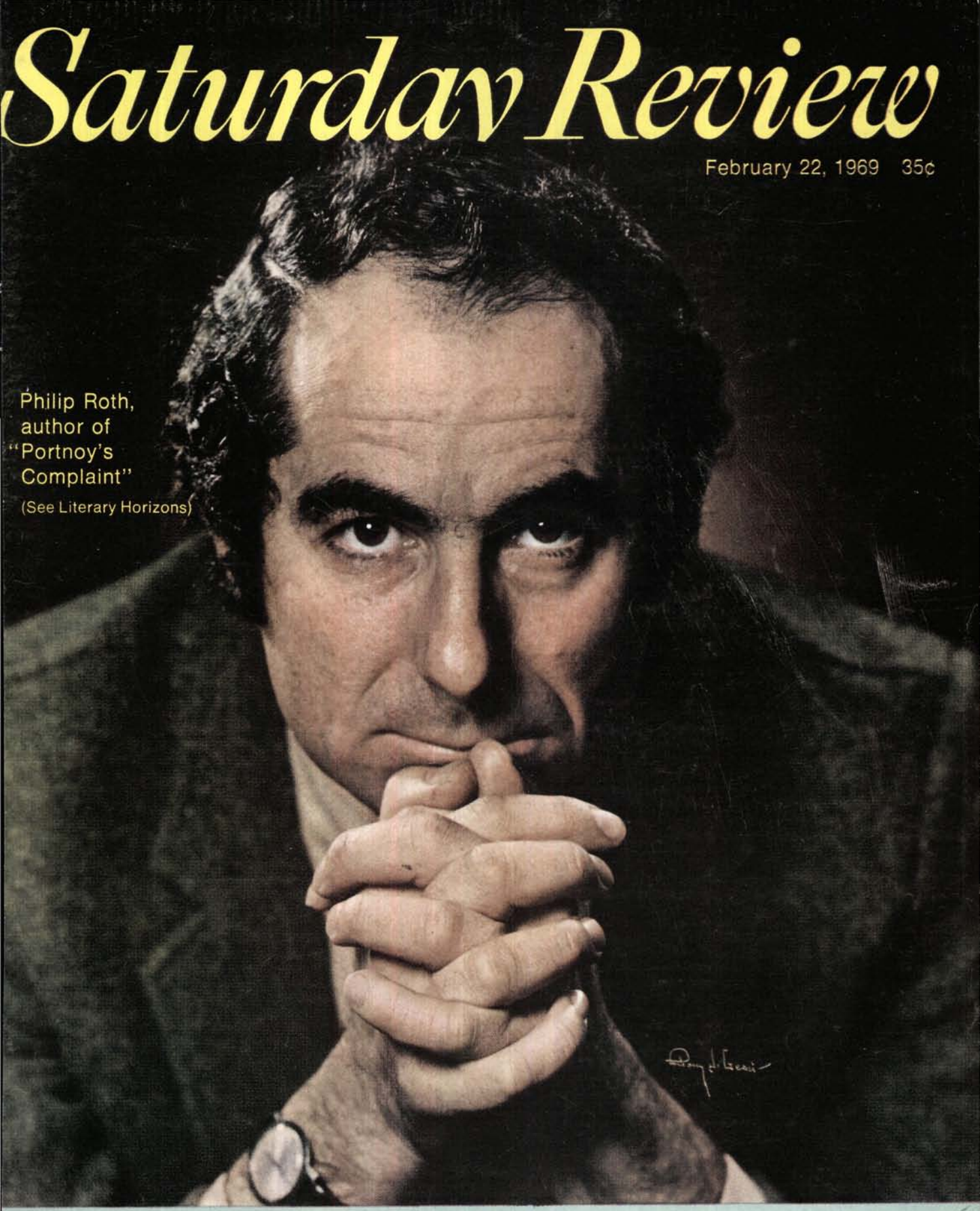
Saturday Review

February 22, 1969 35¢



Philip Roth, author of "Portnoy's Complaint"
(See Literary Horizons)

MUSIC FROM THE

By Hans W. H

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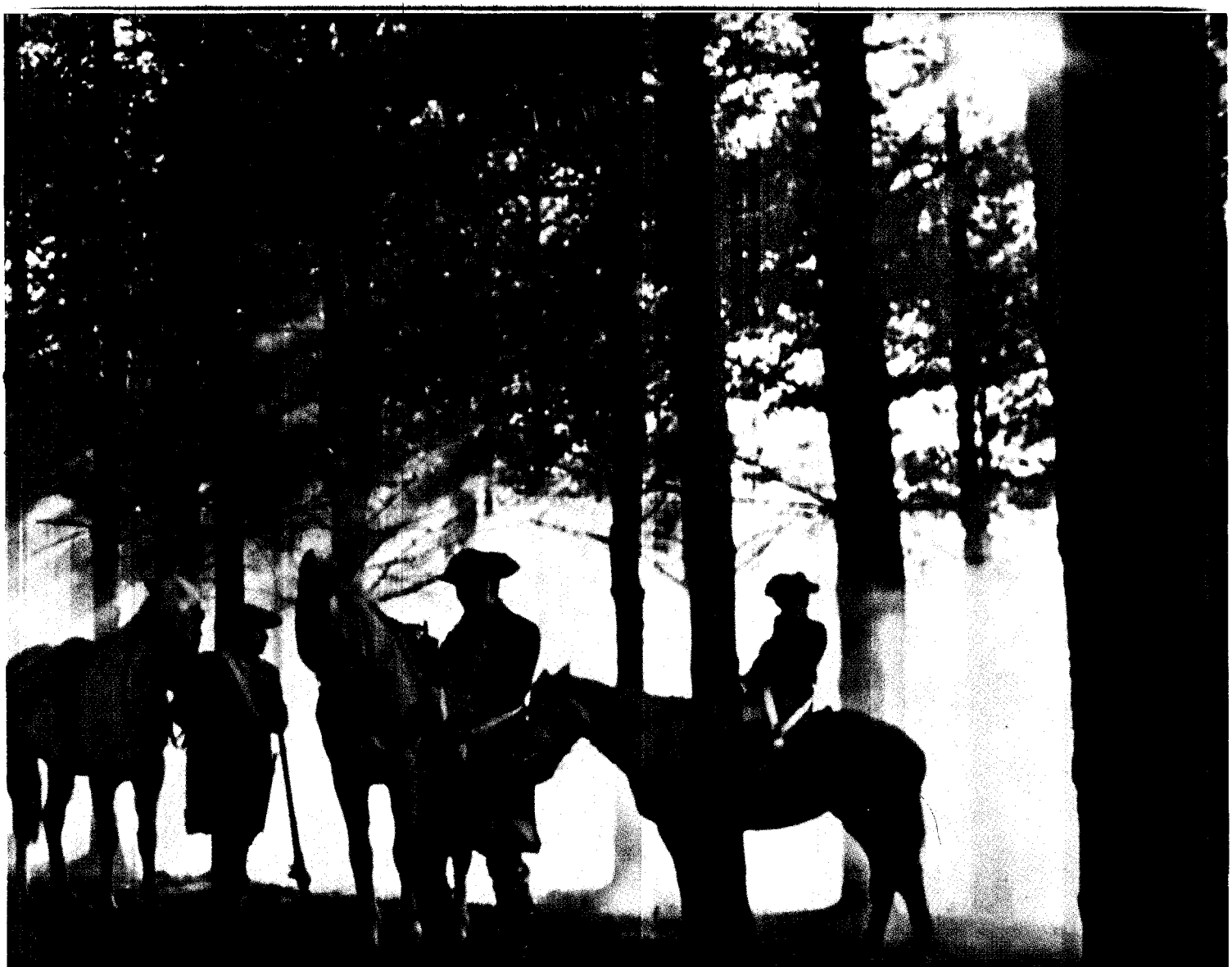

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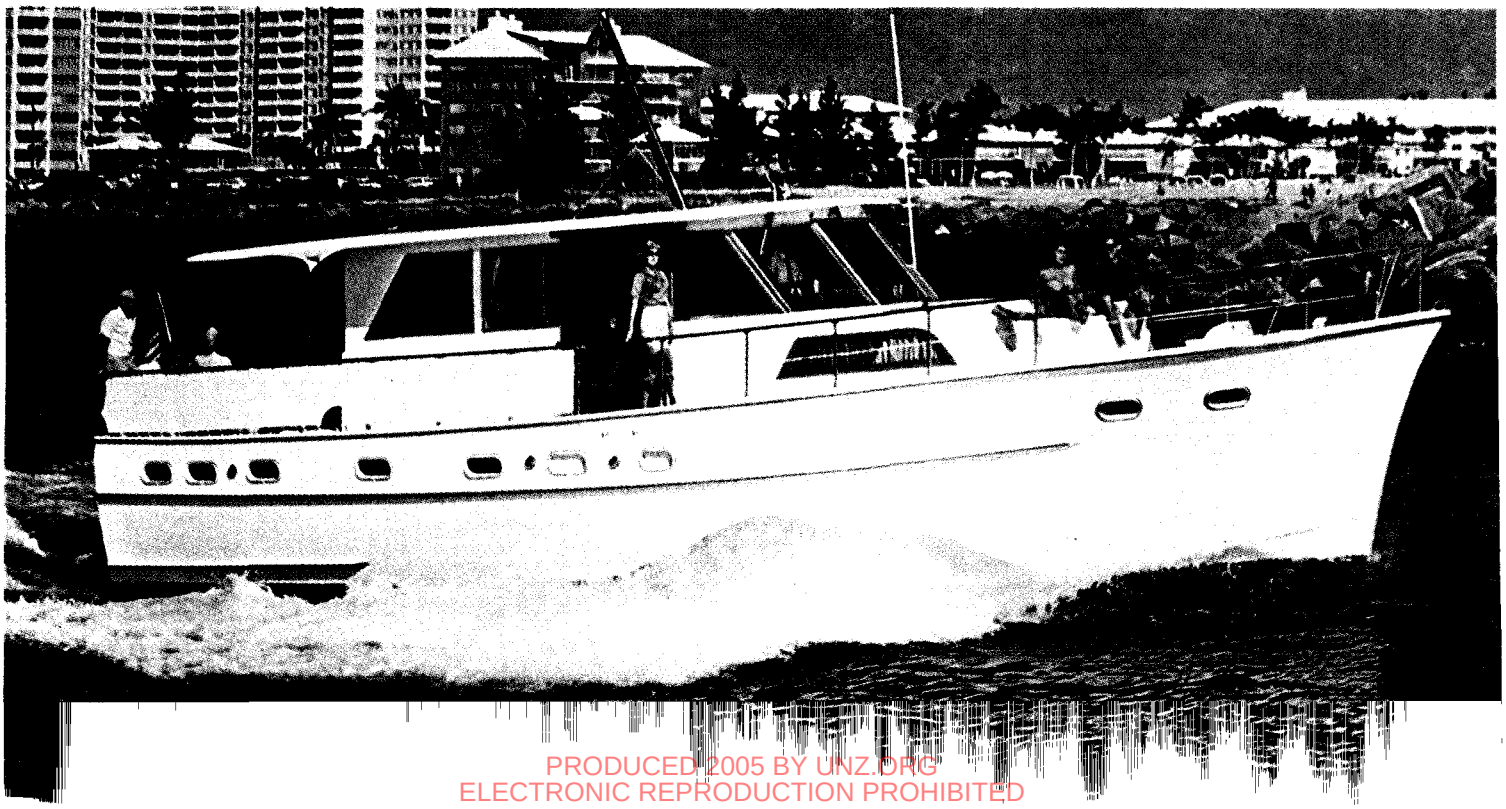

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(Advertisement)

Scientists say that, after the age of 18, we slough off millions (or maybe it's billions) of brain cells every day. And that these cells are *never replaced.* Naturally this process escalates as we grow older. So that by the time we reach middle age we are down to our last trillion.

It's an unsettling thought. Still, it wasn't entirely brain cells (or lack of them) that gave Irene Kampen a hard time when she resumed her college education at 45. The courses were different, yes. But that she could handle. Other things were really jarring. Like, for example, the sophisticated hardware required. A pen for note taking is not enough. An arsenal of magic markers for "highlighting" was required, and it wasn't a paucity of brain cells but a simple lack of motor ability that caused Mrs. Kampen to drop her magic markers at every classroom moment of truth.

Then there was the question of her old sorority house which had been converted to the Ayn Rand Co-educational and Residential Eating Co-operative House. Just eating a macrobiotic meal there was a cosmic experience. So was having the Dean of Women call to say that the computer had rejected her card and that she would need her mother's permission to live off campus. As for the ivy walls, Mrs. Kampen was not exactly up against them, but what do you say when the students' graffiti tells you that DUE TO LACK OF INTEREST TOMORROW HAS BEEN CANCELED.

Irene Kampen's bewildered confrontation with the youth scene must have been fun for her because it is certainly fun to read about it in her new book. No magic marker is required. And don't worry about the brain cells. While reading this column you probably lost 1,000 or so. Reading about Irene Kampen's romp across the campus in DUE TO LACK OF INTEREST TOMORROW HAS BEEN CANCELED will take your mind off your loss.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

DUE TO LACK OF INTEREST TOMORROW HAS BEEN CANCELED ($3.95), by Irene Kampen, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 310 North 8th Street, St. Louis, Missouri 63101.

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

The Headache, Its Past, Present and Future

THERE IS a difference of opinion among medical men over the cause of the headache. The article on HEADACHE in the only health book I own says that "there are 203 separate causes of headaches," which is not hard to believe. Then the book becomes evasive, making only a few snide remarks about excessive eating, smoking, and drinking before shifting the subject to HEAD BANGING.

On the other hand the people who dispense headache remedies make it crystal clear in their television commercials that the headache is the result of the infiltration of the cranium by bands of tiny men who make merry with pickaxes on the cerebellum, the occipital lobe, and the medulla oblongata. A man hardly knows what to believe.

Historically the headache is a comparatively recent discovery. Historians say that Early Man, who flourished from 1,000,000 B.C. to the year before you were born, rarely experienced a headache, although his feet hurt a lot. This was because he used his feet all the time but saved his head for special occasions. Early Man's equivalent to the headache was the feetache.

The feetache faded from medical history when man let up on the use of his feet. At about this time he began to use his head, even on weekdays, and it started to hurt most of the time.

The headache was brought to perfection by Late Man. (I don't like to sound alarmist but that is what we are.) Late Man sat there resting his feet and using his head. He thought up automobiles, superhighways, parent-teacher conferences, trading stamps, water pollution, all-digit dialing, English subtitles, the jet set, folk-rock musicals, credit cards, sales taxes, usually reliable sources, news every hour, and Playmates every month. His feet felt great but his head was killing him.

Recent research indicates that the headache may be getting ready to follow the feetache into oblivion. Man just doesn't seem to be using his head as much as he did for a while. Before long, the prophets tell us, he will use his head as seldom as he uses his feet and suddenly the headache will belong to the past. This sounds hopeful on the face of it but don't turn any cartwheels. There is a catch. Scientists assure us that the basic ache will remain. Having departed both the feet and the head it will look around and settle elsewhere in the human anatomy. And there it will rest, relocated, renamed, revitalized, throbbing.

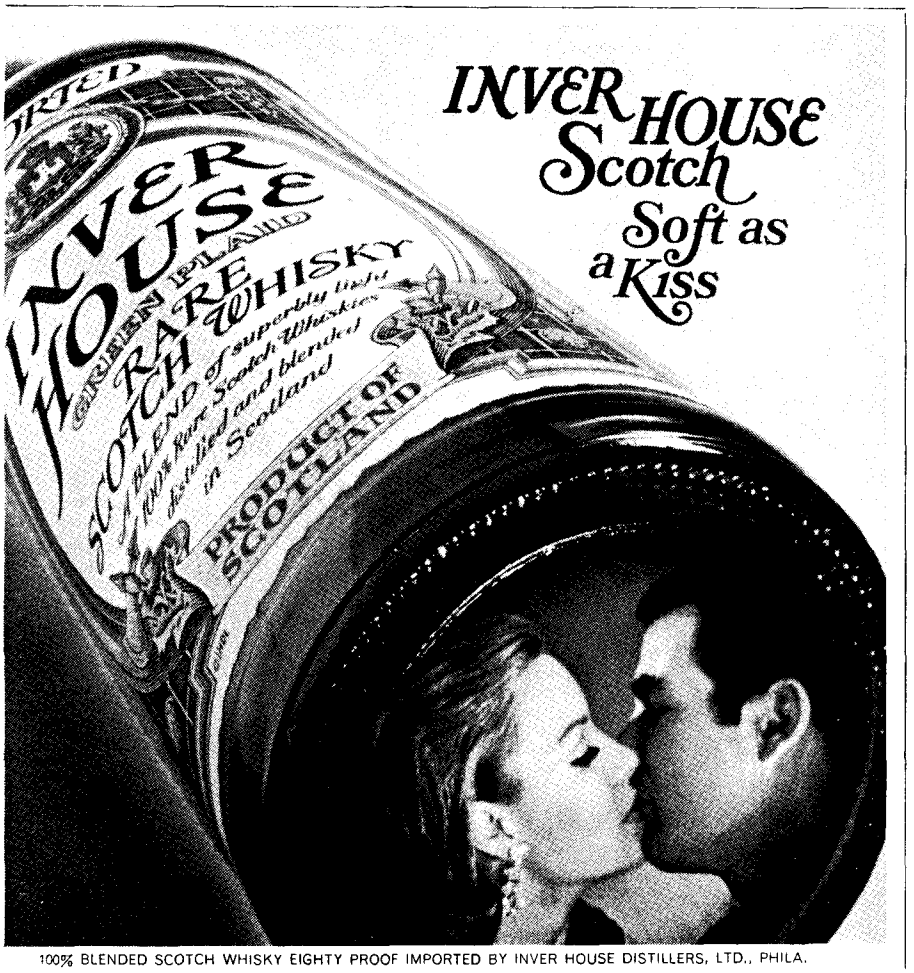
I don't even want to *think* about that.

—PATRICK BUTLER.

Voi Che non Entrate

Quite suddenly one evening, just at seven,
The owner of three midtown honky-tonks
Ascended in his Cadillac to Heaven—
Straight upward from a freeway in the Bronx.
Now, eager to get in with the immortals,
He sits, frustrated by those pearly portals,
And honks, and honks, and honks, and honks, and honks.

—GUY DANIELS.



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As they walked out together . . . looking like new . . . he could not help noticing her . . . distinctive design. He gulped nervously, not knowing how to begin without . . . teeth that are hard to whiten . . . but finally slipped his arm around her waist . . . and whispered in tones . . . sold the world over.

"Dearest . . . I wanted to ask you to . . . try me for thirty days. Would you, could you be mine," he asked . . . knowing that moisture makes the difference. "I know I can't offer much more than . . . ready cash and a steady income . . . but . . . a million women have found it's worth it."

"Do you really want me to be your wife?" she replied, after a pause . . . to match the most critical twentieth-century taste. She lowered her eyelids . . . designed to bring out the curves of the figure . . . and continued: "Do you honestly . . . insist on the best?"

"Darling," he interrupted with a . . .

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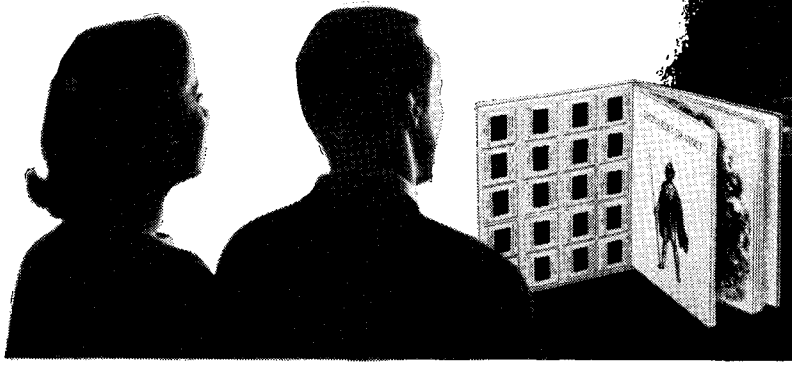

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choice of colors to match the complexion . . . "I love you, I want you . . . for every room in the house . . . do not delay. Say 'yes' and . . . pamper yourself."

She lifted her head . . . dynamic in performance, beauty, comfort, and value . . . and looked long into his eyes. "Yes, sweetheart, I'll marry you as long as you . . . refuse substitutes . . . and . . . keep the spring in your skin."

They halted at the corner. He kissed her upturned face . . . quietly, completely, easily . . . vowing to . . . keep contents hot for twenty-four hours. His kisses were passionate . . . supplied direct from the factory . . . and . . . built for long life. She felt his strong arms encircle her . . . body by Fisher . . . and reveled . . . in its rich aroma. They started to walk away arm in arm . . . for faster movement of heavier loads . . . dreaming of . . . furniture that cares for itself . . . when she suddenly stopped, struck with . . . the $100 difference. "Will you always . . . feel at home about your investment?" she demanded in a tone which . . . 42,040 housewives helped to perfect.

"Yes, dear," he murmured through his tight-clenched . . . luxuriously appointed interior. "Our life will always retain . . . all the original aroma, flavor, and natural essence . . . rugged as iron yet light as air. You must never forget to . . . take the lug out of your luggage . . . and I shall think of you forever as . . . containing the purest ingredients. Your hair is . . . a meal in itself . . . and your lips make me realize that . . . only the best can be packed in glass. Our honeymoon will be . . . nationally known and approved for thirty years . . . and our . . . model home . . . will be . . . cool and comfortable even over a damp bathing suit. We will be as happy as . . . $5,000 in cash prizes . . . for we both understand thoroughly how wonderful it is to . . . stand up under abuse."

She sighed . . . knowing he would always be . . . up up and away . . . reflecting to herself that he . . . cost no more than other makes. Clinging to his arm . . . as different from ordinary macaroni as tenderloin steak is from round steak . . . the happy couple walked away into the gathering twilight . . . showing many different styles and patterns. It was all over. At last she was to experience the glorious thrill of knowing that . . . long distance is the next best thing to being there . . . for she was to be married to a man who had been . . . in use for 200 years.

—William Fadiman.

Nutty Note

Munching idly on a salted cashew one day, a thought suddenly occurred to me. I had never seen the shell of the cashew nut! As far as I knew, cashews came in glass jars and/or tin cans. I chewed on that mental tidbit for a while, then decided to do a little investigating.

The cashew is a bean-shaped nut that grows on a tropical tree. It is related to poison ivy. Oh! The shell contains an irritating poison and skin blisters usually develop from contact with it. So! However, roasting removes all poison from the nut. That is food for thought.

That was also the sum total of pertinent cashew facts in the encyclopedia. The ramifications are more provocative. Who picks the cashew? How? What precautions are taken? Does immunity to the poison develop? The questions are valid, but where are the answers? After hours of fruitless research at the local library, the cashew is still a mystery. I have even written nut distributors, but to no avail. Meanwhile the delectable morsels grow more tantalizing by the day. Consider the cashew!

—Maxine Glassman.

Otis

By Barbara Howes

"When King George the Fifth
Died, my cows were happy;
They needed just that sort
Of music to ease 'em down,
Same as a person."

Our two horses enjoy
Their separate, canopied four-
Poster stalls, with silvered
Wadding run to the ridgepole,
That Otis made them.

"Waltzes, and something soft,
Is what cows like for music;
Then they rest quiet . . ." His sheep,
Grooming the upper pasture,
Are belled for safety,

And their far cadence tolls
Summer's opulent hours—
While tallow fleeces thicken—
And winter's thinning days;
"We've had a cold

Spring for eighteen years
That hasn't failed us, it's
Based on quicksand: warm
Winters, and cool in May;
It never froze."

A wonder of nature—"wood
Splits well in cold weather"—
How things are, how things
Work, that is the study
Of a happy man:

"Keeping animals takes
Plenty of knowing; they have
Their ways, you just must think
Quicker than they do," Otis
Said, knowing he did.

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

No Bankers' Hours

EVER SINCE the morning after the day of the Inauguration I've been sleeping sound and warm. Nothing disturbs my nightly rest, not even the clatter of a couple of "ly's" dropping off of their adverbs.

This euphoric somnolescence overcame me when I read that President Nixon, the morning after he took the oath of office, was downstairs working behind his desk at the White House at 7:30. Let it be known from the eastern shores of our beloved country to the surf-ridden beaches of Hawaii, where 7:30 a.m. is 2:30 a.m., that all states are in good hands.

There were a couple of weeks before the Inauguration when sleep did not come that easily. The nights consisted of a dozen short fitful naps, out of which I was awakened wondering how he'd handle that conflict of interest business with the new Cabinet members.

There was a worrisome impression in the news stories and in the other media that the Cabinet was made up entirely of bankers, or at the very least, presidents of multi-million-dollar corporations. On closer examination it turned out that several of the Cabinet appointees were only independently well-to-do. However, that didn't help me much when I read that one $300-million fortune was to be placed in some kind of a trust to avoid a conflict of interest.

All I know is that my auditor has frowned on any ingenious loophole shenanigans that I have come up with every January and April 15 that would reflect on the Government's right to take my money. We've had a conflict of interest—my auditor and I—for many years. For some time I've had the distinct impression that he's in cahoots with the Bureau of Internal Revenue to divest me of any monies that would be in conflict with the demands of my credit-card bills. He has become the enemy, and every tax day I've had the feeling that I was being infiltrated.

But you can tear all that up now. I will proudly and thankfully, almost gladly, pay my taxes to a President who is at work in his office at 7:30 every morning in the interest of his countrymen. In his first press conference our new President showed the results of those early hours spent doing his homework. Although he had no quick or easy solutions to the questions that were fired at him, he was able to report that he had formed committees at high levels to investigate every problem.

As his press secretary put it, "The past few days have been involved with organizational discussions, and structuring the President's staff and the Cabinet subcommittees."

I'm a 7 o'clock riser myself. It's not that I run out of sleep at seven, but I know that the best hours to structure are in the early morning before phone calls and the boy with the secretary's Danish interrupt (no coffee, it keeps her awake all day). I structure my typewriter ribbon, and the desk light, and I turn off the heat. This last item is particularly important to any President.

A fringe benefit of being at my desk at 7:30 is that I can walk against traffic lights in mid-Manhattan, and even walk diagonally across what would be busy intersections in a couple of hours. I'm a cool cat rebel at heart, but a fraidycat when it comes to demonstrating with a policeman on the corner.

It was interesting to note that the President's Cabinet did not arrive at 7:30. Although accustomed to bankers' hours, they did manage to get to work at 8:30. One can imagine the President looking at his watch and gently saying, "Well, good afternoon, gentlemen. Would you please make a note that this Administration begins work every morning at half past seven?"

Each member silently made a note. Later when they got together alone after the long day they tried to restructure the note which they had sleepily jotted down that early morning. They came to the conclusion that the "seven" and the "half" meant raising the interest rate on all FHA loans to seven and a half per cent.

It is a question how long the President will be able to continue this 7:30 schedule. It's only a matter of time till the Mrs. says, "What are you trying to prove? That you know how to make your own coffee? What are you trying to do, kill yourself? You got the job. The campaign is over. Even Ronnie Reagan is still asleep. If you're trying to make an impression, forget it. Those newsmen are not going to say you get up early because you're a conscientious President. They're going to say you're a President who can't sleep because he has something on his conscience."

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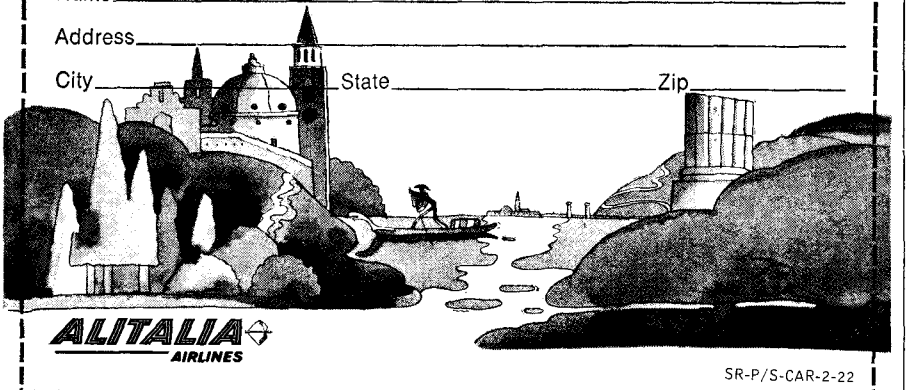

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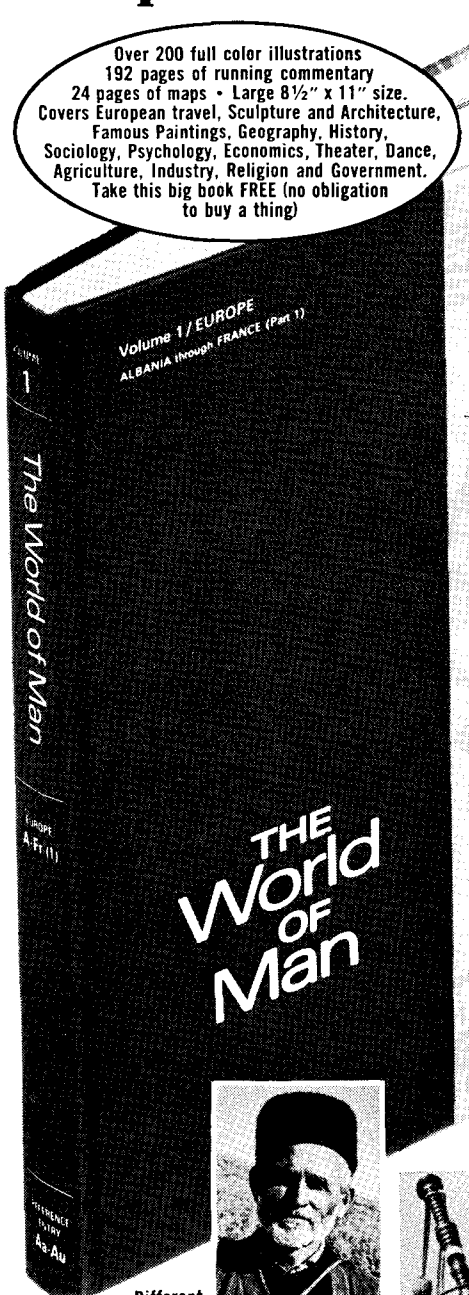
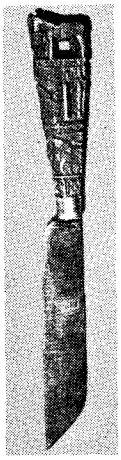
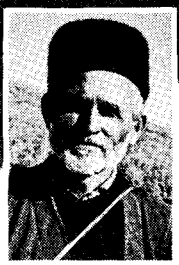




AT LEFT: A traditional betrothal gift in Holland is a bread knife.



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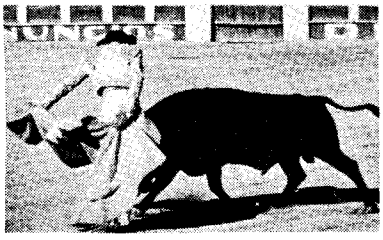
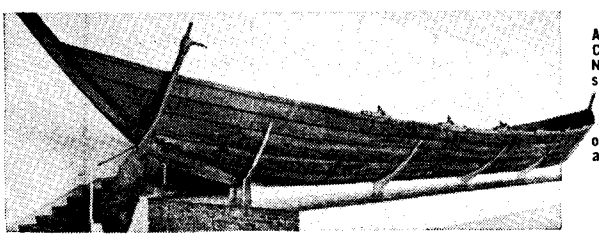


Above: "Ole!" Reaction of aficionados to an exciting moment during a bullfight spectacle.

Highland music performed by a Breton bagpiper.



Ancient ship (4th Century) of the Nordic region still preserved almost intact. It's of the type used at the end of the Bronze age.

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. . . that Belgium gets a greater voter turnout at elections than the U.S.? (Citizens who stay home are fined!)

. . . that the 8 hour workday, paid vacations and social security had been around in Finland for years before making their appearance in America?

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Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Venus, Adonis, and Incipient Geriatrics: Is there, I wonder, any situation in which the American housewife shines with a more radiant sense of passionate conspiracy than she does in the act of buying her husband *that expensive present she knows he has always wanted but has held back from buying?*

It is a mythological role in which she casts herself for this scene of domestic homage to love. She is Eve polishing the perfect apple not of sin but of honor and deference. She is Caesar's wife hocking her jewels in order to buy him the horse truly worthy of him. She is the nineteenth-century farm wife hoarding her egg money to buy her man the genuine nickel-plated railroad watch he has always wanted. She exists in many manifestations but in all of them she is the devoted servant of the man, determined to lay before him, as proof of love, the perfect pearl. In almost all the manifestations of the myth, moreover, she adds to the perfection of the gift the great sacrifices she has made to make the gift possible.

It is the myth that motivates the woman at the moment of the impulse to buy, of the choice, of the delivery, and of the unveiling. If the myth outflies fact, no matter: its divorce from reality only testifies to the emotional power of the myth.

So at least I must conclude on having been presented a black leather Eames chair and footstool for my birthday.

"Look at this," she had said from somewhere waist deep in the Sunday *Times*. "Wouldn't you like one sometime?" And she showed me the ad.

"They make good reading chairs," I said. "Might get one for my study."

"They sure are expensive," she said.

"Oh, I don't know. What isn't?"

"They're a lot cheaper in Naugahyde," she said.

"Don't like the stuff," I said. "Only leather's leather."

I was in the middle of the *Times* Sunday crossword puzzle and phrasing mechanically. (GETS—seven letters. Ah —LITTERS.) At the time I did not realize the pact had been made, the sacrifice had been sworn, and the aureole of passionate conspiracy was already aglow inside her. I was trying to remember for certain, since ink will not erase from newsprint, whether or not Nouméa is the capital of New Caledonia. It was only in retrospect that I came to realize the power of myth upon her.

The fact is she had only to phone, have the chair delivered—it is, after all, a standard item—and write the check: it's a joint account and she can draw on it as readily as I can. But the simple way

would deny her the joy of sacrifice. She had to trek into New York on three different days, as I discovered later, to shop for it properly (and to lunch and to matinee). And above all it had to be paid for out of her own checking account—a private-identity subdivision of the joint account, into which driblets of income, tax-accounted in the joint account, are deposited as her private mad money.

The next step was the staging. The chair, as it turned out, had been delivered to a friend who has a VW microbus. It was, in fact, stored in the microbus the day before my birthday. Come my birthday, there remained the conspiratorial problem of getting me out of the house. That plot unfolded as the sun dipped below the yardarm.

"Let's have a drink," she said.

I fixed her a scotch on the rocks and couldn't find any bourbon for myself. "What happened to the bourbon?" I said. There had been at least three bottles the day before.

"Oh, darling, I forgot," she said. "Millie ran out, and she borrowed ours. She'll have replaced it by now. Do you mind running over to pick it up? She says she'll give you a birthday drink there."

"All of which you just happened to forget?"

"Be a dear."

I drove over to Millie's, and she turned out to be even more talkative and a bit boozier than usual. It was over an hour later that I pulled into the drive and went into the kitchen with four bottles of bourbon—my own three, plus a birthday bonus.

I was in the doorway when I heard a whispered "Here he comes."

She was in hostess pajamas and the

(*Continued on page* 16)

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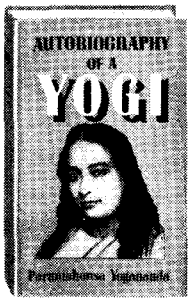

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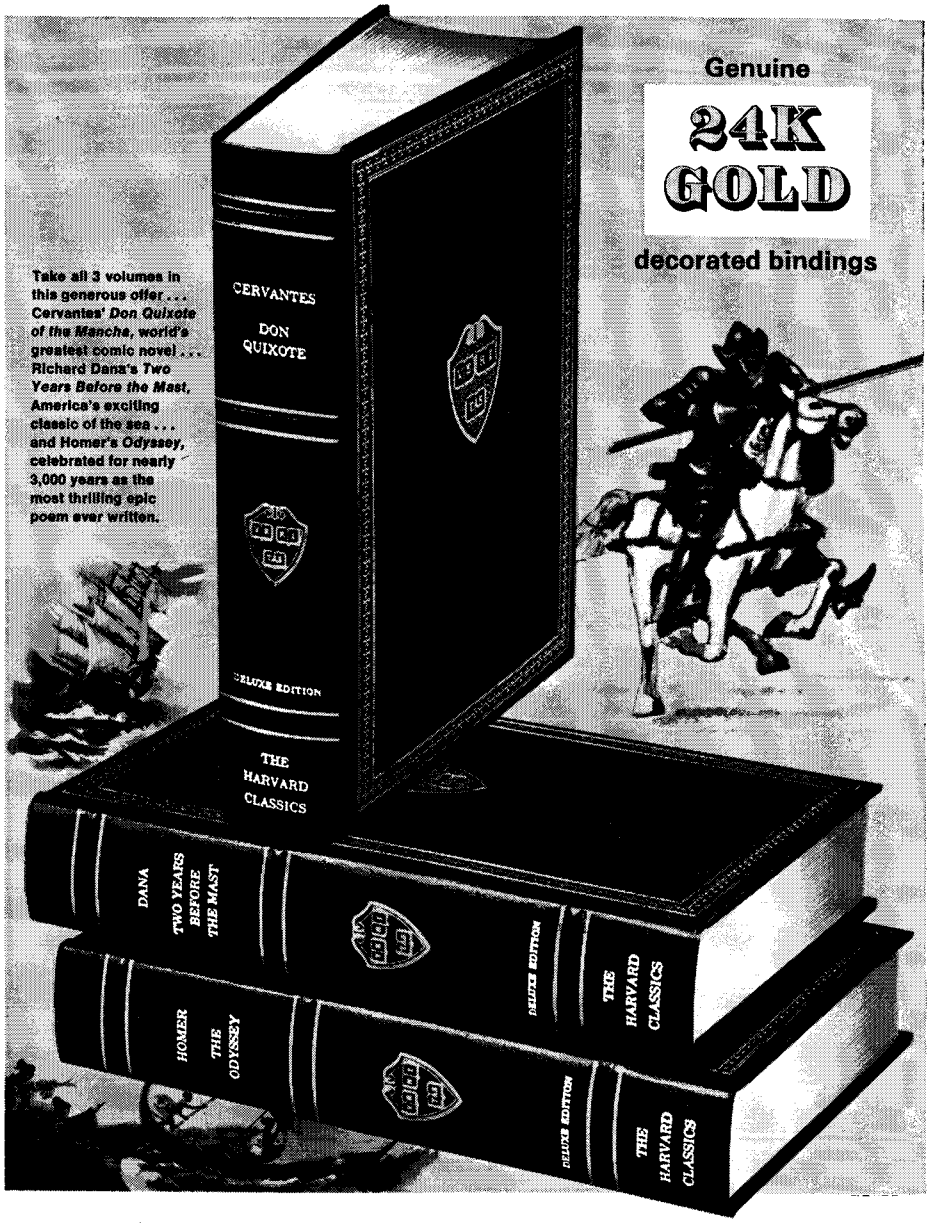
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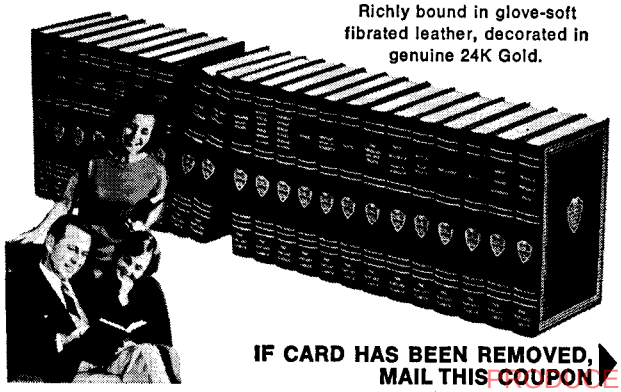

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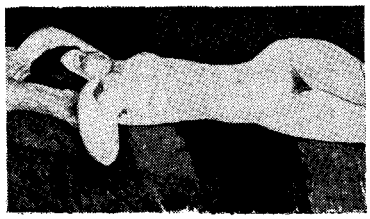

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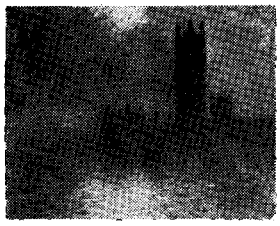

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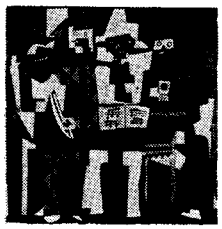

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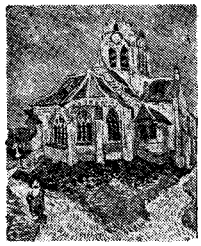

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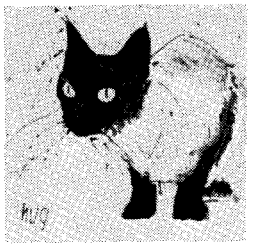

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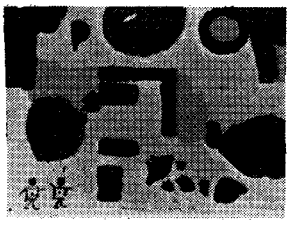

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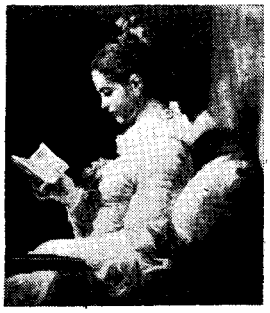

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512. On paper. *Only*

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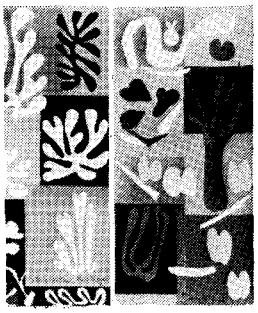


PAIR OF MATISSE MURALS screen on ***artist canvas.*** liant contemporary murals ill color. Each 13″ x 28″. . *at $18.00. The Pair* **6.95** The above on paper. . *at $10.00. The Pair* **3.95**

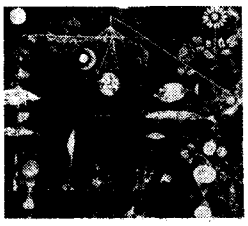
275. VAN GOGH *CYPRESS ROAD WITH STARS.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas.*** The full color of Van Gogh's exciting palette. 21″ x 28″. *Pub. at $35.00. Only* **6.95**

204. MODIGLIANI *SKETCH OF GIRL.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas*** in black lines and shades of red. 17½″ x 27½″. *Pub. at $12.00. Only* **5.95** **110.** On paper. *Only* **2.98**

276. PICASSO *THE OLD GUITARIST.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas*** in blues. 18″ x 26″. *Pub. @ $15.00. Only* **5.95** **514.** Paper. **2.98**

234. EL GRECO *VIEW OF TOLEDO.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas*** in blues, greens, greys, with a lacquer finish. Over 25 screens used in reproduction. 20″ x 22″. *Pub. at $35.00. Only* **9.95**

231. PAIR OF MEDIEVAL BRASS RUBBINGS: *KNIGHT AND LADY.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas*** in black & metallic gold. 12″ x 36″. *Pub. at $18. The Pair, Only* **6.95** **165.** The above on parchment paper. *The Pair, Only* **3.95**

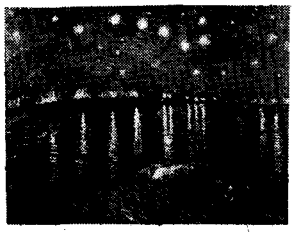


KLEE *FISH MAGIC.* screen ***artist canvas*** color. Surrealist asy. 17″ x 21¾″. *at $18. Only* **5.95** On paper **2.98**

248. VAN GOGH *IRISES.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas*** in full color. 19¾″ x 25″. *Pub. at $17.50. Only* **6.95** **142.** On paper. *Only* **3.95**

291. REMBRANDT *YOUNG WARRIOR.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas*** in full color. 19″ x 27″. *Pub. @ $15. Only* **5.95**

235. ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT. *BLUE KNIGHT.* Silkscreen ***artist canvas*** full color. 15″ x 21″. *Pub. at $10.00. Only* **2.98**



286. VAN GOGH *STARLIGHT OVER THE RHONE.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas*** in full color. 20″ x 25″. *Pub. @ $35. Only* **9.95**

236. ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPT. *GREEN KNIGHT.* Silkscreen ***artist canvas*** in full color. 15″ x 21″. *Pub. at $10.00. Only* **2.98**

246. EL GRECO *ST. MARTIN.* Silk screen in full color on ***artist canvas*** 15¾″ x 30″. *Only* **9.95**

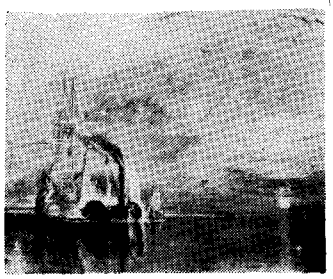
HUG: *THE TIGER.* ograph on ***t canvas.*** wns, tans and yellow. x 28″. *Only* **5.95** On paper. *Only* **2.98**

266. REMBRANDT *MAN IN GOLDEN HELMET.* Lithograph on ***artist canvas*** in full color. 22″ x 28″. *Pub. at $10.00. Only* **5.95**

237. *UNICORN IN CAPTIVITY.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas*** in full color. 19″ x 28″. *Pub. @ $18. Only* **5.95** **171.** Paper. *Only* **3.98**

253. CEZANNE *STILL LIFE.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas*** in full color. 20″ x 26″. *Pub. at $20.00. Only* **5.95**

219. MARINI *THE RIDER.* Silkscreen ***artist canvas*** Strong black lines on red field, 18″ x 24″. *Pub. at $18. Only* **5.95** **153.** On paper. **2.98**



278. TURNER *THE FIGHTING "TEMERAIRE".* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas*** in panoramic full color. 20″ x 28″. *Pub. at $35. Only* **9.95**

PICASSO *BULLFIGHT.* Silkscreen on ***t canvas.*** B/W. 14″ x 32.″ *Special* **3.95**

MUSICIANS. Silkscreen on ***artist as*** in metallic gold & brown. c 31″. *Pub. at $15.00. Only* **4.95**

FRIEZE FROM A CHINESE TOMB. screen on ***artist canvas*** red & beige. x 50½″. *Pub. @ $17.50. Only* **5.95**

CRETAN *BULL DANCERS.* screen on ***fine art stock*** in full color. ″ x 46″. *Pub. @ $12.50. Only* **3.95**

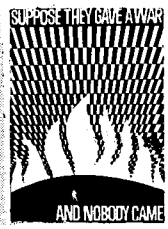
CHARIOTEERS. Silkscreen on ***artist as*** in metallic brown and gold. ″ x 37″. *Pub. @ $15. Only* **4.95**

265. MONET *RED POPPIES.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas*** in full color. Impressionist masterpiece of figures strolling through a summer field of red poppies. 19″ x 24″. *Pub. @ $25.00. Only* **7.95**

281. PICASSO *TOREROS.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas*** in B/W. 18″ x 24″. *Pub. $7.50. Only* **2.98**

221. KLEE *BIRD GARDEN.* Humorous silkscreen on ***artist canvas*** in full color. 17″ x 23¾″. *Pub. at $18. Only* **5.95** **155.** On paper. **2.98**

267. PICASSO *PICADOR.* Silkscreen on ***artist canvas*** in B/W. 18″ x 24″. *Pub. $7.50. Only* **2.98**



198. SUPPOSE THEY GAVE A WAR—AND NOBODY CAME. Black & dayglo red silkscreen. 25″x38″. *Only* **4.95**

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MATISSE *BLUE NUDE.*
Bright blue silkscreen on parchment paper. 16″ x 23″. *Pub. @ $7.50.*

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Gentlemen: Please rush the prints whose numbers are circled at right. If my order totals $10 or more you will also include my FREE print of MATISSE BLUE NUDE.

The prints I have circled opposite amount to $_____

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267	268	269	270	271	272	275	276	277	278
279	280	281	282	283	284	285	286	287	288
289	290	291	ON PAPER		103	110	112	142	147
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FAMOUS LAMBERT GUARANTEE

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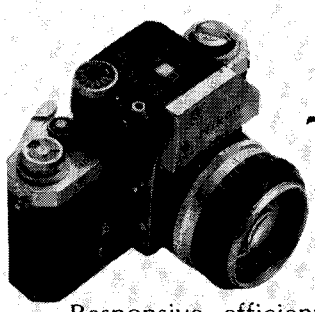

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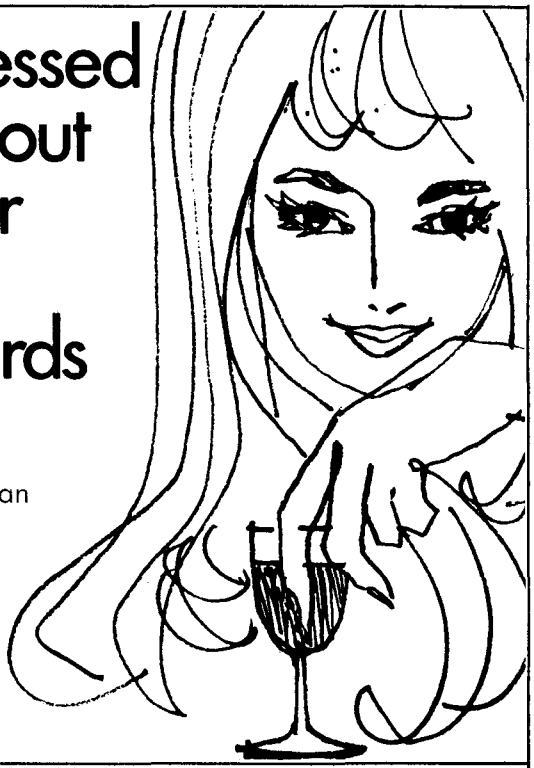
*Shown with latest Photomic FTN "self-compensating" exposure control system.

What impressed me most about his schooner were the Marie Brizards below.

I'm always impressed by a man with the good taste to serve Marie Brizard liqueurs. And just imagine being rich enough to stock all 18 irresistible Marie Brizard liqueurs on one plain little 165 foot schooner!



Marie Brizard liqueurs

Crème de Menthe, Crème de Cacao, Anisette, Apry (Apricot), Blackberry, Curaçao, Banane, Café Brizard, Crème de Cassis, Cherry, Kirsch, Kummel, Mandarine, Marasquin, Parfait Amour, Peach, Prunelle, Triple Sec.

Marie Brizard Liqueurs. 50-100 Proof. © Imported by Schieffelin & Co., New York

Continued from page 10

kids were standing by, scrubbed too clean for whole innocence.

"Oh, there you are," she said.

"We gotta surprise!" they shouted.

"For me?" I simpered.

"Close your eyes," she said.

I closed my eyes.

"Now don't peek." She led me into the living room an inch at a time. "Get out of that!" she said. "That's Daddy's!" I opened my eyes to see Benn streak out of the Eames chair. "Try it!" she whispered.

I sat and put my feet up on the footstool. Damned if she didn't kneel, take off my shoes, and put on the slippers she had hidden under the coffee table. Let me note that she isn't exactly a slipper-slipper. It was, in fact, her first slipper-slipping in twenty-two years. Such is the power of mythology. And at that point, obviously rehearsed, the kids delivered trays with drinks and niblets.

"D'you like it?" The question was a chorus.

"Beautiful," I said.

"Is it comfortable?" she wanted to know.

I wriggled elaborately. "Thank you, darling. Thank you, darlings. A great reading chair. It's just what I wanted for my study."

"No!" she said. "It's for the living room!"

"But I don't read in the living room. Not with all that rock 'n' roll blaring from the library."

"It's too nice to put way up there in your study," she said. "Besides, it's just what the living room needs."

"It does go well," I said.

"There," she said. "That settles it."

Maybe it did settle it. But she may have underestimated my own sense of conspiracy. For my birthday she had bought me an Eames chair to go in the living room. Well, she has a birthday, too. In fact, she shares it with George Washington. Suppose I were to buy her an Eames chair for her birthday and put it in my study?

Do I dare?

I could, of course, have one sent out for my study on no particular date. And still my thoughts keep turning to February 22. Millie would be delighted to get the girls together for a lunch and sherry-swozzle while the VW came and went and the chair was smuggled up to the third floor.

"Darling," I'd say at the right time, "may I show you something?"

But I'd have to put at least a pair of diamond earrings on the seat to cover myself. It would obviously be expensive. But it just might be worth it, if only mythologically.

There is really only that one question to answer.

Do I dare?

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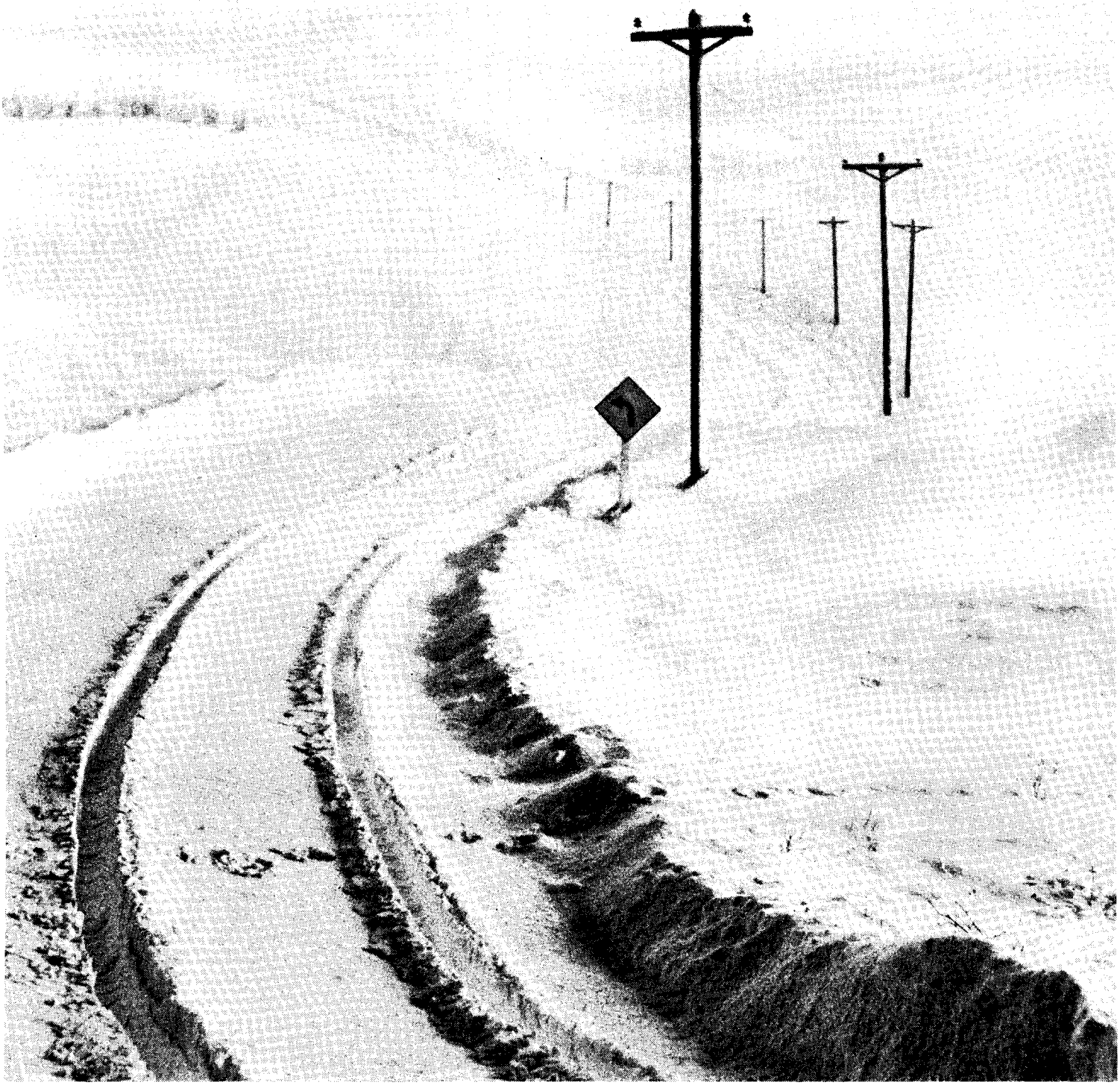

We finally came up with a beautiful picture of a Volkswagen.

A Volkswagen starts looking good when everything else starts looking bad.

Let's say it's late at night and you can't sleep. It's 10 below and you forgot to put antifreeze in your car.

(A Volkswagen doesn't use antifreeze. Its engine is cooled by air.)

Let's say it's now morning: You start your car and the gas gauge reads Empty.

(Even with a gallon left, you should go approximately 27 miles in a VW.)

Let's say you notice on your way out of the driveway that every other car on your block is stuck in the snow.

(A VW goes very well in snow because the engine is in the back. It gives the rear wheels much better traction.)

Let's say you make it into town and the only parking space is half a space between a snow plow and a big, fat wall.

(A VW is small enough to fit into half a parking space.)

Let's say it's now 9:15 a.m. and the only other guy in the office is your boss.

(Now what could be more beautiful than that?)

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Trade Winds

James F. Fixx

Not long ago I was sought out by a fellow named George Q. Lewis, who serves as executive director of—I swear this is what it says on his letterhead—the National Association for the Advancement of the Art of Joke Telling and the Preservation and Encouragement of the Amateur Story Teller ("Laughter Is Our Business—Happiness Is Our Most Important Product"). Mr. Lewis, an amiable chap, said he wondered whether he might help in any way with this column, and I told him that indeed he could—by clearing up a question that had long been in my mind: What are the funniest jokes of all time?

Mr. Lewis, true to his word, has supplied me with what he certifies as three of the funniest jokes in human history, and I would be remiss in my duties if I failed to pass them along to you. Here they are, all of them one-liners:

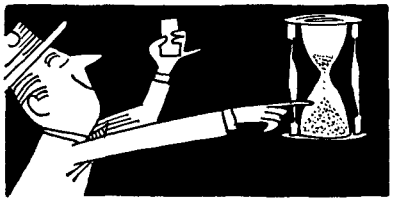
1) I went to see my doctor about my loss of memory and he made me pay in advance.

2) I have just found out what the chief cause of divorce is—marriage.

3) She lost her job in the 5&10 because she couldn't remember the prices.

I gather that a good deal depends on the delivery.

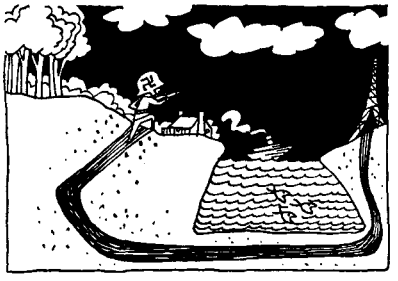
Two contemporary phrases to go quietly berserk by: "At a point in time" and "in my judgment." If we had a nickel for



every time those are used to suggest mental profundity these days, we could all retire. (I bore it all gracefully until I heard a man say, "We ought to get together for a drink at some point in time.")

To what lengths will the Viking Press not go to publicize a book? Last month a large colony of rats was discovered living in the center strip of an exclusive block of Manhattan's Park Avenue. How they got there no one seemed to know, and for several days the papers published long speculations on the mystery. It did not escape the attention of this department, however, that Viking Press, which is in that very block, will soon publish a book by Stephen Gilbert under the suspiciously appropriate title *Rat-man's Notebooks*. And at lunch the other day, a highly placed figure in the Viking organization referred cryptically to "Viking's fiendish and tireless publicity efforts."

Do you think of Winston Churchill as a man who was fearless in war? He was not, it seems. During World War II, according to Major General Sir Kenneth Strong's new book, *Intelligence at the Top* (Doubleday, $6.95), Churchill was



haunted by the thought that the Germans might manage to tunnel under the English Channel and "pop up in the middle of Kent."

Whatever happened to jogging? A year or so ago you could hardly set foot outdoors in my neighborhod without running the risk of getting knocked down by a jogger. And at one large sporting goods store in Manhattan, they couldn't keep enough jogging shoes in stock. Now there are jogging shoes aplenty on the shelves, and it's been weeks since I saw a jogger. Joggers, where have you gone?

And whatever happened to Mensa, that organization for people with huge IQs? A couple of years ago I was continually seeing news stories about the group, and in fact I once spoke with several enthusiastic members, but I haven't heard a thing about it in months. I do recall, however, that members needed to be very bright in order to qualify—in the top 2 per cent of the population, as I remember it—and I am wondering if they finally learned so much about the rest of us that they decided to get away from it all and go underground.

Tip of the Week: Remember all those tedious hours you spent studying history in school? Well, *now* they finally let us in on the fact that there's an easier way. It's by the use of extra-sensory perception, and Hans Holzer tells all about it in his new book, *Window to the Past: Exploring History Through ESP* (Doubleday, $5.95). The way it works, the book reveals, is that people leave "electromagnetic imprints" on objects, and even after they die the objects they touched remain "psychometrized." So all you have to do is find a properly psychic person to interpret the magnetic fields for you. I wish I could tell you more, but when I started to read the book it began giving off these funny waves. . . .

Now that the God-is-dead controversy seems to have run its course, a lot of people have been waiting to see what would turn up next. The answer may lie in a short book (153 pages) by an articulate Presbyterian clergyman named David Poling, who argues that the church is dead or at least dying, and properly so. Mr. Poling's book, *The Last Years of the Church*, is as outspoken as anything I have seen on the subject, and a good many clergymen are likely to be more than a little upset by it. But Poling is a convincing advocate for his case. "These are the last years of the church," he writes, "when you can live in New York City for four years and never have a visitor or caller or luncheon guest or commuter mention or quote or praise or criticize a preacher! When pastors or congregations or religious societies are mentioned only on the church page—in paid advertisements—you know that something has set in, and it is not the ascendancy of the church we have always known."

It's a book that will certainly give more than one churchgoer something to think about.

I am told that the Japanese, those versatile industrial innovators, have done it again, this time by producing the world's cheapest hearing aid. Priced at only 19 cents, it consists of an authentic-looking earpiece with a cord that disappears into one's shirt front. Although not a thing is attached to the end of the cord, the device is said to work beautifully. It seems that anyone seeing a hearing aid on a person invariably talks louder, and in many cases that's enough to do the trick.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1819)

H. (enry) A. SCHROEDER:
A MATTER OF CHOICE

Curiosity alone leads to limited education. The School of Hard Knocks is narrow and there are many myriads of dropouts. Your formal education, your schooling, supplies the facilities for satisfying your curiosity with new ideas to be curious about.

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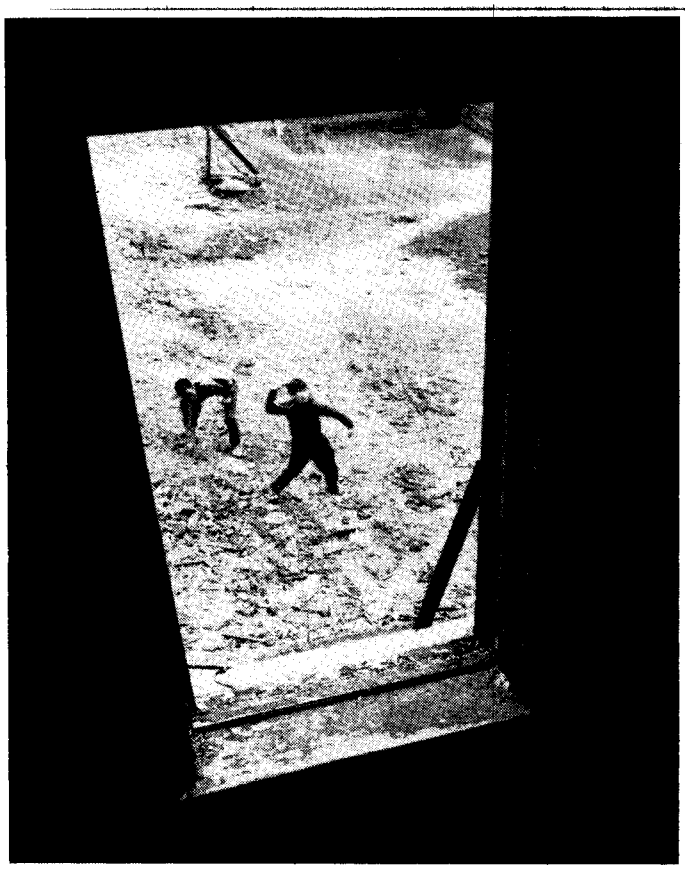

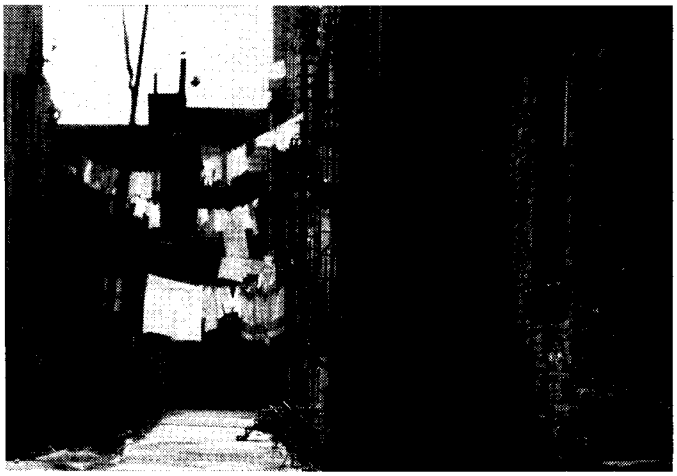

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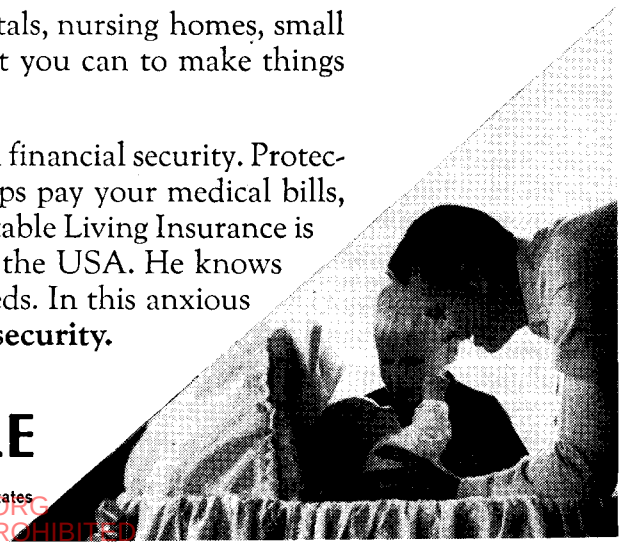
Of course, our main concern is helping families find financial security. Protection that safeguards your children's education, helps pay your medical bills, provides for you when you retire. That's what Equitable Living Insurance is all about. Talk to an Equitable agent anywhere in the USA. He knows how to design a plan that meets your personal needs. In this anxious world, that's how **Equitable provides a corner of security.**



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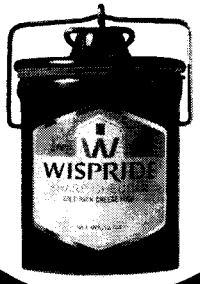
WISPRIDE® Sharp Cheddar Cheese spread lights up any manhattan with golden goodness. Toasted, served on crackers, or sharpening up the hors d'oeuvres, it refreshes any palate.



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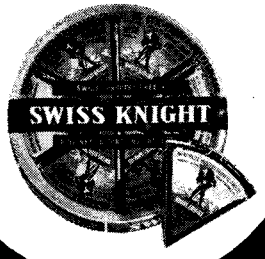

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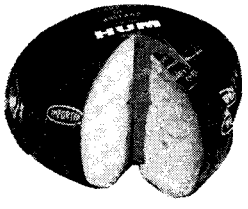

GERBER CHEESE CO., N.Y., N.Y. 10017

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Crime Suspense

COLD WATERS. By P. M. Hubbard. Atheneum. $4.95.

THE DEVIL FINDS WORK. By Michael Delving. Scribners. $4.50.

THE ETRUSCAN BULL. By Frank Gruber. Dutton. $4.50.

SLAY TIME. By Paul Muller. Roy. $3.95.

SUNDRY FELL DESIGNS. By Osmington Mills. Roy. $3.95.

THREE DAYS TO LIVE. By Robert Charles. Roy. $3.95.

Current Affairs

THE ARAB-ISRAELI IMPASSE. Edited by Majdia D. Khadduri. Luce/McKay. $4.95.

VOICE OF ISRAEL. By Abba Eban. Horizon. $6.95. (Revised edition.)

Fiction

THE BIG WIND. By Beatrice Coogan. Doubleday. $7.95.

THE CHINESE GAME. By Charles Larson. Lippincott. $4.95.

THE CRAZY LADIES. By Joyce Elbert. NAL/World. $6.95.

THE FACE IN THE FROST. By John Bellairs. Macmillan. $4.95.

FERDINAND. By Louis Zukofsky. Grossman. Hardbound, $4. Paperback, $1.50.

HEADS. By Edward Stewart. Macmillan. $4.95.

A HIDDEN LIFE. By Autran Dourado. Knopf. $4.50.

IF ISRAEL LOST THE WAR. By Richard Z. Chesnoff, Edward Klein, and Robert Littell. Coward-McCann. $5.95.

THE LOWEST TREES HAVE TOPS. By Martha Gellhorn. Dodd, Mead. $4.95.

THE NIGHT OF THE COMET. By Daniel Telfer. Doubleday. $5.95.

NOTHING BLACK BUT A CADILLAC. By Raymond Spence. Putnam. $5.

ON THE WINGS OF THE STORM. By Richard Newhafer. Morrow. $6.95.

ORFEO IN PARADISE. By Luigi Santucci. Knopf. $4.95.

STORM IN CHANDIGARH. By Nayantara Sahgal. Norton. $4.95.

SHORT STORIES OF THE NINETIES. Edited by Derek Stanford. Roy. $6.95.

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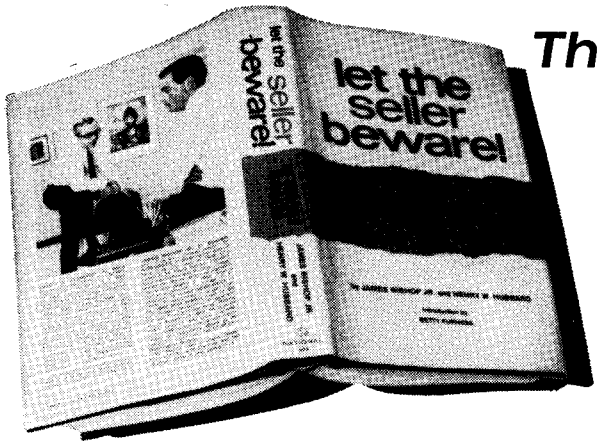

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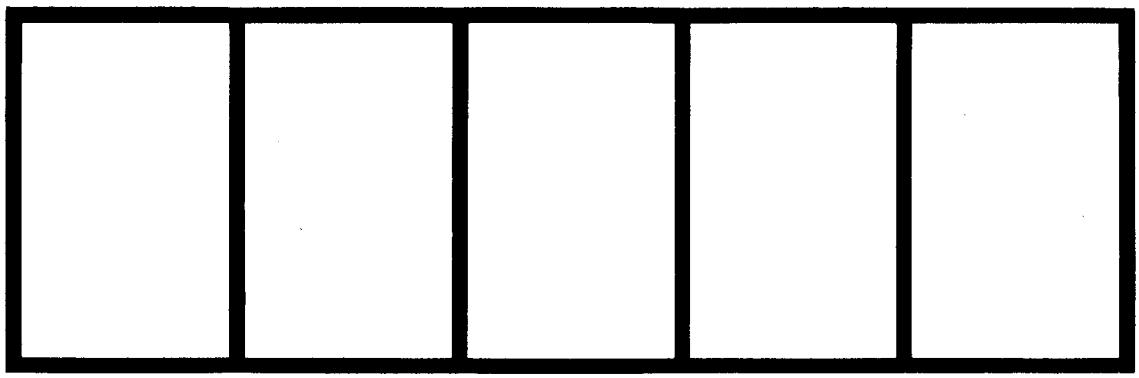

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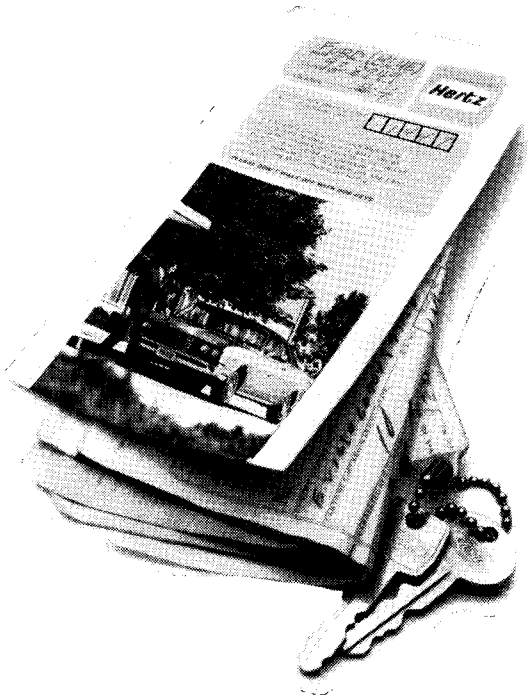

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Saturday Review
February 22, 1969

Lester B. Pearson

Trade, Aid, and Peace

In the domain of economic development, we find "the greatest body of immediate agreement about objectives and methods, and hence the greatest opportunity for constructive international cooperation."

CORPORATE business in the capitalist world is becoming by necessity more and more international in its organization and operations. Maximum production and marketing efficiencies often cannot be realized within the boundaries and environment of a single state. For the same reason, single states become integrated into larger international economic systems in order to enjoy the full benefits of technical and economic progress. The multi-national firm transcends national boundaries, not by crossing them, but by ignoring them through the establishment of subsidiaries in foreign countries. Its success has been so great that not long ago one economist predicted that by 1980 there would be 300 multi-national corporations substantially controlling the business of all the non-Communist world.

This economic evolution is another factor in the erosion of national sovereignty; or, as one cynic put it, in the process of universal Americanization. That is why some governments oppose it, as a threat to national identity and independence. The multi-national corporations respond to this by making the necessary adjustments so that their subsidiaries will appear as "good corporate citizens" in the countries where they operate. They know that otherwise they will soon be in trouble. It is to their advantage to be a British company in Britain and a Japanese company in Japan. But this does not alter the fact that the ultimate decision-making process is in the head office, which is usually situated in the United States.

The fact is that the sovereign state is now becoming virtually obsolete as a satisfactory basis for rational economic organization, at least in industrially developed societies. Economic growth, with the material benefits that come from the efficiencies of large-scale industrial production, can only realize its full potential in large free market areas extending beyond national boundaries. This extension can lead to the penetration of one economy by another. This process has probably gone furthest in Canada. It has been going on there for many years, yet up to the present it has not prevented national political development and consolidation. In a sense, indeed, it has made us more conscious of being Canadian because of our preoccupation with intrusion from outside. Nevertheless, the question is inevitable: what price economic—or even political—sovereignty if 60 per cent of your industry is controlled outside the sovereign state?

THE same process is well under way in Western Europe, we are told in Servan-Schreiber's book *The American Challenge*. Americans, he claims, have understood more quickly and clearly than Europeans the direction in which economic developments are inevitably moving in Europe. United States firms have often been carrying out the European ideas of Jean Monnet, Robert Schuman, and Walter Hallstein, while European national firms have been lagging or unable to adjust to wider Continental markets. In the short run, a growing European reliance on American investment is economically beneficial and can become the "principle vehicle of technological progress." But in the long run it could reduce a Europe of separate states to the status of a colony, as effectively as Europe itself once reduced large areas of the globe to that status because they were divided and disunited.

In Servan-Schreiber's view, it will be futile for Europe to respond to this American challenge through the protective national measures of separate states. It will require "a united Europe," the "creation of a third great industrial power with no imperial pretensions—one whose only strategy is to help build a more unified international community." Any such project, Servan-Schreiber admits, "requires an intellectual leap into the future over a thousand discouraging obstacles." "To take this step," he says, Europeans have to "realize that the nation-state is not the ultimate form of social organization. . . . There is no other solution than forming some kind of federal organization." He might have added that at this moment the greatest European obstacle to such a solution is the Government of his own country, which gets its inspiration in these matters from a nationalist past that is not going to return, and which in this century has had such tragic results for France and for other countries.

If it is objected that there is little evidence of any active desire for political federation in Europe, I answer that the

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steps that have already been taken toward European integration would have seemed quite impossible fifty years ago. The compulsion of economic events from now on, including competition from the United States, and the feeling that there should be a strong Europe as a political balance wheel in the world between the two superpowers, may very well lead European states to make further changes in the direction of federalism. I hope it does. If the economic changes that take place make the European market a more profitable one and European countries more prosperous, with each country helping others where necessary to adjust to new conditions, then European federation could become a logical and acceptable further step. There would be a natural progress from the economic to the political. But it's a process that cannot be rushed.

THIS economic development, I know, is strongly opposed in certain sections of the Commonwealth, for economic and trade reasons. It also arouses strong patriotic emotions in Britain over the merging of so much of its national sovereignty in a European federation, with considerable loss of control of the national decision-making process. But all states are already losing much of this control, indirectly and directly, by the facts—or, if you like, the blackmail—of international interdependence. Neither Great Britain, Canada, nor any other country is a fully sovereign state today—except in a legal sense. Great Britain and other Atlantic states, for instance, have agreed that if one is attacked, all are attacked and war follows. If a country is willing to limit its political sovereignty in that way to preserve the peace, surely it is unrealistic to insist on full sovereign economic independence when there are clear long-range advantages in associating with others.

There are also those who believe that if Britain joins a European economic, let alone a European political, community, it would mean the end of the Commonwealth. I hope and believe that this need not be the case. If we can't strengthen peace and security in the world without breaking up the Commonwealth, then its foundations are much weaker than I believe them to be. I know there would be immediate economic and trade difficulties, as well as advantages, for Commonwealth countries (for all of them, though for some more than others). I know that adjustments would have to be made and shocks cushioned. But we've made adjustments in the Commonwealth before, political and constitutional ones. It is a very flexible and resilient association.

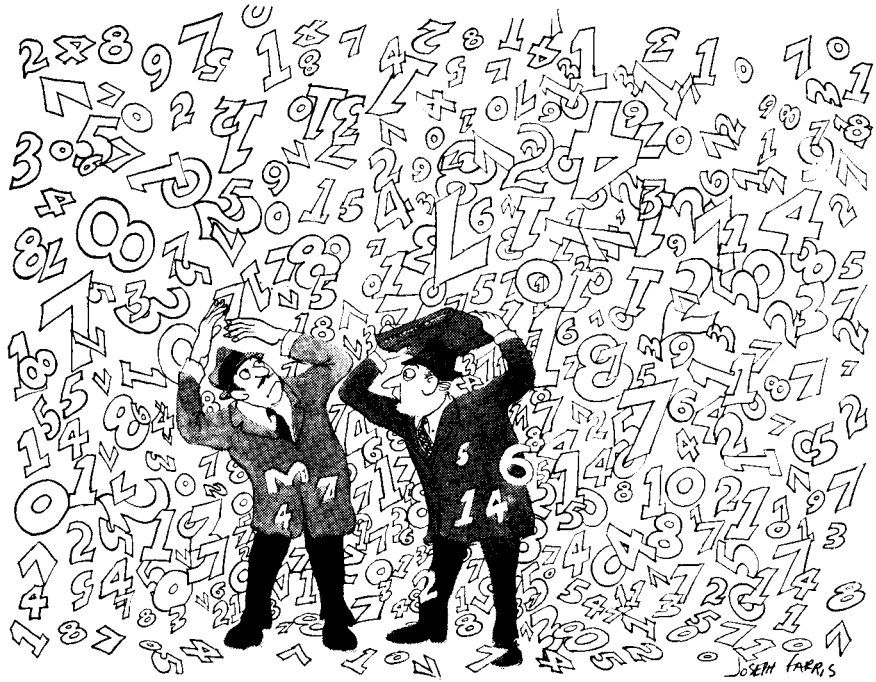
When I first joined the Canadian Government service, the new Commonwealth, with free self-governing Dominions, was emerging from the old Empire. I was told that this would finish the special links between Canada and the mother country. On the contrary, by the removal of inhibiting bonds of dependence, we found a better and a friendlier relationship. I know that the European situation is no parallel to the evolution of the Commonwealth in any sense, but I hope that, if and when all the European countries give up certain sovereign rights in the interests of a larger international economic and political community, far from weakening their relations with other states and peoples, it will make them closer. I also devoutly hope that any such European development will be extended quickly beyond Europe, and in particular across the Atlantic.

Now I want to pass on to economic relations between the developed and developing countries. In spite of a huge and unprecedented transfer of resources in the last twenty years from those who have to those who have not, the rich are still getting richer and the poor, relatively, are getting poorer. At present, the money gap between the income per person in developing and developed countries is $1,540. If the present rates of growth continue, by the end of the century that gap will be $5,450. Here's another statistic: we're told that the increase in the Gross National Product of the United States last year—not the total product but the amount by which it increased—was greater than the total Gross National Product of all the African countries put together (and that includes the rich country of South Africa).

Such continued disparity is not likely to promote peace in the family of man. The animosities that will arise from it are incalculable and explosive, especially as the issues are political as well as economic. They are all mixed up with the transition of peoples from dependence to independence, and with a host of emotional impulses that go with a nationalism that has often achieved political power suddenly and without sufficient preparation. These impulses become doubly explosive when they are exploited as part of the cold war. But they would be explosive without it.

Many people in the West are afflicted with a sense of guilt in their relationship with the hungry and impoverished millions of Africa and Asia. They accept the reproach—or they are influenced by it—that materially backward people are somehow backward because we have abused and oppressed them, and that we can ease our consciences by helping them to "live better electrically," to put it in the most naïve terms. It is a generous-hearted response and it expresses a desire to act in the Christian tradition. It may have justification in some cases, but unfortunately it is often muddled—in its history, its economics, and its ethics. At times it is not much more helpful than the attitude of the hard-faced persons who simply reject any obligation to help anybody but themselves. It has always seemed to me a somewhat limited interpretation of Christianity to murmur *mea culpa* in order to justify a deed which is good in itself.

This confused attitude in the West often has as its counterpart a reaction to aid at the receiving end. Nationalism in former colonies is possessed with a sense of economic as well as political grievance: a resentment against exploitation, real or imaginary, which too often takes the attention of national leaders off



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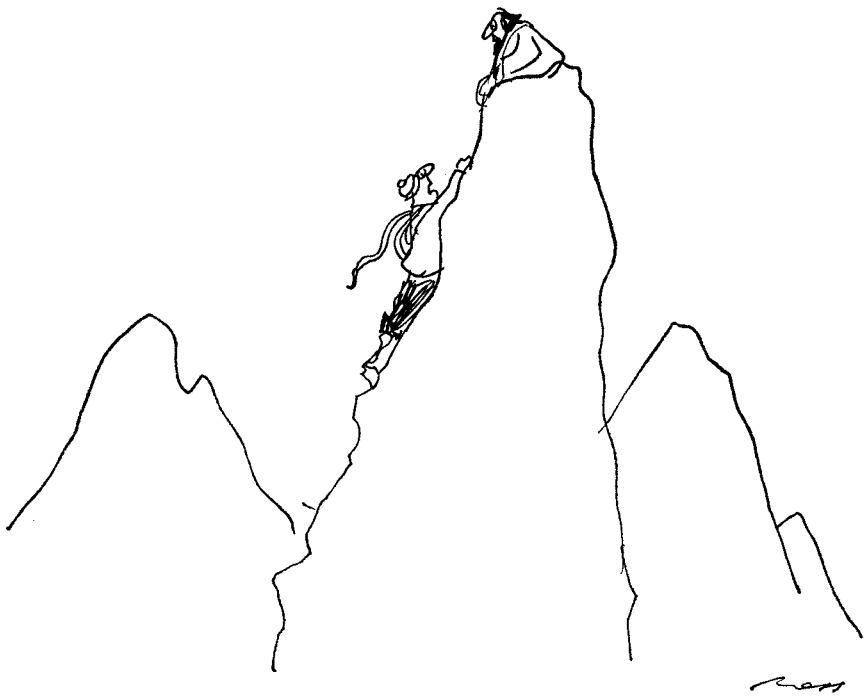
the real problems, and can be used as an excuse for inaction. If there is little or no economic progress after the transfer of power, the new leaders can go on explaining away their failure as a legacy of imperialism. This obscures the essential but sometimes bitter truth that independence and sovereignty, like patriotism, are not enough; that instant freedom doesn't mean instant prosperity.

It is easy to argue that since the poverty was caused by the "imperialists," it is now their responsibility to help in removing economic difficulties by subsidizing the new state for years to come. This might achieve good results, even when it's not justified on other grounds, if it would lead to cooperation between the new nation and its former so-called exploiters. But if the feeling of grievance and bitterness persists, it will make collaboration very difficult. "Good riddance" and "please help" are not easily reconcilable. Private investment, which can be a fruitful way of promoting economic development, is frightened off, and Western taxpayers are discouraged by the resentment of the people they are trying to help. Ultimately, the new nation may find that the easiest way to assure a flow of funds is to exploit its cold war nuisance value and get competitive political and economic bids from both sides, which makes for suspicion and tension.

In approaching these difficult and sensitive problems, we need to abandon certain easy assumptions. The first is that the difficulties that undoubtedly exist between rich and poor nations are the product of poverty alone, and can be dispelled by filling bellies and dental cavities. The second is the assumption that the masses in these materially poor countries want no part of our materialist civilization with its supermarkets and its psychiatric clinics; that they would be content to live as they have for centuries in their natural state of happy innocence and poverty, if only leaders with Oxford or Columbia degrees would not stir them up.

EVEN if this were true, it is irrelevant. Most of the materially poorer people now know about the rest of the world, and they know that disease and hunger and deprivation are not inevitable. They know that man can live until seventy instead of thirty-five. Even in the most remote parts of the world people now have learned something about the technological society, where there are gadgets to make life more comfortable and more exciting. New hungers have been created, if only for longer life and better health. Indeed, I don't know of any country that has been exposed to the blessings of Coca-Cola or the Beatles which is not now anxious to copy even some of the worst features of our affluent society.

But even if there is a country somewhere whose people do not know, or do not want, the material benefits of Western civilization, certainly their leaders do want them, and these are the men we have to deal with. And they want much more than food and hospitals. They want freedom and power: power to help their people or to pursue their own ambitions, or both. Their admirable and less admirable motives are mixed, as they are in most politicians in other societies. We can't ignore either them or the political and economic ideas we ourselves have implanted in their minds. We cannot expect them to be calm and contented merely by our assurance that, as the white man has already done much, he will now do more to help improve the lot of the non-white people. Dr. Schweitzer is no longer enough. People are proud and sensitive. So the spirit in which help is offered is as important as the help itself.



"You're not Swami Vivekananda? You mean I climbed the wrong mountain?"

Nothing could be more self-defeating, less effective, in promoting peace and good will than attaching inadmissible political or social conditions to our aid: to say we will help, not all of those who help themselves, but only those who support us and believe in our political and economic system. We must not even exclude revolutionary movements and governments from our cooperative help; or assume automatically that every outburst of revolutionary nationalism is Communist, and therefore hostile to the West. We must accept the fact that in many countries where people live in misery and distress, revolution may seem to them to be the only way out—and that Communism has nothing to do with it.

In aid for development there should also be maximum participation on the part of the receiving country. To the greatest possible extent we should place responsibility on the government and the people of the country in which the aid is operating. This is not always easy to do. Some part of the aid may go into the pockets of people who aren't entitled to it, and there will be inefficiency; but to stop aid programs because of this would be very foolish indeed. There are local usages and customs which seem bad and wasteful to us, but which have been part of life for centuries and at which we shouldn't sneer. Nevertheless, while respecting all local usages and customs, a donor country is entitled to the assurance that its assistance is being used as effectively as possible, that not too much is put into a numbered bank account in Switzerland.

Recently, there have been indications that we in the West are getting discouraged and somewhat cynical about the fact that in spite of mutual assistance the poorer countries are not making enough progress. Indeed, aid shows signs of drying up. This must not be allowed to happen.

Perhaps the best form of aid is trade. We haven't made nearly enough progress in helping developing countries by putting them in a position where they add to their own resources by trading with others on a competitive basis in their own products, primary and industrial. The developing nations which depend largely on selling primary products for their income have too often found themselves at the mercy of fluctuating world prices that they have no power to influence. Some attempt has been made to bring international order into this kind of trade by international com-

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modity agreements. But the benefits have been limited because of the difficulty of finding minimum and maximum prices which will take into account all the variations in the cost of producing a commodity between one country and another. Much remains to be done, and it can only be done by international economic cooperation and agreement. If we cannot get together for international action of this kind, then we shall have the same international anarchy in economic affairs that we have politically when things go wrong, and the results will be more than economic.

With manufactured goods, the case is different. A great deal of money from the West has been spent on helping some countries to industrialize. Very often, indeed, industrialization has been given too high a priority. The technically educated people in the new nation have been captivated by the vision of great steel works and textile factories, and too much of the money may have gone there, instead of into the development of agriculture. Then when the developing country has been put in the position where it can compete in the markets of the world in certain industrial products—textiles are the example most frequently cited—our own manufacturers begin to complain, and we put up barriers to the reception of these goods in our own country. By doing so we neutralize the industrial help we have given them, indeed we make a mockery of it. Through the United Nations Conference on Trade and Development (UNCTAD), attempts have been made to work out means of giving the developing countries special trade benefits such as one-way preferences. But up to now not very much has been achieved.

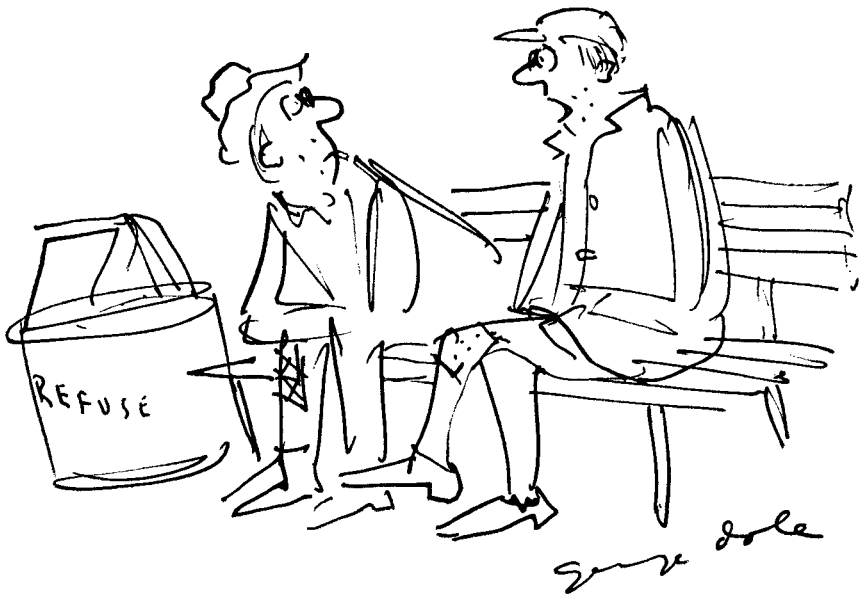
We have here another example of how every economic problem is or becomes a political problem also. If a government proposes to give a country $10,000,000 in aid by receiving $10,000,000 worth of its goods—whether rubber shoes from Hong Kong or shirts from India, or anything else that undersells your own product—as these goods come in, a special interest naturally finds itself hurt. And the cry goes up, very understandably: "If you want to help these people give them dollars, or build them a hydroelectric dam, or send them planes or Cadillacs, but don't make us go out of business so that they can sell their shirts." It is politically much easier to make an aid allocation that is spread over the whole body of taxpayers, so that no special interest is aroused.

YET if we are to have intelligent international division of labor, industry in the industrially advanced countries should be applied to the maximum to production that requires a high degree of investment and skill – computers, color television sets, things the poorer countries cannot yet make. All that has to be done is to tell a cotton manufacturer in Lancashire that he must become a manufacturer of computers so that we can all wear Indian shirts. If you add that the government will ease the process of transition by financial assistance to the manufacturers who are hurt, he may just feel a little better.

Let me emphasize two points about international development. First, on the individual level: in my country and others there is a tremendous reservoir of good will, of desire to do something to help less materially fortunate peoples. With all the evidence of conflict and cruelty in the world, of man's inhumanity to man, there is also, paradoxically, more humanitarianism; more acceptance of responsibility for others; more desire than ever before to be our brother's keeper, as well as his killer. There is genuine excitement over a hunger march to raise money for international aid. Unfortunately, this kind of excitement sometimes becomes disconnected from a budget that asks for an increase of 10 per cent in the income tax. But, on the whole, few governments can complain that their people have been holding them back in the effort to work out a generous and wise relationship between their own economy and mutual assistance. In 1966, for instance, the Canadian Government put before Parliament the objective that by 1970, 1 per cent of Canada's national income should be contributed to international development and aid. This represented an increase from $226 million to $400 million, and we were worried about how it would be received. Well, we had nothing to worry about.

THE second point is the collective value that international collaboration on aid and development may have for all nations. At present, the prospects for political collaboration are limited to what we can achieve—haltingly, step by step—by diplomacy, in the United Nations or with other international bodies. Economic development is the field in which there is the greatest body of immediate agreement about objectives and methods, and hence the greatest opportunity for constructive international cooperation. Nothing could be more important than building up efficient cooperative machinery for this purpose, and securing adequate funds from the legislatures of Western countries to make it work. Such funds must become an accepted and continuing financial commitment and not merely a residual factor in the donors' budgets.

For an example of one of the bitterest contrasts of our times, I cite Vietnam and the Mekong Delta project. It would make the angels weep to think that less than one-third of the money that has been spent in one year by the United States in the prosecution of the Vietnam war would complete this wonderfully imaginative project. True, work has not been abandoned. It has been going ahead in certain areas in the middle of the fighting. Here we have seen senseless, brutal slaughter taking place side by side with an international effort of a scale, and showing a kind of international responsibility, that would have been unthinkable fifty years ago. Vietnam, in this respect, represents the worst and the best of our contemporary international community, both operating at the same time for war and for peace. Which side will destroy the other in Vietnam—in the world?



"If I had it to do over, I think I'd let women be my downfall."

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The Very Model of a Modern Intellectual

Does he think, or does he laze behind a philosophy of exclusion?

By GEORGE STEVENS

ONCE several years ago, *Time* was proposing to feature a friend of mine as a cover story. A *Time* reporter telephoned me and asked a few questions about my friend. One of them was, "Would you say Mr.———— is an intellectual?" "No," I replied, "he's too intelligent to be an intellectual." This bit of dialogue did not appear in the *Time* story, and I do not know what my friend would have thought if it had; but I could not then and I cannot now understand how anyone can refer to himself, even in private, as "an intellectual"—as one might say, "a barber," "a clergyman," "a teacher," "an editor," or "the very model of a modern major general." Is every college professor an intellectual? Is every serious writer? Is being "an intellectual" a full-time occupation? I suggest that "intellectual" should no longer be recognized as a noun, as "contact" should not be recognized as a verb: it should be an adjective only.

Then it will be applied to an attitude, a habit of mind, a point of view, rather than to a person. The noun as now generally used conjures up the picture not of a thinker but of an exhibitionist—that is to say, not of a man content to set his thoughts to paper, but of one who attends conferences.

I must leave this assertion unsupported by evidence; obviously, it would be invidious to name examples. But the attitude can be exemplified. For instance, at the symposium held last December at the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, New Jersey, Norman Podhoretz was quoted as saying: "Writers in America have always been extremely disdainful of middle-class values." This is debatable in several ways. Surely Mark Twain and Sinclair Lewis shared the values they disdained. And what is meant by "middle-class" values? What is the middle class? Who occupies the class above it? The intellectuals, one assumes. And one assumes as a corollary that they enjoy the disdain they feel. Their writings bear this out abundantly.

Now Mr. Podhoretz said "writers," not "intellectuals," and it may be unfair to extend his meaning as I have. But the writers who best exemplify the disdain of what they usually call "middlebrow," not "middle-class," values are most often essayists, frequently practicing in the field of literary criticism; and in that field examples leap constantly to the eye. A biweekly publication with a six-word title of which the first three are indisputably accurate provides them in steady supply. No doubt it is a satisfaction to feel oneself at the top of the peck order, if one was unable to fulfill that satisfaction as an undergraduate, once and for all.

The "intellectual" attitude has put a premium on the negative side of literary criticism, and obscured, for the time being, the value of the criticism that brings the reader to the book instead of separating him from it. F. R. Leavis is perhaps as widely admired in circles that consider themselves intellectual as anyone else, and has been for at least three decades. Mr. Leavis has, to be sure, his objects of enthusiasm. They are very few. Among novelists writing in English, Jane Austen, George Eliot, Henry James, Joseph Conrad, and D. H. Lawrence make up the list. Now Mr. Leavis is scrupulously fastidious; he is uniquely in his generation the armed guardian of high-class literary values. He is invariably interesting to read. He has written many pieces which even a middle-brow enjoys and admires without reservation: for a notable example, his essay on *Othello* in *The Common Pursuit*. Still I think of Mr. Leavis in terms not of his enthusiasms—much as I share some of them—but of his aversions. There sticks in my mind the gratuitous attack on the novels of C.P. Snow; and the flavor of Mr. Leavis's writing is that of a man who is excluding, not inviting—of a man who believes in an elite of which he is a distinguished prophet. As indeed he is. But the atmosphere is too rarefied to live in; there are so many things undreamt of in any philosophy of exclusion. As in T.S. Eliot's, when he said, "Culture is what makes life worth living." Is a sunset cultural? Is a flower, or a maple tree in October, or anything else in nature? Is the charm of a child a cultural phenomenon? Or of an attractive woman?

No: life is what makes life worth living, and if this is a middle-class value, make the most of it. That is precisely, I believe, what George Orwell had to say throughout his voluminous writings, now available in a recently published four-volume set. Orwell exhorted the British public to be more tolerant of their intellectuals. It struck me when I read the report of the Princeton symposium that the exhortation might as legitimately go the other way round.

Orwell was for life—to be sure, life conducted consciously and responsibly—but he was never the apostle of an elite. Orwell was almost unique in maintaining a scrupulously intellectual attitude without ever posing, pretending, or patronizing his readers.

George Stevens in 1938 when he was editor of *SRL*.

In 1938, a versatile young man named George Stevens became editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, and soon his unique editorial and administrative talents were strengthening the magazine and leading it through difficult times. These same talents have been well used during Mr. Stevens's forty-five years in publishing. He was born in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1904 and received an A.B. from Harvard in 1923. Two years later, he joined the advertising staff of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. He came to *SRL* in 1933 and served as managing editor until his promotion to the editor's chair five years later. In 1940, Stevens began his long association with J. B. Lippincott Company, where he now is first vice president.

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Aristotle's Poetics

By KENNETH REXROTH

"Tragedy, then, is the imitation of a good action, which is complete and of a certain length, by means of language made pleasing for each part separately; it relies in its various elements not on narrative but on action; through pity and fear it achieves the purgation of such emotions." POETICS.

IS Aristotle's *Poetics* a classic? Certainly it is the mother of classicism, or rather neoclassicism, and as a textbook it has begot many a classic. It has probably been printed more often than any Greek book except the Gospels and Plato's *Republic*. Commentaries on it in every civilized language are innumerable. It is the first work in the general field of esthetics in Western literature; yet to class it so is only the roughest of approximations, because what we now call philosophical esthetics scarcely is hinted at. It has provided rules and recipes for countless dramas and other fictions, yet the best known of these rules, the famous doctrine of the unities of place, time, and action, is not to be found in it, nor, for that matter, are most of the other "laws" of literary construction attributed to Aristotle.

Most critics of the Western world have been influenced either positively or negatively by the *Poetics*, and in every generation there has existed a critical school which considered itself Aristotelian. Most of the principles of these schools have not been found in the letter of the *Poetics*, but have been deduced from it, or read into it, by the changing tastes of generations of neoclassicists. The anti-Aristotelians likewise have attacked the *Poetics* for things that Aristotle never said and often for ideas which, given his time and place, he could never have conceived and would have found totally incomprehensible if they were presented to him.

Around each of the key words of Aristotle's short definition of tragedy the most violent controversies have raged, and to this day no two translators or commentators agree on the meanings of all of them. If Greek tragedy is the etherealization of myth, Aristotle's little essay—it is not really book length—on tragedy is something like myth itself. It has functioned as a myth of criticism, the subject of innumerable etherealizations. There are existentialist, Marxist, neo-Thomist, pluralist, Hegelian, Neo-Kantian readings of the *Poetics*, all of them quite different. No critical work in Indian or Far Eastern civilization has played such a provocative and seminal role.

This enormous influence is due, first, to the great prestige of Aristotle's name; second, to the fact that the *Poetics* is the first extended serious criticism of literature surviving in the West; third, to its great simplicity. This simplicity is not that of the clear, succinct statement of profoundly understood fundamentals —quite the contrary. There is no evidence in the *Poetics* that Aristotle possessed any sensitivity to the beauties of poetry as such. Although the *Poetics* is concerned almost exclusively with tragedy, Aristotle had less of what we call the tragic sense of life than almost any philosopher who ever lived, less even than Leibnitz with his "best of all possible worlds." Aristotle was an optimist. Leibnitz's judgment never entered his mind. The world he studied was simply given. It was not only the best, it was the only one possible. There was nothing in the human situation that could not be corrected by the right application of the right principles of ethics, politics, and economics. Even Plato, who banned the poets from *The Republic*, and in *The Laws* permitted only happy, patriotic plays to be performed by slaves, had a greater awareness of the meaning of tragedy—which is precisely why he banned it.

It never occurs to Aristotle that the three great tragedians, Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides are, to him, themselves philosophers and that together they form a philosophical school, a body of doctrine with insights into the meaning and end of life that have never been surpassed. Unlike the notions of the technical philosophers, their "tragic world view" is not subject to the changes of fashion, but remains true in all times and all societies. Of course Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides are not primarily philosophers. They are artists. But Aristotle does not consider them as artists either. He considers them as craftsmen.

The *Poetics* is a textbook of the craft of fiction, and as such it is far more applicable to the commercial fiction of modern magazines than to Greek tragedies. It has been called a recipe book for detective story writers. Actually, the fictions that come nearest to meeting Aristotle's specifications are the standard Western stories of the pulp magazines. These are not to be despised. Ernest Haycox and Gordon Young raised the American Western story to a very high level. Year in, year out, Western movies are better than any other class of pictures. The great trouble with Haycox and Young is that they *were* rigorously Aristotelian and therefore ran down into monotonously repeated formulas. It is hard to think of any other kinds of fiction, either novels or dramas, which do exemplify the *Poetics*. The neoclassic theater of Corneille and Racine or Ben Jonson is governed by rules which are pseudo-Aristotelianism, the invention of Renaissance critics.

IF we are prepared to etherealize the *Poetics* and give the meanings we like to its key terms, we can make it mean anything and apply it to *The Brothers Karamazov*, Kafka's *The Trial*, or André Breton's *Nadja*. This has been done. The one modern novel it does fit better than almost any other is Joyce's *Ulysses*. Joyce was quite well aware of this, but *Ulysses* is neoclassic Aristotle, closer to Corneille than to what Aristotle actually says.

It has been said that the *Poetics* is a pamphlet in praise of Sophocles, an attack on Euripides, and that the only Greek tragedy which meets Aristotle's prescriptions is Sophocles' *Oedipus the King*. But *Oedipus* does not meet all of Aristotle's prescriptions and violates others. Furthermore, Aristotle suddenly reverses himself with the simple sentence: "Euripides is the most tragic of all dramatists." He also says that the best tragedy is one with a happy ending. The primary emphasis of the *Poetics* is on plot, but many of the surviving Greek plays are as plotless as Chekhov's or a Japanese Noh play. The notion that the

(*Continued on page 57*)

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Harlem on Our Mind

It is a difficult time for those of us who look forward to an America in which mutual respect, warm friendship, and socioeconomic justice will prevail in all relationships between those of differing racial ancestry. Therefore, it is most heartening to visit the Negro Ensemble Company at their small St. Mark's Playhouse and find a play such as *Ceremonies in Dark Old Men*. For this work by Lonne Elder, 3rd, deals most realistically yet unrancorously with today's Harlem.

Furthermore, it never lets fear of possibly contributing to the perpetuation of a racist-held stereotype force it into a well meaning but patently false distortion of the characters it has chosen to depict. It is as if Mr. Elder is trusting us to think of these characters as the understandable victims of a racist society that has deprived them of virility and the incentive to become educated or even industrious. They are what any of us might be, if we had faced the same negative conditions.

The play begins a bit like *Juno and the Paycock*, with two old men in an empty Harlem barber shop, talking big but frightened to death of the woman who pays the rent and lays down the law to them. In this case, the woman is the daughter of the household, who works to support her fifty-four-year-old father and her two younger brothers. The father, a former vaudeville tap dancer whose legs gave out on him, couldn't face the indignity of taking a job with a broom and dustpan, so he had allowed his wife to go to work and support the family, and after her death the daughter assumed her mother's role. Not only has this turned the father into a weak individual, but presumably it has contributed to making his two sons shiftless, although it is again clear that they too are rebelling against the apparent necessity of accepting a daily life of "going downtown to meet the man."

Now a diabolical agent appears in the person of "Blue" Haven. Blue is a con man who has worked out a system for exploiting the current tensions in Harlem. He has set up an organization called "The Harlem De-Colonization Association," which aims to drive "Mr. You Know Who" out of Harlem by continued robbery of stores and illegal competition. Of course, it will also make Blue rich and powerful.

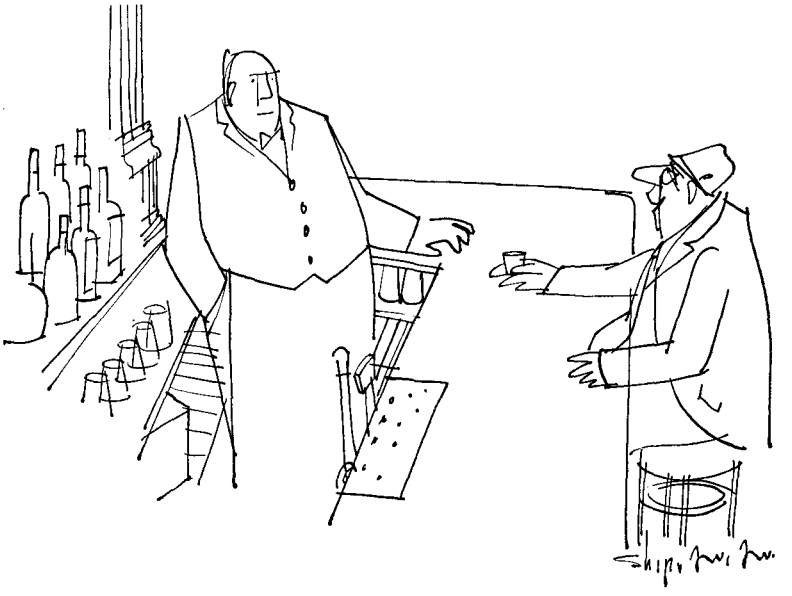
To rid themselves of dependence upon their sister, the boys urge their father to accept a proposition in which the barber shop will become a cover-up for a corn whiskey and numbers game operation. The rest of the play demonstrates the comic ironies and tragic consequences of what the playwright has made seem a completely understandable choice.

Although Elder has done a great deal of television writing, this is his first play, and he often offers us sequences that, because they are not essential to the plot, make the play seem overlong. He also uses conflict too much, not trusting his characters to hold our attention with their deeper emotional involvement in the action. But ultimately we forgive him all this because of the trueness of his observation and the complete avoidance of self-pity in a situation that could very easily have played upon our guilt by indicting us for the misfortunes the play's characters suffer.

Under Edmund Cambridge's direction, the performances seem slanted toward obvious comedy, which may be a mistake. For it has the effect of making the characters seem somewhat superficial and at odds with their climactic moments of self-revelation. The role of the father is difficult because he is represented as weak and yet is called upon to show strength and fearlessness here and there. As played by Douglas Turner, the actor (who is also Douglas Turner Ward, the playwright), the father is most effective when he tells humorous stories such as the one about the ridiculous problems that attended his turning over in bed while chained to fellow inmates of a Georgia chain gang. But he is less convincing at expressing deep pain. Thus the intensely dramatic short final line of the play doesn't detonate quite as powerfully as it should.

On the other hand, Samual Blue, Jr., who is half-absurd, half-sinister as the racketeer, Blue Haven, seems to become an almost new and far more interesting character in one long speech describing his ambivalent feelings about his relationship with his wife and little boy. William Jay and David Downing play the two brothers with a credible relaxation, which makes it hard for them to suggest an underlying love for their father and for each other. And Rosalind Cash is not totally successful in her game attempt to move abruptly from being the steady head-of-the-household in the first scene to the high-living woman she later becomes.

Nevertheless, the ensemble-playing of this company achieves an overall balance between realism and entertainment that perhaps works against the dangers of artificiality and melodrama in the play. It is certainly a remarkable and unique company, and one that thoroughly deserves the Brandeis University Creative Arts Citation it is to receive in May.



"I'll have another flu shot."

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Are You Making Yourself Clear?

IN THE present scratchy and undiscriminating national mood, education is an easy target. I deplore the tendency but would like to get into the act nonetheless. One of the prime weaknesses of education, it seems to me, is that it doesn't give enough attention to the need for developing the individual's communications skills. It is concerned with his ability to absorb knowledge but it assigns somewhat lesser importance to his need to make himself clear. This is less a matter of vocabulary range than of vocabulary control. It has to do with the entire process by which an individual organizes his thoughts for purposes of transmission.

The prime element in this process is sequence. Ideas have to be fitted together. The movement of a concept or an image from the mind of the speaker to the mind of the listener is retarded when words become random chunks rather than sequential parts of an ordered whole. This doesn't rule out unhurried allusions; these can give color to an account and help to make a claim on the imagination and memory. But it does rule out ungoverned circling and droning, reminiscent of buzzards hovering and swooping over a victim until he drops.

It contributes nothing to a conversation to have an individual interrupt himself in order to insert sudden thoughts. The abuse is compounded when these obtrusive thoughts are invaded by yet others so that nothing is complete, neither the sentence, nor the paragraph, nor any of the vagrant incidents or ideas that are strewn around like fragments of an automobile wreck.

The following quotation is a fair approximation drawn from a recent conversation:

"This book I want to talk to you about," a visitor told me, "is one of the finest novels that I—well, let me put it this way, when I first heard about it I said to myself—actually, I told my wife, who asked me if we were publishing anything exciting; you know, my wife is one of the finest assets I have in my job. She doesn't come to the office or anything like that, you know, but—well, she does have a reputation in the shop for being a good critic and she—well, first let me tell you that she did disagree with me about two manuscripts I turned down and they were published by another house and of course they became best sellers. First let me tell you I once had a manuscript reader who was working for me and, well, she was two years out of Radcliffe but she had taken Levin's course in writing at Yale. I don't agree that writing can't be taught. I remember my own lit course with Jenney, who told me—well, you know, he had the highest standards and I was very pleased to see him published last month in *Saturday Review*. What I meant was, someone always publishes the manuscript that everyone considers unpublishable, and this is what one always hears about and it is what always comes up in conversation. One always hears about *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*—it was rejected by a dozen publishers—or *The Naked and the Dead*—it must have been turned down by ten publishers. Of course, Norman Mailer has turned out to be quite different from what everyone expected. His report on the Chicago convention was one of the finest—I don't know whether you saw it in *Harper's*—it was better, you know, than his piece on the Pentagon riots in *Commentary* which—well, let me put it this way, the best writing is being done by—I mean the best reporting—no one has come close, you know, to Truman Capote and this is where we go, you know, when we want to find out what is really—you know, nothing in any of the newspapers can tell us what it is like, especially if you want to know what the real facts were. . . ."

He was at least two hundred words and three minutes beyond his topic sentence, and I had yet to hear the title of the book. The passage quoted is not a parody. If you want its equivalent, I suggest you take a tape recording of a cross section of an average day's office interviews or serious conversations. Chances are you will be appalled by the sprawling and fragmented character of the transcript. Complete sentences will be largely nonexistent; central ideas will emerge as from a deep mist. The surprise will not be that the meaning should be as obscured as it is by the unrelated turnings and self-interruptions, but that there should be any meaning at all. Oral communication in our society comes close to being a complete bust.

LET me be a little crotchety at this point. During the course of an average work week, it is necessary for me to see perhaps forty or fifty people. Most of them come on matters related to the business of the magazine. Some may have ideas for articles or have projects for which they seek *SR*'s sponsorship. I value these meetings; they bring a rich supply of information and opinions. They widen our editorial options.

Having said this, I must also confess that not all our callers know how pressing and persistent magazine deadlines can be. Nothing is more fatiguing than to be pinned down in a chair on a busy day while a visitor seeks through sheer volume of words to get a message across. After a while, I have to quell a raging desire to terminate a "conversation" with someone who has talked for forty minutes without making his purpose known—or, what is even worse, who has talked for forty minutes *after* making his purpose known. But the compulsion to walk away is downed. Such things just aren't done.

I see that recent medical research indicates that a wide variety of maladies, including rheumatoid arthritis and adrenal exhaustion, are sometimes directly related to the intense frustration and

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restlessness a man suffers when subjected to mindless and predatory assaults on his time by people who don't know how to come to the point. It is astounding that otherwise well educated men should have so little awareness of their obligation to make themselves clear and to stay within reasonable time limits. My heart sinks whenever a caller takes out a note pad on which he has listed a dozen or more separate items for our conversation. When, fifteen minutes later, he is still in the middle of item one, I make a hasty calculation and realize that at this rate we won't be through for a couple of days. That is when the corticoids and all the other stress chemicals in the body begin racing up and down.

NOT long ago a man arrived at SR, identified himself as a charter subscriber, and asked to see the editor for a few minutes. He came into my office and proceeded to talk volubly and obscurely. Finally, I perceived he was telling me about his daughter's book, published by a firm unknown to me. As a father who likes to think his own daughters are bursting with literary ability, I was impressed by my visitor's determination to do everything he could to herald his child's talents. Unfortunately, he continued to herald long past the point of reasonable persuasion. Finally, I broke in and told him we would be glad to look at the book in order to determine whether it could be sent out for review.

"I don't want you to review it," he said. "I want you to buy it. It costs only $4.95 and. . . ."

I gave him the $4.95. It was an inexpensive way of terminating a conversation, considering the price I would otherwise have had to pay in suppressed anguish over the delay in getting back to my desk.

If there is no excuse for blurring and meandering in conversation, there is even less excuse for it in written forms of communication. The daily correspondence basket is a greater source of fatigue than anything that has been invented to harass a man whose work requires him to be in almost constant communication. I have a vivid picture in my mind of Dr. Albert Schweitzer at the age of eighty-four spending most of his time struggling with his correspondence. Every day two sacks of mail would arrive at the hospital at Lambaréné—letters from people who wanted to visit the hospital or work there; letters from Schweitzer Fellowship members all over the world; letters from admirers and readers of his books; letters from doctors and theologians, musicologists and scientists, all of them writing on matters within his professional competence.

Late at night, long after the hospital was put to bed, Schweitzer would be bent over his desk, working on his correspondence. One night, during my visit in 1958, I was unable to sleep. I left my bunk and walked toward the river. I saw a light in Dr. Schweitzer's quarters and peeked in. There was Le Grand Docteur, struggling with his correspondence at 2 a.m.

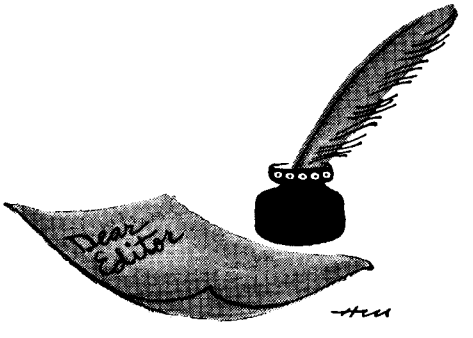
We discussed the matter the next day.

"My correspondence is killing me," he said. "I try to answer all my letters, but I keep falling further and further behind. I get great joy out of reading my letters. It keeps me in touch with the outside world. I like to hear from people. But most of the time, I don't really know what my letters are trying to tell me. They wander so, ach!"

Is it unreasonable to expect education to attach primary importance to the techniques of clarity, either oral or written? Is it unreasonable to suggest that respect for the next man's time is one of the most essential and useful lessons a person can learn? Time is capital. Time is finite. Clarity is a coefficient of time.

I should like to think that the school provides an environment conducive to the development of habits of clarity. But I am troubled by what I know. A recent high school test in English composition that came to my attention called upon the student to write descriptive material of 1,000 words or more in ninety minutes. If the school allowed (or even required) the student to spend half a day thinking about such a writing assignment, and a full day for the actual writing, the time would not be excessive. A writer like Thomas Mann felt he had put in a productive day if he had been able to write 500 words. Good writing, most of all, is clear writing. This is painstaking and often painful work. It requires time. It requires sustained and sequential thought.

But the school itself is not yet a model of organization, either in its internal structure or in its relationship to the student. I see very little evidence of total time-management in the demands made by the school on the student. Each course of study has its own claim. Unable to get it all in, the student is often under pressure to cut corners. He finds himself forced into a strategy of intellectual merchandising and packaging; he becomes more concerned with the voluminous trappings and the appurtenances of surface scholarship than with genuine achievement. He learns the tricks of glibness.



It is difficult to understand why the school should foster habits of juggling and fragmentation rather than of concentration. Why is so little consideration given to the coordination of work assignments for students? Why is it considered good educational practice to compel a student to work on more than one major paper at a time? Why shouldn't the full mobilization of an individual's intelligence, rather than his capacity for sustaining diffusion, engage the aims of the school? Some of the greatest feats of the human intelligence have proceeded out of total focus on a single problem. Charles Darwin was riding on a London bus top when some key thoughts of his theory of evolution burst upon him. This doesn't mean that there is something about the topside of a London omnibus that triggers profound ideas on the origin of the species. What it does mean is that Darwin had allowed his mind to fill up with a complex problem until it spilled over to the subconscious; the result was that, even when he did not consciously direct his thoughts, his mind kept working away at the problem, sorting all the factors that were being accumulated, weighing them, making correlations, and engaging in all the operations leading to a deduction or a discovery. It was the gestative process of ideas, rather than the environment of a bus top, that was responsible for the flash that electrified Darwin. Socrates had no particular liking for the term "teacher" when it was applied to himself; he preferred to think of himself as an intellectual midwife who helped bring ideas to birth out of laboring minds. What is most valuable in the Socratic method is the painstaking and systematic development of a thought from its earliest beginnings to its full-bodied state. The mind was fully engaged; this was what was most vital to the process.

What I am trying to suggest is that the natural requirements of thought are the essential and prior business of education. No teacher I knew had a better understanding of this basic purpose than Harold Rugg. He never wavered in his confidence in the ability of the mind to create its own optimum environment. His belief in the importance of integrative education was directly related to this concept.

My apprehension about modern education is that it is scatter-prone, even as it promotes over-specialization. That is, it lacks a philosophy of education to go along with the education it provides. It has yet to come to terms with the constant accretion of new knowledge. The result is that we are producing a generation of idea-hoppers. It is not necessarily

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true that the school is helpless to cope with the onrush of increasing specialization. Major emphasis can be given to the interrelationships of knowledge and to the points of contact and convergence. It may not be possible to keep the student up to date in the accumulation of new knowledge—or even to instruct him fully in the old. But what is possible is to define the significance of what is happening and to identify the juncture at which different areas of knowledge come together.

All this has to do with the student's ability to organize his time, to give his total attention to a difficult problem or objective, and to make himself clear. The school is not the only conditioning agent in the thought patterns and habits of the student, but it is possibly the dominant one.

Meanwhile, there is the ongoing problem of all those who are beyond the reach of the school. It is churlish and absurd to take the position that a poor communicator is locked into his low-level condition. The key to his liberation is the realization that effective communications, oral or written, depend absolutely on a clear understanding of his purpose. That purpose should be clearly identified. It should not be cluttered with extensive comment or side excursions. It should be developed point by point, with the rigorous attention to sequence of a professional bead-stringer at work.

IN verbal communication, the prime requisite is to anticipate the circumstances of a meeting or encounter. If it seems likely that the time available for meeting will be limited, then it is obviously suicidal to use up most of the time in clearing one's throat. Nor does it seem especially perspicacious to have overly long agenda, saving the most important items for last, when there is every likelihood that time will run out long before the main event.

In written communication, no better advice can be offered than to cite the favorite six-word question of Harold Ross, late editor of the *New Yorker*: "What the hell do you mean?" Ross was a great editor because he was death on ambiguities. Though he edited one of the most sophisticated magazines in the nation, he cherished the simplicities. He insisted on identifications for all names and places. And he hated extraneous words or observations. Under his rule, the *New Yorker* became a model of clear, effective writing.

My purpose here is not to drum up business for the *New Yorker* (I have a drum of my own), but to point out that institutions can be built on clarity. Also, that clarity is one of the truly distinguishing characteristics of the educated man. —N. C.

Letters to the Editor

The Moon and Beyond

JOHN LEAR'S ARTICLE, "The Frontier Beyond the Moon" [*SR*, Jan. 18], contains some remarkable paragraphs touting Soviet space firsts (laudable though these are) while simultaneously discounting the U.S. astronauts and our own space expertise.

It is certainly incorrect to declare that *Apollo 8* could "not conceivably" have flown but for prior Soviet accomplishments. Since we do not share their launch data, or facilities, or tracking system, we in no real sense profited from the Soviet experience, or from the valuable empirical knowledge gained from their space program.

What *was* indispensable—high-speed computers; excellent and reliable telemetry; techniques of processing the telemetered data, integrating it with constant, accurate tracking information and celestial mechanics—are products of American technology. The fund of skills and the data from which precise calculations and guidance programing were developed are not Soviet, but are the dearly purchased fruit of previous U.S. space exploration—successes and failures.

The point that unmanned instrumented vehicles are preferable to manned ones is eventually made, and is a good one. But to couch the argument for this in terms which de-emphasize American technology and praise foreign originators seems peculiar, if not unworthy. Surely it is more than mere drama to send a human into the near reaches of space. Individual project aims will dictate whether passengers are feasible or necessary—many times they will not be. But when they are, every safeguard, redundant system, or feature to sustain them should be provided, and no apology need be tendered for it.

A. W. EDWARDS,
Corpus Christi, Tex.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR's science editor comments:*
"I did not belittle Apollo 8's voyage to the moon. I called it 'the grandest single episode in mankind's long adventure.' In referring to the Russian precedents (which I cannot conscientiously deny them credit for), I used the word 'conceivably' in a layman's sense, meaning that we would not have dared to risk human lives on such a hazardous exploit with only our own limited experience to proceed from. Getting to and from the moon by automatic pilot seemed much less reckless because the Russians had already done it."

Realtors Reply

SEVERAL BASELESS ... allegations against Realtors which appeared in Jeanne R. Lowe's article, "Race, Jobs, and Cities: What Business Can Do" [*SR*, Jan. 11], cannot go unchallenged.

Possibly the most serious—and most groundless—read as follows: "Simultaneously, realtors play on white owners' fears of economic loss and inundation by the in-

"It reminds me of an old song."

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vidious practice of 'block-busting,' and force their flight."

The policy and standards of the National Association of Real Estate Boards—membership in which determines whether a real estate practitioner is entitled to use the registered trademark *Realtor*—has for years forbade such a practice by its members, and to the best of our knowledge, Realtors have not been engaged in this odious activity. Cases which have come to the attention of the National Association have involved greedy speculators, many of whom do not even possess real estate licenses. If *SR* has evidence of Realtors guilty of "block-busting," we urge that it supply us with the information so that the necessary steps may be instituted to penalize these violators. If this accusation is baseless, as we strongly suspect, we urgently request that in all fairness *SR* set the record straight.

Realtors strongly deny another allegation —that they along with builders, mortgage bankers, and others in the real estate field are largely responsible for the "ghetto problem." The author conveniently overlooks—or deprecates—the real reason why the black people find it difficult to move into white neighborhoods—the attitude of the residents. It's not because of some sinister conspiracy of the real estate industry, as she and so many so-called experts on urban problems glibly charge.

Realtors are in most instances the legal agents of the owners, and as such, prior to the *Jones vs. Mayer* Supreme Court decision and in the absence of local laws to the contrary, followed the dictates of their clients. Moreover, they were aware of the feelings of residents in any given area, and as businessmen were unwilling to commit economic suicide by opposing the prevailing sentiment and forcing a black family into a resisting neighborhood. Hence, Realtors were *not* leading a conspiracy to confine the blacks to specific neighborhoods—they were simply reflecting the attitude of the owners and residents. However, it should be recorded also that many of them in a quiet voluntary effort were introducing black families into formerly all-white neighborhoods where no resistance prevailed.

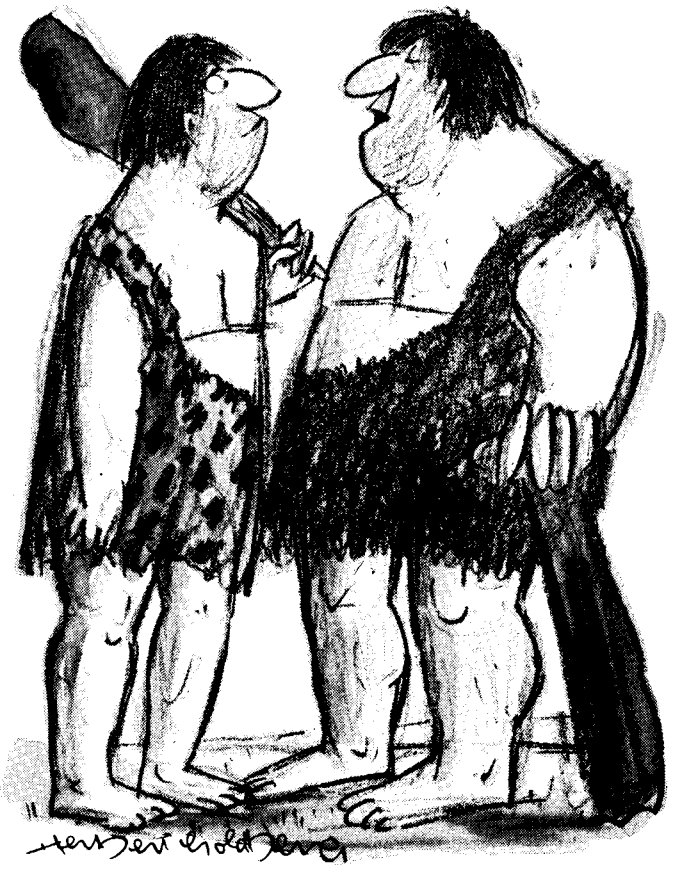
Fear of depressed home values, which so many so-called experts constantly blame for the resistance of all-white neighborhoods to welcome Negro families, is only a minor factor—a straw man which they set up and then try to knock down with a handful of inconclusive studies which purport to show that minority purchasers "tend to stabilize or even to raise" values. No sufficiently broad scientific study of the question has ever been made to substantiate any such all-encompassing claim. Each situation differs. In the few instances where some investigations have been made, the results vary. Property values have nose-dived precipitously in some. In others they have remained relatively unchanged. And in a few they have even gone up—eventually. The problem of open occupancy will truly be solved only after an educational program promoting tolerance and understanding begins to become widely effective.

In any event, NAREB in its most recent policy statement, adopted after the Supreme Court decision and the Civil Rights Act of 1968 erased the traditional freedom of choice of the owner to sell or rent to whom he chose, states: "Because we are dedicated to the rule of law, we urge all Realtors to comply with all legislative actions and judicial determinations which constitute the law on this subject" (banning discrimination on the grounds of race, color, religion, or national origin). Another section in the same statement sets forth as one of the six objectives of NAREB's Make America Better Program to help solve the major problems of our cities and towns the furtherance of "appropriate programs to assist property owners in marketing housing on a non-discriminatory basis."

Hopefully, the efforts of Realtors, together with those of church, civic, and other groups, will contribute considerably to this educational program to foster tolerance and acceptance.

One more error must be pointed out also. Throughout Miss Lowe's article, the term *Realtor* appeared uncapitalized. As a trademark registered in the U.S. Patent Office and as a coined term owned by NAREB, it should always carry a capital R. All major dictionaries, incidentally, while some may have erroneously failed to do so in the past, have agreed to capitalize the term in their next printings.

EDWIN L. STOLL,
Director of Public Relations,
National Association of
Real Estate Boards,
Washington, D. C.



"Now that we've learned to talk, let's not speak in vague generalities."

Parent and Child

THOMAS J. COTTLE's article, "Parent and Child—The Hazards of Equality" [*SR*, Feb. 1], does an excellent job of expressing the need of children for an authority figure, and I agree that parents should not delegate undue responsibility to children. I feel, however, that he has done a disservice to the returning "mother" college student in his several paragraphs concerning the expression of distaste by a coed at the thought of her roommate's mother attending school. Something must be very immature in the psyche of the girl to exhibit this type of dependency.

As a thirty-six-year-old college student and the mother of three girls, let me assure you that I am not trying to regain my adolescence. I am seeking the answer to questions that trouble modern women more and more. What does an intelligent woman do when her child-tending years are nearing completion? Do we not have a duty to ourselves and society to use and direct our talents and creativity to some other purpose than merely being a security symbol for children who wish to view us as passé at the age of forty? For what purpose does society educate women if the bearing and rearing of children, one-half of which are female, are to be their sole purposes in life?

MARILYN M. MACMILLAN,
Birmingham, Mich.

MR. COTTLE is so busy bestowing pity and generosity upon the escapists of my generation that he's incapable of seeing the realities of the majority . . . He must learn to see me as a young adult, striving toward a responsible position and for changes in society by orderly, responsible methods.

JUDY E. GEISSLER,
Brigham Young University,
Provo, Utah.

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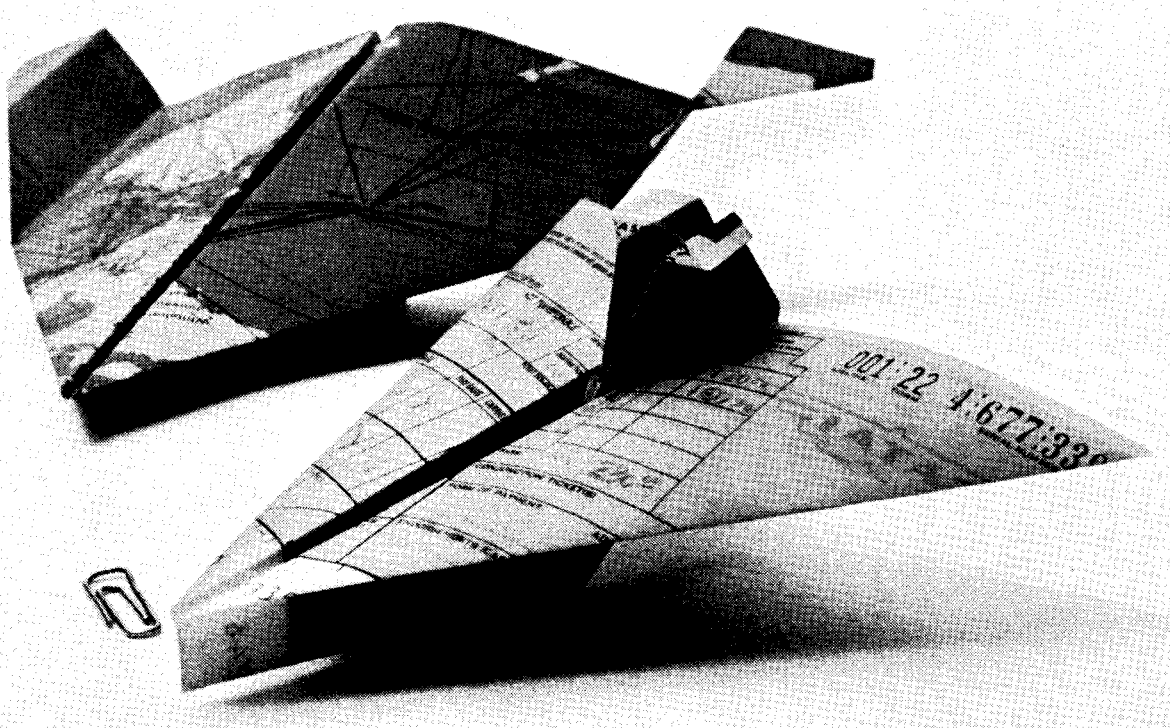
would you believe coast to coast?



As a matter of fact, that ticket in front (if validated) will carry you almost anywhere—with luggage. Rand McNally produces folders, route maps and tickets like this for almost every major airline. Our ticket division has developed special skills, experience and a reputation for dependability through serving all elements of the transportation industry—air, rail and bus. Who else would know so much about places to go? **Rand McNally,** publishers, book manufacturers, mapmakers.

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EDGARDO CONTINI

A Perspective Into the Future

"If a strong image is not conjured and adopted, the quality of our destiny may be impaired."

IN CELEBRATION of its fiftieth anniversary, the American Institute of Planners sponsored a two-year consultation that culminated in a week-long conference in Washington, D.C., in the autumn of 1967. The consultation's ambitious task: a look in depth into the future and—hopefully—the setting of a course for urban environment for "the next fifty years." Unlike most convocations of professionals, which tend to be introverted, the AIP consultation called on experts, thinkers, or spokesmen from a wide range of disciplines and fields for contribution and interaction. Each of the participants presented papers on specific aspects of the perspective into the future; several of these were presented at the Washington conference and served as the basis for panel discussion and cross-challenges.

The papers, edited by William R. Ewald, Jr. (who, on behalf of the Institute, had guided the consultation from its inception), have been published by Indiana University Press in three volumes: *Environment for Man* (320 pp., $6.95; paperback, $2.95); *Environment and Change* (392 pp., $10; paperback, $4.95); and *Environment and Policy* (480 pp., $10; paperback, $4.95). The titles roughly parallel the classical components of the planning process: goal formulation; evaluation of resources, restraints and trends; design and programming. However, the lines of demarcation are, in fact, not very precise. If, as Mr. Ewald states in the introduction, *Environment and Change* is to contain essentially the "philosophical" papers commissioned for the conference, then the meaning of "philosophical" must be stretched substantially: neither Herman Kahn's excursions into the future nor Buckminster Fuller's phantasmagoric parables about "spaceship Earth," valuable as they may be in developing future-oriented perspectives, can be rated as philosophical contributions. The flaws of structure, however, do not detract from the impact of the document as a whole.

The theme is set with startling clarity in the first essay, "The Future of Man," by Pierre Bertaux. After musing briefly about the probable emergence of man gregarious at the expense of man individual, and about the predictable transfer of the dominant role from the male to the female in future society, Bertaux presents a challenging thesis—the image of the future that a culture holds is, in effect, the key to its future: ". . . what is important is that the dynamic force of a strong and rich and powerful image of the future has exerted its action on us."

Futhermore, Bertaux suggests, for the first time in history man has reached the point where he can translate into reality the image of the future that he has adopted. "If we admit that the image of the future can be effectively introduced as an efficient—and a most efficient—element in the chain of causality; if we further admit that our image of the future is

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SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

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in some way and to some extent our own choice and responsibility; then we have here not only a way of reconciling our belief in determinism and our belief in freedom, but also a direct challenge." Prudently—possibly in apprehension of the verdict—Bertaux does not venture into a judgment of the image of the future that we hold in our time; having provided the light, he leaves it to us to discover the truth.

The balance of *Environment and Change*, the sum total of the essays, can then be viewed as a determined exercise of search and definition of what we view as our destiny. The image that emerges is pale, frightened—and frightening. Neither individually nor collectively do the essays convey a positive sense of purpose, a discernible direction of will, a mandate to the planners from the culture of which they are part. Instead they reduce to a discordant appraisal of the conditions that prevail, apprehensive probing of what a future dominated by technological progress will bring us. Very little emerges about what we may *want* our future to be, what we may *choose* technology to achieve—or to leave well alone.

Three themes recur throughout the essays and interweave with each other: apocalypse, technology, and youth. Allied to the first theme, the essay by Herman Kahn and Anthony Wiener, "Faustian Powers and Human Choices" (an extract and extension of their earlier book, *The Year 2000*), is a cool, systematic projection of present trends and probable developments to their logical consequences. It is—and, I suspect, it is meant to be—a frightening perspective. The authors' admonition—". . . choices are posed that are too large, complex, important, uncertain or comprehensive to be safely left to fallible humans, whether they are acting privately or publicly, individually or in organizations—choices, however, that become inescapable once these new capabilities have been gained"—is possibly the best summary of the tragic dimensions of the dilemmas that will face us within the next fifty years.

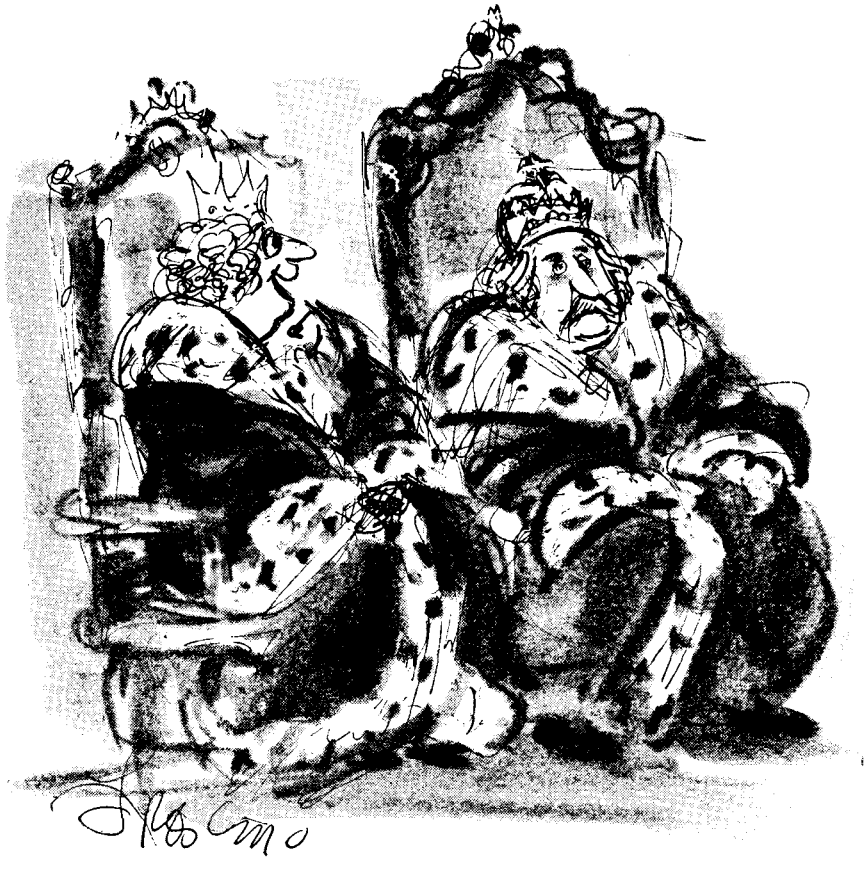
KAHN and Wiener, like Bertaux, do not suggest prescriptions. But, if they are correct in their assessment, what then are our possible responses? Continue on the present course of hyperbolic rate of change, and make decisions that we are no longer competent to make? Entrust the decisions to a sophisticated "system" (deriving its credentials from superhuman powers of accumulation of information and evaluation of interactions) and thus relinquish the most precious prerogative of man's intellect? Or obstruct progress, reverse the trend of technological change, revolt against the tyranny of our capacity for achievement? None of these possibilities looms very encouraging; the essayists present no convincing suggestions for more promising alternatives.

Indeed, only the apologists for technology seem to exude confidence and anticipation. Without qualms, without flinching, Emmanuel Mesthene in his paper, "How Technology Will Shape the Future," postulates the inescapable progression: New technology means physical change, physical change will alter social structure, change of social structure will generate corresponding new social values. If he is correct (and he has no doubts: notice the term "will" in the title), then initiative and value motivation will rest no longer with man as the master of technique, spirit, and destiny, but with the inexorable progression of technological accomplishment, a self-actuating and self-perpetuating process that bears no control. The legend of the sorcerer's apprentice becomes real: Will the magician ever break the spell? But when, and how? And *who* is to be the magician?

The arrogant assurance of the scientist is most evident when he presumes to subjugate even the last instrument of possible sanity, education, to the inexorable new order. "Above all, perhaps," says Mesthene, "higher education especially will need to attend more deliberately and systematically than it has in recent decades to developing the reflective, synthetic, speculative, and even the contemplative capacities of men, for understanding may be at a relatively greater premium henceforth than particular knowledge. When we can no longer lean on the world's stabilities, we must be able to rely on new abilities to cope with change and be comfortable with it." Any glimmer of hope that the reference to "contemplative capacities" may have evoked is squelched by the task that Mesthene presumes it to serve: to make us comfortable with change. Not to give us insight, purpose, direction, but to relieve the discomfort of technological indigestion!

If I refer to Mesthene's essay under the heading of "apocalypse" rather than "technology," it is because I believe the blind self-assurance of the technologist purports the greatest danger of ultimate catastrophe—be it doomsday or the relinquishing of human will, of destiny. Mesthene's concluding paragraph is fair warning. "We need above all to gauge the effects of technology on the *politeia* so that we can derive some social value from our knowledge. This, I suppose, is the twentieth-century form of the perennial ideal of wedding wisdom and government." This, I submit, is the ultimate perversion of human responsibility.

Not all of the contributors to the perspective on technology are as sanguine as Mesthene. John Platt ("Life Where Science Flows") advances spe-



"Remember the night we met and I lost my glass slipper?"

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cific examples of probable "conquests" and extols their benefits: new techniques of reproduction—genetic copying—and its promise of total excellence in animal husbandry (in a rare exercise of restraint, Platt avoids peering into the consequences of extending such technology to Homo sapiens); contraceptives in food—every child a wanted child—possibly the only projection of future achievement we may look forward to with whole-hearted anticipation; regeneration of organs; new multichannel techniques for personal communication that may render obsolete our single-channel device of verbal language. "This generation," Platt concludes, "marks the time when evolution by natural selection is replaced by evolution by human selection."

Although Mr. Platt senses the implications of this red-letter event, he fails to note that, in this awesome new capacity for technological intervention upon nature, man will need unprecedented wisdom, and that such wisdom cannot derive from within technology but must be obtained from a vantage point that will view technology as only a part of the much broader spectrum of the human condition. "Fortunately," says Platt, "this realization coincides with the emergence of a new method of problem-solving . . . problem-solving by anticipation." Unfortunately, this realization seems to come at a time of extreme disarray in man's capabilities for bringing ethics, esthetics and, especially, a sense of destiny to the process that must precede problem-solving: that of formulation of objectives, of conjuring (in Bertaux's terms) the image of our future.

Of all the scientist-contributors, Ralph Siu ("Role of Technology in Creating the Environment Fifty Years Hence") most perceptively senses this inadequacy. Noting the historical heritage of "utopias," cultural and personal, Dr. Siu admits, "It is a pity that we hear very little of these utopias nowadays." Without compromising his allegiance to technological progress, he is not embarrassed to state that "Technology needs to join with Art, Spirit, and Science to realize the wholeness of living." He goes even further; rather than relying on the scientist as the problem-solver, he suggests that new discipline may be needed to assist us in facing the future: "But technology alone cannot solve the urban or any other social dilemma of great pith. There must be a change in the cultural context in which technology is embedded. . . . This new age, which may be called the Age of Holistic Humanism," will be characterized by the principles that "human needs are to be considered in relation to man's total being and that "man is the measure of value."

Courageously, Siu attempts to define the process that may "nudge" man into entering the new Age of Humanism; with rare candor for a technologist, he suggests that technology's role be that of the sponsor for the new age rather than that of its ruler. "The systems view of planning . . . needs to be extended to include not only the calculations of science but also the emanations of Art and Spirit. . . . At this point, however, technology hits a snag. The fundamental transformation of intellectual orientation is not technology's to bring about."

The attitude is reiterated when Siu addresses himself to the role of technology in the field of specific relevance to the sponsors of the convocation—the planning process for human settlement. "When social ramifications are involved, the available scientific methods are woefully inadequate. . . . There is as yet an unbridged gap between cost-effectiveness and value-effectiveness. . . . At this state of knowledge, it would seem the better part of wisdom to rely on intuitive experience as the final arbiter."

I would choose this prescription above all other statements in the proceedings as the most positive and significant contribution to the consultation: planners, it seems to say, make it your responsibility to mold the image for the future of our urban culture; do not wait for all the tabulations to be gathered and processed; do not fear to dream "the impossible dream"!

THE theme of youth is recurrent in several of the essays. It is dominant in Carl Oglesby's "The Young Rebels," a moving analysis of the circumstances that have sharpened the natural condition of tension between the younger and the older generations to the extent and in the manner that are evident in our time. "If the parent generation was the one which knew nearly nothing about its future, his [the younger generation's] is the one which knows nearly everything." Thus, Oglesby notes, the desperate condition of "anxiety-laced ennui." Furthermore, the profound difference of the war experience of the two generations (one a uniting force motivated by legitimate ideals, the other a divisive tragedy that has neither a definition of victory nor an acceptable justification of principle) has widened the gap, heightened the dissatisfaction of the young. Oglesby acknowledges the absence of an image of the future in our midst. "Americans are," he says, "people who have no social objectives which transcend the given social order," and he considers this as one more factor of the disaffection of the young. Yet the young themselves—however valid their protest and their withdrawal—have failed to suggest a positive image of their own; Oglesby can illuminate the causes and the nature of the schism and deplore the errors and the irresponsibility of the parents, but is unable to project, from the drives of the young. any significant new perspective for the future.

It is not altogether surprising, then, if the young, called upon to state their case as participants to the convocation, come through most disappointingly. Claude Brown (*The Effective Society* [sic]), as spokesman for the young, makes hardly any waves, presents no stirring perspective, introduces no brave or bold or shocking proposal, but instead, rather lamely, begs on behalf of the young for more understanding and respect and—of all things—for a bigger share of the Effective Society's pie!

Actually, the "new generation" disavowed the token representation at the AIP convocation: a group of young "advocacy" planners convened on the grounds of the hotel where the consultation was held to express their protest. Possibly to their surprise, they were invited to present their case to the audience; their statements are not among the essays of *Environment and Change*, but the episode enriched the proceedings of the conference with a fresh breath of commitment and will.

Suggesting in his essay, "On Whose Behalf Is the Dream Being Dreamt?," that "there is no built-in ethos in technology" and that "the claims of young people are crucial," Max Lerner challenges the posture of the technologists (all of whom, engrossed with the potentials for progress, had, strangely enough, entirely ignored the element of youth, their emerging demands and unpredicted posture, as relevant factors to the projection of the future). However, the question that Lerner raises is mislead-

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1333

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1333 will be found in the next issue.

DOV SVYLIZIVQL ZQV HMBB RH YOZD YV YRMBX BAGV DR OZIIVS DR ML ZSX YOZD YV ORIV YABB SVFVQ OZIIVS DR ML.

—TROS HRYBVL

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1332

There is an hour wherein a man might be happy all his life could he find it.

—GEORGE HERBERT.

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ing. It implies a conflict that is not there, a potential for constructive tension that is not operative. "On whose behalf is the dream being dreamt?" What dream? The technologist's nightmare? If that is the only dream we can produce, the next generation may well choose to have no part of it.

The American Institue of Planners, in calling the consultation on the next fifty years, sought a perspective into the future—a perspective of a much wider range than the profession could project by itself. The essays presented in *Environment and Change* do indeed provide such perspective. If, within their sum total, they highlight conflict of opinion, apprehension, and discontent more than unity of purpose or community of vision, it is because this is the condition in our time, the point of departure from which we must move forward.

The results of this exercise of multifaceted, correlated overview will prove of extreme value to the planning profession as it moves into the next phase of responsible participation in guidance of the growth and change of the physical structure of the country. They are equally relevant to the nonprofessional reader who may wish to increase his understanding of the issues that must be faced and the effectiveness of his participation in the democratic process through which growth and change will be directed.

If *Environment and Change* fails to present a challenging—or at least a viable —"image of the future," this, too, is not because of failure of the contributors but because, at this juncture, the failure stems from all of us collectively. Bertaux has called the warning: If a strong image is not conjured and adopted, the quality of our destiny may be impaired.

Time is growing short: the will to direct change must take form and program. Without so stating explicitly, *Environment and Change* strongly suggests that the next task for the planner—after the indulgence in the ecumenical experience of the consultation—is to concentrate intensely and with imagination in his field of competence, the shaping of the human environment, by presenting the country with images and with programs worthy of its potentials and by mobilizing its capabilities toward their implementation.

In the introduction William Ewald states, "The great population growth, unless there is a national will to the contrary, has been and will continue to be in the present metropolitan areas." Possibly —as a first order of business—this trend should be questioned; possibly the first concrete challenge should be to motivate such a "national will to the contrary" and thus add a new dimension of creative adventure to our inescapable involvement with the problems of urban settlement.

Literary Horizons

Granville Hicks

Three preliminary observations on Philip Roth's new novel, *Portnoy's Complaint* (Random House, $6.95), seem to be necessary:

1. It deals explicitly and even aggressively with various types of sexual activity.

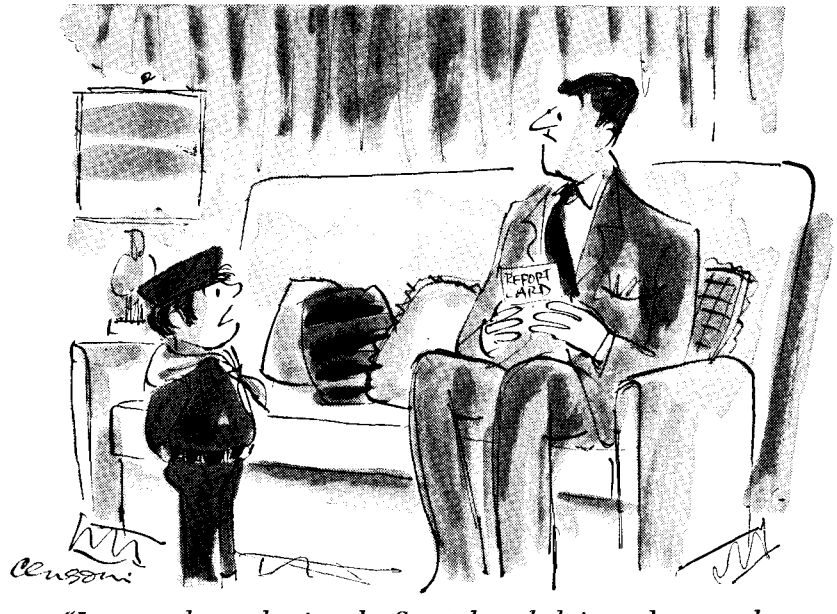
2. It uses freely and rather repetitiously certain of the once-forbidden words, especially the three for which Mark Twain substituted blanks in *1601*.

3. No one *has* to read the book—or, for that matter, this review of it.

The theme is sufficiently indicated by a note from a make-believe medical dictionary defining "Portnoy's Complaint": "A disorder in which strongly-felt ethical and altruistic impulses are perpetually warring with extreme sexual longings, often of a perverse nature. Spielvogel says: 'Acts of exhibitionism, voyeurism, fetishism, auto-eroticism and oral coitus are plentiful; as a consequence of the patient's "morality," however, neither fantasy nor fact issues in genuine sexual gratification, but rather in overriding feelings of shame and the dread of retribution, particularly in the form of castration.'"

Alex Portnoy tells the story as if he were talking to a psychoanalyst—a device that Roth uses effectively without making it obtrusive. Portnoy, at the time, is thirty-three, a lawyer with a reputation for humanitarian actions, and the recently appointed Assistant Commissioner for The City of New York Commission on Human Opportunity. He has the kind of career he has always wanted, and he is finding outlets for his powerful sexual impulses, but he is a mess, and it is no wonder he turns to a psychiatrist—the Dr. Spielvogel of the mythical quotation.

What Portnoy starts with, naturally, is his childhood, and we have never had so intense a description of life in a Jewish family. The first chapter is called, with the fierce irony that is one of Portnoy's recurrent moods, "The Most Unforgettable Character I've Met." It is his mother Portnoy means, and Roth presents the Jewish Mom with hot indignation and bewildered affection. When she is talking to her friends, she cannot praise Alex enough, even at the expense of his sister: "Of my sallow, overweight older sister, my mother would say (in Hannah's presence, of course: honesty was her policy too), 'The child is no genius, but then we don't ask the impossible. God bless her, she works hard, she applies herself to her limits, and so whatever she gets is all right.' Of me, the heir to her long Egyptian nose and clever babbling mouth, of me my mother would say, with characteristic restraint, 'This *bonditt*? He doesn't even have to open a book—A in everything. Albert Einstein the Second!'" When he doesn't do what she wants, however, she denounces him, threatens violence, pa-



"I was so busy obeying the Scout law, helping other people, keeping myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight, that I didn't have time to do my homework."

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rades her own miseries, and eventually brings him to tears and obedience.

After presenting several scenes that show his mother in action, Portnoy cries out: "Doctor Spielvogel, this is my life, my only life, and I am living it in the middle of a Jewish joke! I am the son in the Jewish joke—*only it ain't no joke!* Please, who crippled us like this? Who made us so morbid and hysterical and weak? Why, why are they screaming still, 'Watch out! Don't do it! Alex—*no!*' . . . . Is this the Jewish suffering I used to hear so much about? Is this what has come down to me from the pogroms and the persecutions? From the mockery and abuse bestowed by the *goyim* over these two thousand lovely years?" He tells the story of Ronald Nimkin, a good boy who did everything his mother told him to and gave promise of becoming a concert pianist. When he hanged himself in his teens, he left a note for his mother, which said: "Mrs. Blumenthal called. Please bring your mah-jongg rules to the game tonight." Portnoy comments: "Now, how's *that* for good to the last drop?"

The other half of the story is Portnoy's sex life, about which, as I have said, Roth is explicit. On the subject of masturbation he is comic and sad and sometimes almost poetic. When Alex becomes bold enough to approach girls, he is interested only in *shiksas*, for he is seeking revenge both on his parents and on gentiles, and he is also gratifying his desire to be identified with the superior beings he envied in his schooldays. At last he meets the Monkey, a girl whose concupiscence matches his own—and he would have deserved at least passing mention in the Kinsey Report. But in spite of Kinsey's assumption that the more sex the better, Alex, as Dr. Spielvogel puts it, does not find "genuine sexual gratification." As he complains, he can never get away from the sense that what he is doing is sinful, and for this he blames his Jewish upbringing. But perhaps his problem lies deeper than that. Dr. Spielvogel has the last line: "So. Now vee may perhaps to begin. Yes?"

THE novel is a triumph of style. Alex is, as he says, his mother's son, and Roth endows him with her kind of explosive intensity. What a family it is! The father, wrapped up in the insurance business, concerned above all with his constipation, can match his wife in crises, which, in such a household, are practically continuous. Alex does have pleasant memories, especially of times with his father, but they are not numerous, whereas the recollections of stormy scenes are constantly surging up. When, as a student at Antioch, he spends Thanksgiving with the family of his current *shiksa*, the life is bewilderingly alien to him. "My God! The English language is *a form of communication*! Conversation isn't just crossfire where you shoot and get shot at."

Roth achieves an equal intensity when he lets Alex talk about his sexual desires and experiences. He wants lots and lots of sex, and, at least with the Monkey, he gets it. But at the same time he fears and hates his sexual drive. That is one reason why Roth lets Alex fill his narrative with the old monosyllables: they express his ambivalence. I know of no other way in which Roth could have got the effect he wanted.

Ever since the publication of his first book, *Goodbye, Columbus*, in 1959, when he was twenty-six, it has been clear that Roth was a master of the vernacular style. I felt that his gifts were at least partly wasted in his two novels, especially the second, *When She Was Good* (*SR*, June 17, 1967). The trouble, I surmised, might be that Roth tried to endow the girl, Lucy, with an intensity that was not appropriate to her character as he presented it. In *Portnoy's Complaint*, on the other hand, the style is absolutely right for the character of Alex Portnoy and the experiences he talks about. The result is something very much like a masterpiece.

A Dissent from Marya Mannes

PHILIP ROTH'S NOVEL SUCCEEDS BRILLIANTLY in generating revulsion: against the Jewish family and the Jewish faith; against Portnoy himself, as man (not boy); against prevailing fashion and fallacies that induce a writer of Roth's conspicuous talents to be a pornographer.

Not at the beginning, though. Portnoy's anguished memories of a boyhood sickened by an overprotective and castrating mother and an impotent and constipated father are shot full of the brilliant flashes of insight and black humor that are Roth's signature. In this first part of *Portnoy's Complaint* the numerous and explicit descriptions of masturbation are valid: it is the only thing the boy loves (except baseball players, nature-walks, and *shiksas*).

But the sexual exploits of Portnoy the man are one more noxious instance of the writer-intellectual being "with it." Gore Vidal did his thing in *Myra Breckenridge* with a so-called tongue-in-cheek (*cheek?*) spoof of old-Hollywood film lore as justification of the hard-core pornography that accounts solely for its commercial success. Roth's way is in making Portnoy an intellectual-liberal public servant crying his heart out to his unseen analyst about the terrible obsession that ultimately ruins his life.

On the road to impotence, however, he manages to display every trick of the pornographer's trade, particularly with one woman who may well be the most abominable female conceived next to Portnoy's mother.

Again, as in most of the new "culture," woman gets the short end of the stick even if she gets the long end of the antihero. Her use, and her interest, reside in one place only, and that place is certainly not mind or spirit. As on today's stage she is stripped naked, not merely of clothes—which, after all, are not conventions so much as comforts in cold climates and decorations in hot ones—but of every quality that makes a whole woman.

All this comes under the heading of the New Truth, the New Freedom, the end of hypocrisy, the nitty gritty, or whatever you want to call it.

That in the case of a Vidal or a Roth it also comes in a package of high literacy, whereas most of the new brave theater is largely illiterate, indicates that the word is more powerful than the deed. Except for people either up-tight or hung-up, the sight of bare and often unlovely bodies on the stage is nowhere near as titillating as a totally explicit description by a skillful writer of sexual fantasies and acts.

This *Portnoy's Complaint* provides in copious measure. The man may hate himself, but if self-hatred is his bag, it is replete with goodies.

Portnoy's ultimate payment has its analogy in the crime shows of movies and television. The criminal loses in the end (Crime Does Not Pay) but on the way he certainly lives it up.

One thing must be said of the man Portnoy, though. Roth takes pains to make him the most disagreeable bastard who ever lived: without compassion (except, presumably, for the huddled masses), smart-aleck, cruel, and consistently foul-mouthed. Not only does he sit on life's toilet seat; he examines, lovingly, the bowl beneath.

Again, the with-it culture assumes that spelling out functions everybody knows in words that six-year-olds now use constitutes truth.

If this is so, then the mixture of bile, sperm, and self-indulgence that infuses most of *Portnoy's Complaint* should put it on the best-seller lists.

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Perspective

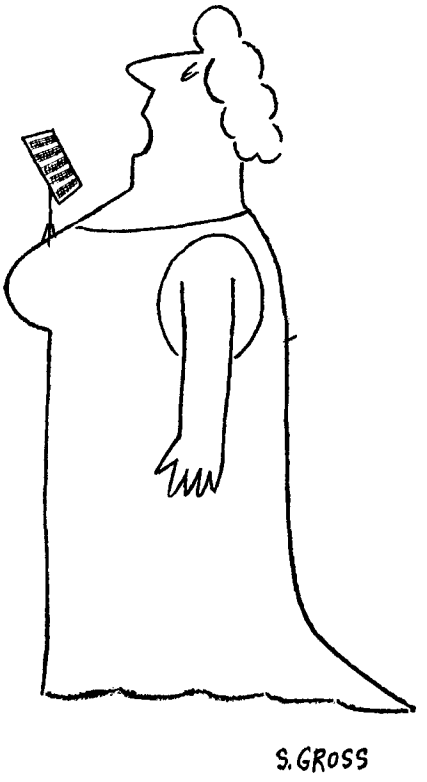
J. H. Plumb

Late in the fall the sun still blessed Detroit, the blue sky was high, wide and handsome, too inviting to evade in a cab, too warm to be missed by one about to be plunged back into the mists and fogs of London. About 11 A.M. on a Saturday morning I set out from my motel and walked down Woodward Avenue. After five minutes I began to feel uneasy, unsure as to whether I was awake or dreaming. Maybe I had strayed into a film set by Fellini. No human being was to be seen. Cars sped by, buses hummed and coughed, the sun blazed down, but as far as the eye could see the sidewalks were empty. After twenty minutes' walk I saw two white boys waiting for a bus: ten minutes later two black youths slid round a corner and stared at a Cadillac through the windows of a showroom. And I saw no one else, no other living being, not even a cat or a dog, until I reached the art gallery, a walk of some two miles. And what a walk. Cracked and broken sidewalks, with grass and weeds growing through them; desolate parking lots, shabby automobile showrooms; and quite often nothing—just lots. Everywhere dirt, bits of paper, cigarette and chocolate cartons—the excrement of a consumer society thrown out of passing automobiles.

The art gallery, of course, was stupendous: wonderful pictures, splendidly displayed; room after room proclaimed the generosity of Detroit's leading citizens. But the walk from the art gallery to downtown Detroit, another mile maybe, was more searing, if less nightmarish. Broken-down snack bars, stinking of cheap food; grimy shops selling magazines and books; side-streets full of aging houses, the street corners occupied by a few derelict Negroes. Here and there one or two young black people bustled about, but even they in their pink trousers and lime green jackets could not stifle the air of decay, of dirt, of hopelessness: a concrete city with a concrete heart that belied the generous warmth of the sun and that pellucid blue of the sky that drew my thoughts to fifteenth-century Florence.

What a contrast! There was a city as vast for its age as Detroit for its; there, too, had been families of fabulous wealth drawn from international trade. These families, the Medici chief amongst them, had set about their city. The *piazza* had been cleared and beautified with staggering works of art that have continued to give joy for hundreds of years and will do so for hundreds more. Church after church, square after square, bridge after bridge, street after street create a world of brick and mortar and stone that delights the eye and lifts the spirit—a city in which anyone, rich or poor, native or foreign, can dwell with pride. Nor is Florence unique; the more anonymous aristocracy of Venice deliberately created the beauty which we see. By deliberate act they cleared and paved the *piazza* and *piazzetta*, built the splendid façades and made the beauty that draws the world to it.

Cities do not grow beautiful by chance. None have. A fact forcibly brought home in *Paris in the Age of Absolutism* (Wiley, $7.95; paperback, $3.95), a brilliant book by a young historian, Orest Ranum. Here we see how Paris grew, not only in people, in commerce, in riches, but also how it became a symbol, an expression of the aspiration of Louis XIV and his minister, Colbert, who wished to emulate Augustan Rome. The beauty of the Louvre, of the Palais Royal, of the surrounding bridges and hotels, springs from their intention of making Paris a city of grandeur as well as of beauty. And what Louis XIV started, Napoleon I and III completed; the splendor of Paris is due to them and their architects. At the same time Paris never lost its human scale. For centuries, and still today, it is a city to be lived in, possessing all the contrasts that are needed—quietude and privacy in the midst of the multitude, sudden vistas, parks, gardens, fountains, places to wander in, places to sit in; above all, places to talk in.



Somehow the great European cities have preserved the quality which created the adjective "urbane." True, London is under strain, as streets of Victorian and Georgian houses are ripped out for Manhattan-style office blocks. Although the majority of English towns can still be lived in, patches of Detroit blight are visible in most—the waste areas between the suburbs and the commercial center, which in American industrial cities has become a chronic disease, an inhuman nightmare land of loneliness and violence. The automobile, the basis of Detroit's fabulous prosperity, started the long death agony of the American city by opening up vast suburbs that gave space, a sense of country, and abolished from sight the poor and the black. The only American metropolises, apart from San Francisco and New York, which still possess something approaching the grace and amenities of European cities all predate industry—New Orleans, Savannah, Charleston, Boston and a few other New England towns.

This tragedy goes far deeper than mere physical appearance. Cities, purposely created, are life-enhancing. If you do not believe me, then study the life of Dr. Samuel Johnson or, better still, read Dorothy Marshall's *Dr. Johnson's London* (Wiley, $6.95; paperback, $3.45). Turn to the other volumes in Norman Cantor's excellent series Historical Cities of which these are a part. Then look at a kindred series put out by the University of Oklahoma Press, The Centers of Civilization. And having read, think hard and long about Detroit, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Baltimore and the rest—above all, Detroit.

In Dr. Johnson's day London, with its beautiful squares and parks, its amusement gardens and theaters, its taverns, concert halls and academies, produced a brilliant civilization that was thoroughly and totally urban. When tired of London the rich and fashionable went sometimes to the countryside but just as frequently to the beautiful spa cities—Bath, Tunbridge Wells, Brighton, Harrogate and the like, so that they could still enjoy the civilities of urban life. Returning to London, they experienced an invigoration of the spirit, a sharpening of the intellect. As Dr. Johnson said, "Whoever is tired of London is tired of life."

Of course, it was not all Georgian

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elegance and refinement. There were slums and there were poor: the sick, the starving, the illiterate and the violent. There were mobs and ghettos, but it was a community, the living center of culture, the seedbed of genius, complex and human—never a desert of concrete lots and growing weeds.

As I said earlier, many of the most beautiful of European cities were the creations of a man, a family or a small class of men. Even the staggeringly beautiful city of Bath was due almost entirely to one man—Ralph Allen. Yet scarcely one large American city has captured the imagination, the energy and the dedication of those who have derived their wealth and power from them. Outside Detroit lies one of the greatest industrial complexes the world has ever known. The stupendous generosity of the Fords to the world through their foundation has been commensurate with their mountainous riches. Nor have they entirely forgotten their native city: benefactions to universities, and the art gallery's world-renowned pictures bear witness to their private benefactions. These, however, are but diamonds embedded in cinders scattered across a desert of broken and dirty concrete. If one thinks of what the Medicis and the great Florentine families did for Florence, the plight of Detroit sears one's soul. Surely these great empty wastes could have been planned and modeled to create a city to live in. Yamasaki has shown what could be done with his elegant and entirely human-sized buildings at Wayne State University. If only that university and the art gallery had been surrounded by squares enfolding gardens and fountains as a setting for crescents and terraces of housing to suit the whole range of Detroit's needs! If only the Fords had built a palace in the heart of Detroit and lived in it—if only they would! Then there might be a Florence in Michigan. After all, Florence was and is a great industrial city. The idea is not outrageous.

To cure the ills of American cities, the rich, the middle-class and the professional families must live in them again, and attempt to recreate the civilities and urbanities that rightly belong to great towns. American architects (such geniuses with an office block or public building) must design homes within the city landscape. Perhaps it is too late, the disease too far gone. Perhaps one should destroy these decaying corpses and plan a world that consists of suburbs and centers—industrial, commercial, cultural. Perhaps the city is rapidly becoming merely historic and so has no future: or a future only for the poor. If so, humanity will be the loser, for city life at its best has been one of mankind's greatest achievements.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Marxist Propagandist

DREW MIDDLETON OPINES in his review of Maxime Rodinson's *Israel and the Arabs* [*SR*, Feb. 1] that the book cannot be considered to be "a work of a political propagandist." Professor Rodinson is an avowed Marxist and assimilationist of Jewish birth. As such, he is wedded to the idea of the desirability of scattering the Jewish people, ruling out their right to one place in the world where their Hebraic culture can be the primary culture, a place always open to victimized Jews without them having to beg for refuge all over the world and not receive it.

ABRAHAM G. DUKER.
New York, N.Y.

Hegemony Over Palestine

DREW MIDDLETON QUOTES Maxime Rodinson: "The Arabs of Palestine used to have the same rights over Palestinian territory as the French exercise in France and the English in England." When did the Arabs have such rights over Palestinian territory? The Israelis, in 1948, took it over from the British, who had held it for twenty years—first by right of conquest in World War I, then under a League of Nations mandate. Before that the Turks had held the land for many centuries, having taken it from Eastern Rome, which had inherited it from the Roman Empire. There were brief interludes; Christian princes ruled during the time of the Crusades. Saladin, who drove them out, ruled from Egypt. He was of course a Moslem; but by nationality Saladin was a Turk.

The fact is that the Arabs never ruled Palestine. In Israel, while a minority, they have representatives in the Knesset, and thus a greater share in self-government than they ever had before.

KURT ROSENWALD.
Washington, D.C.

Concessions

IT SHOULD NOT SURPRISE Maxime Rodinson or Drew Middleton that Israelis "have often failed to understand the need for concessions on their part" since they still remember the lesson of 1956's war, which Mr. Rodinson and perhaps Mr. Middleton have forgotten. After striking through the Sinai toward Suez and occupying Sharm el Sheikh on the Gulf of Aqaba, Israel was persuaded by the United States to give up these positions in exchange for sanctimonious words. For their concessions, Israel did not get the promised right to use the Suez Canal and, when the crucial time came in 1967, the Gulf of Aqaba was closed to Israel once again. What good did the concessions do, except to allow the Arabs time to build themselves up for another try?

When Abba Eban announced to the eighteen Nation Council of Europe in September 1967 that Israel wanted to establish a free trade area with Lebanon and Jordan and to provide development assistance to the Arab countries in the context of a general Middle East settlement (going as far as to merge the Israeli and Jordanian ports of Eliat and Aqaba), the Arab nations even refused to recognize that a genuine offer of concession had been made.

SIDNEY LEVINE.
Silver Spring, Md.

Disclaimer

ROBERT MEAD, JR. BEGAN HIS REVIEW of a translation of Márquez's *No One Speaks to the Colonel* [*SR*, Dec. 21] by quoting from the October *Atlantic* a statement attributed to Lionel Trilling by a Columbia student named David Shapiro. In the December *Atlantic* Mr. Trilling denied ever claiming to have read any contemporary Latin American fiction, much less saying that it was of only anthropological interest. What he did say in an informal meeting between Columbia students and faculty members was, according to him, much less quotable and interesting: that after sponsoring a thesis on modern African fiction he had come to the conclusion that its interest was principally sociological.

MARIAN SHELBY.
Boone, N.C.

Interpretation of Christianity

IN YOUR CHECK LIST of Jan. 11 you have listed my new book, *Systematic Theology: A Historicist Perspective* (Scribners), as history. Doubtless you were misled in this by the subtitle, which is intended to suggest that man's historicity—his historical nature—and the actual empirical course of human history are taken with particular seriousness in this attempt to set out an interpretation of the Christian faith. But as the title proper suggests, the book is really an attempt to work through systematically the principal claims of Christian faith, always keeping in view contemporary philosophical, historical, and scientific knowledge.

GORDON D. KAUFMAN.
Cambridge, Mass.

In the Words of John Rolfe

ALBERT VORSPAN IN HIS REVIEW of *Civil Rights and the American Negro: A Documentary History* [*SR*, Jan. 25] wrote, "... as Captain John Smith of Virginia casually noted, 'came in a Dutch man-of-war that sold us twenty Negroes.'" Apparently Captain Smith paraphrased the following from John Rolfe's diary: "About the last of August came in a Dutch man-of-Warre that sold us 20 negars."

PETER OLSEN.
Jamaica, N.Y.

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One Thing and Another

John K. Hutchens

Two of the best friends a lot of us will ever have are those mighty and benign-looking lions that gaze out upon Fifth Avenue between Forty-second and Fortieth Streets in New York. But unless I'm mistaken they don't look very cheerful these days. Why? Because they are getting a raw deal.

They are suffering from malnutrition, a tough fate for two such noble public servants as these, and a shocking commentary on the ingratitude of the multitudes their magnificent home serves every year.

Ingratitude? Perhaps it's only a kind of unawareness, but there it is: the stark fact that the New York Public Library's Central Research Library, one of the great ones of the world, is in trouble. It needs money that it isn't receiving because the vast majority of those who use it simply do not know that it is almost entirely a privately supported institution.

This misapprehension may be understandable. The word "Public" in its name suggests "tax-sustained," which indeed is true of its eighty-odd branch libraries in Manhattan, the Bronx and Staten Island. But the big one, the home of the lions, has to go it virtually alone, with a minimum of state and city aid.

It doesn't seem right, this take-it-for-granted attitude on the part of a public that should know better. If you belonged to a club you would expect to pay dues, wouldn't you? Or at least kick in a little something once a year in return for the benefits and the hours of pleasure you had there? For many of us the Central Research Library, with its dazzling variety of services, the courtesy, efficiency and selfless devotion of its staff, is a club like no other.

I don't think I fully realized this until, in the course of pursuing a modest literary project some years ago, I spent a couple of evenings a week for several months in the Main Reading Room. Almost at once I discovered that the staff manning the information desk could not have been more generous with their time and patience if I had been a full-fledged professor of archeology delving into the more esoteric aspects of the Stone Age. They directed me to references I had never heard of. They suggested materials previously unknown to me. They all but made my little effort their own, for no discernible reason except that, in the tradition of fine librarians everywhere, they were innately interested in anything having to do with words.

It was, I came to see, a club in another sense as well. Night after night a number of the same people turned up in the North and South Reading Rooms, many of them elderly and having about them the look of those fleeing from loneliness. For who can be lonely in a library, where all the world awaits him? It was their home away from home. Possibly it was their only real home, which may be why those reading rooms are open during some part of every day in the year, including Sundays and holidays.

Presently I, too, felt myself a part of that club, with a new member's curiosity about all it offered. Since what it offers is approximately endless, I have been learning about it ever since, notably in such books as William K. Zinsser's *Search and Research: The Collections and Uses of the New York Public Library* (1961), commemorating the Library's fiftieth anniversary, and *The Many Faces of the Library,* published by the Library, as well as in conversation with Edward G. Freehafer, its director.

The heart of the Library is its research collections, some of which—the mother chapter at Forty-second Street being hard pressed for space—have moved elsewhere around town. The Music and Theater Divisions are in the Library and Museum of the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center; the Oriental and newspaper collections in an annex in West Forty-third Street. Next year will see another extension opening across the way at the southeast corner of Fifth Avenue and Fortieth Street, to which half a million books will be moved from the crowded eighty miles of shelves in the Central Building.

Of the divisions and collections that remain, the largest is Economics and Sociology, with a million items ranging from current periodicals with hints for stock-market players to a complete file of *The London Gazette* dating from 1665. Business and industrial firms by the score consult this section, and the Science and Technology Division, six days a week. The Berg Collection's 85,000 items, consisting chiefly of English and American literary materials, manuscripts, first editions and correspondence,

are a treasure trove for specialists and laymen as well. The Picture Collection, with illustrations, cartoons and the like in 8,000 categories, loans its materials, as does the Children's Room. The Map Division caters to geologists and also to businessmen contemplating profitable new sites. In the Rare Book Division accredited visitors may gaze upon a Gutenberg Bible or a Shakespeare First Folio and, in the Manuscript Division, a handwritten copy of Washington's Farewell Address and a draft of the Declaration of Independence.

It is truly hard to envisage an appropriate facility that the Library does not afford. Are you a writer engaged in a long-term work involving complicated research? If James Henderson, chief of the Research Libraries, is satisfied about your serious intent, you will be assigned space and a desk in the Frederick Lewis Allen or the Wertheim Rooms, where books will be brought at your request and you may work for months on end. Are you a scholar at the University of Washington in Seattle who wants a microfilm of an obscure reference to Herman Melville? The Library will send it to you for the cost of the film plus postage and handling. Is this or that citation or book available in the Library? A query will bring a reply from someone on Mr. Henderson's research staff, or one of the sixteen men and women in the Main Reading Room who answer phone calls and letters.

The phone calls average 3,500 a week, some of them rather obviously relating to bets on, say, the name of Ptolemy II's great-aunt on his mother's side. The single most used item in the Library is probably the microfilmed *New York Times,* going all the way back to its beginnings. However, if you prefer to look up the phone number of a friend in Helsinki, you may adjourn to the Library's world-wide collection of telephone books, as the armed services did when they planned the North African invasion in 1942 and found the Algerian and Moroccan directories valuable.

To an addict of the House of the Lions the odds and ends of information about it run on and on. To the surprise of readers who assumed she had done her research on her subject's home grounds, Marchette Chute states that she assembled her *Shakespeare of London* here before she even saw London. The Main Reading Room's 10,000,000-card catalogue has 8,000 entries in the field of cookery alone. At one time or another the Library's staff has coped with 3,000 languages and dialects. The largest of all gifts to the Library were Payne Whitney's—$2,000,000 during his lifetime, $14,000,000 under his will; the latter sum was vital in keeping the Library alive during the Depression. When the stately marble building opened on

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May 23, 1911, its cost was announced as $9,002,523.09, a figure that had to be a bookkeeper's delight.

However, back to the hungry lions. The Library's budget for the current fiscal year, about $7,000,000, anticipates a deficit of $2,800,000, higher by about $1,000,000 than in the fiscal year 1967-68. New York City helps to the extent of $600,000 for maintenance and repairs, and New York State allots somewhat more than half a million dollars. Thus 80 per cent of the Library's income is from interest on its endowments and investments. Faced with an overwhelming deficit, it has no choice but to dip into capital.

The solution? Potentially, there are several. One is a development campaign whereby American industries here and elsewhere that use the Library extensively for research might be induced to make regular, tax-deductible contributions a part of *their* operating budgets rather than an occasional expression of appreciation. Another answer is a steady, year-round appeal for individual gifts from the well-to-do and from those of moderate means. Just offhand it sounds incredible, but a mere 2,380 individuals contributed in the last fiscal year to the Library's annual fund drive. Yet an average of 8,000 persons used the Library daily during that period, or three million a year. Obviously they were under the impression that they were enjoying a free ride—as they were. Just as obviously, they felt no sense whatever of obligation. If only a small proportion of them would pony up $10 or more each. . . .

Meanwhile, there is the Library's crisis. As Mr. Freehafer outlines it, the principal factors are the steadily increasing cost of books and microfilming, higher staff salaries, stepped-up fringe benefits, the expense of preserving old books ("millions of pages are deteriorating right now"). Although inflation has made for higher income from investments, it has increased the deficit.

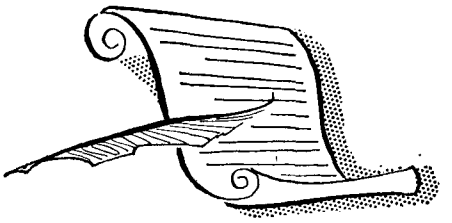
Mr. Freehafer, a New York Public Library career man since he went to work there in 1932, at age forty-five the youngest director in the Library's history when he was appointed to that post in 1954, and now a still youngish sixty-year-old, regards the whole matter gravely but without panic.

"We have a big problem" was all he allowed himself to say, which seemed to suggest his belief that the public would come through, one way or another. If it doesn't, who but the public would be the loser? And now, if you please, don't just sit there. Reach for that spare check you carry in your wallet, fill it out and mail it to the New York Public Library, Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street. It's the first and last such pitch you will ever encounter in this column, as Providence and those lions are my judge.

Testimony for Mark, Luke, and Moses

The Kingdom of God and Primitive Christianity, *by Albert Schweitzer, edited by Ulrich Neuenschwander, translated from the German by L. A. Garrard (Seabury. 193 pp. $3.95), and* ***On the Bible,*** *by Martin Buber, edited by Nahum N. Glatzer (Schocken. 247 pp. $5.95), contain reflections about, respectively, the historical Jesus and the Scriptures as a record of encounters between God and the Jewish people. J. Paul Williams, professor emeritus in the Department of Religion at Mount Holyoke College and former president of the National Association of Biblical Instructors, wrote "What Americans Believe and How They Worship."*

By J. PAUL WILLIAMS



THESE POSTHUMOUS VOLUMES give us insights into the thinking of two twentieth-century religious giants, one a Christian and the other a Jew. Neither breaks new ground; each states positions long held and previously put into print. Both authors wrote from such eminence and through minds of such creativity that they seem wholly to escape the major intellectual disease of our day, that of deciding by consensus. They are not nervous lest some new opinion challenge their positions; they do not fear that the morning mail will bring tidings shattering to their fundamental assumptions.

After Schweitzer's death in 1965, his daughter found at Lambaréné a white linen bag containing the manuscript of *The Kingdom of God and Primitive Christianity.* The first drafts were produced in 1950-51, and the book was put into final shape during a voyage to Europe in May and June of 1951. The book's editor writes: "It is the last work of an old man dwelling in the loneliness of the primeval forest . . . a man who has nothing in front of him but the text of the Bible, on which he is reflecting . . . in the whole exposition there is no note of controversy, not even a reference to all the discussion that has been going on among New Testament scholars since the Thirties."

Schweitzer's genius was of such magnitude that he made outstanding contributions not only to Christian missions and to music but also to technical biblical scholarship. In the first decades of this century he reported researches, most notably in *The Quest of the Historical Jesus,* which every competent scholar working after him must take into account. Such an achievement is the hope of every research worker. At that time he wrote for the technical scholar. But in *The Kingdom of God and Primitive Christianity* he wrote for the general reader.

This book is about the Bible, more specifically about the changing beliefs of the biblical writers, beginning with

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

SONGFEST

In these lines from ballads, popular songs, and light verse, Blantz Brown of Jackson, Miss., asks you to answer each query with the right name, word, or phrase, right off the bat. (No singing aloud!) Confirmation on page 48.

1. I've got a mule, her name is Sal—/Fifteen miles on *what?* _____
2. *Whose* wife is a young thing and cannot leave her mother? _____
3. Oh, bury me not on the lone prair*ie*/In a narrow grave, just *how big?* _____
4. And you may have a sister who needs *what?* now. _____
5. *What* ran a hundred years to a day? _____
6. *Who?* pulled out her big forty-four/And the gun went rooty-toot-toot. _____
7. I'm *(who?)*;/I feed my horse on corn and beans. _____
8. And for *whom?* I'd lay me down and dee. _____
9. Goodbye, *who?*—I'm a-leavin' Chy-enne. _____
10. *Who?* was a railroad man—/He worked from 6 till 5. _____
11. *Who?* is the best sailor/That sails upon the sea. _____
12. In a cavern dwelt a miner/And his daughter, *who?* _____

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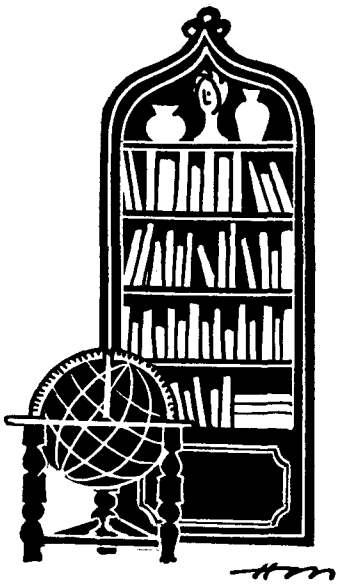
Amos, concerning the Kingdom of God. It is not about contemporary world problems, nor about what modern Christians might believe, except concerning the Bible and Jesus. No exposition is made, for example, of Schweitzer's impelling doctrine of "reverence for life." The book is not a last-testament summary of his philosophy.

He held that Mark and Luke give us a substantially correct picture of the historical Jesus: "It is . . . untrue that we know nothing certain about Jesus. The two oldest Gospels give us a reliable and detailed account of his preaching and his public ministry." Schweitzer rejected the view that Jesus thought of the Kingdom of God as an improved social order on earth or as an improved spiritual condition among men. "Jesus was expecting a completely supernatural Kingdom." "Jesus's view of the Kingdom of God is . . . that of late Judaism." (Surprisingly, Schweitzer employs the inadequate term "late Judaism" to indicate the Judaism of the late biblical period.) Jesus's "ethics are not the ethics of the Kingdom, but those appropriate to pre-



paration for its coming. The Kingdom, being supernatural, is beyond ethics."

Schweitzer concluded that Jesus believed he was a descendant of David, that he would become the Messiah at the imminent coming of the Kingdom, that he must die in Jerusalem, that his voluntary suffering and death would bring in the Kingdom, that after his death he would soon rise again. All these conclusions are the result of critical scholarship, the result of a careful study of the sources.

Martin Buber wrote from a different stance. He tried to combine critical scholarship with an intuitive grasp of deeper meanings. But the intuition often won. The editor of *On the Bible* admits that "Buber stands at the periphery of

(*Continued on page* 48)

A Giant Four Feet Six

Alexander Pope: The Education of Genius, 1688-1728, *by Peter Quennell (Stein & Day. 278 pp. $7.95), and* ***"This Long Disease, My Life": Alexander Pope and the Sciences,*** *by Marjorie Nicolson and G. S. Rousseau (Princeton University Press. 315 pp. $8.50), are, respectively, the first volume of an exhaustive biography and a study of Pope's medical history and his poetic use of scientific subjects. Robert Halsband edited "The Complete Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu."*

By ROBERT HALSBAND

As we have recently observed on the national political scene, when a man is appointed to a Cabinet post he must divulge his financial assets and industrial commitments. Should a similar procedure be followed by those entrusted with the task of passing judgment on newly published books? The present reviewer, who almost never uses the first person singular, freely confesses: I know Peter Quennell personally. In the foreword to his *Alexander Pope* he writes that he is "deeply indebted" to me for consenting "to read through and criticize the sections devoted to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu," and in a source note he adds that my *Life* of that lady is "not only the latest, but by far the best and most authoritative biography." Furthermore, in newspaper and magazine reviews on both sides of the Atlantic he has generously praised my edition of Lady Mary's *Complete Letters*. As co-editor of *History Today* he has published three essays by me, and has slated me for two more. Finally – and this is my most damaging revelation–he once paid for a sumptuous lunch in Soho and invited me to his house in Chelsea to meet his wife and infant son, named Alexander in honor of the poet.

I am obviously disqualified from reviewing Mr. Quennell's biography. How can I possibly maintain any critical detachment?

The fact is, just as the eighteenth century was a clubbable age, so most of its modern cohorts in this jet age know each other; we are an informal Anglo-American fellowship connected by clubs like the Johnsonian societies, by conferences, and by journals and newsletters. This may impel review editors to assign specialized books to someone so remote that he can't possibly know the author. As a result the review may be

distorted or uninformed. Yet the very coterie spirit of scholars and/or writers on the eighteenth century has its own built-in protection against critical log-rolling. If I were to be extravagantly partial to Mr. Quennell's book, how could I face my other eighteenth-century friends and associates?

Pope was a great poet, certainly the greatest English poet of the eighteenth century; yet there has never been an adequate biography of him. Certainly not the most recent full-dress attempt, by W. J. Courthope, published exactly eighty years ago. Nor, in truth, has any reliable one been possible, for not until our time have eighteenth-century studies produced the material for a full and impartial biography. In the decades between the two world wars Nicol Smith at Oxford, Chauncey Tinker at Yale, and George Sherburn at Chicago, Columbia, and Harvard were in the vanguard of the movement. In *The Early Career of Alexander Pope*—recently described by an ignorant reviewer as a soporific dissertation—Sherburn for the first time used the evidence of contemporary newspapers, pamphlets, letters and documents to write not a biography but an account of Pope's early career as a writer. Mr. Quennell, who makes no pretense at being a professional scholar, is generous in acknowledging his sources, mainly Sherburn's edition of Pope's correspondence, the Twickenham edition of his poetry, and James Osborn's edition of Spence's *Anecdotes*.

The drama of Pope's life comes not from external events and adventures but from psychological and literary conflict; hence its complexity. He was only four and a half feet tall, hunchbacked, and dogged by ill health all his life. As a Roman Catholic he had to endure legal and political restrictions, but he proudly refused conversion to the Established Church. His friendships were so extensive and intricate they could take up a book by themselves. As a boy he sought the company of older men, including the playwright William Wycherley; his later friends included Swift, Bolingbroke, and John Gay, as well as many political, artistic, and social eminences of his time. His friendships with women were more enigmatic because of his psychosexual constitution. Pope's greatest passion was his hopeless love for Lady Mary, who was both married and too witty, and this turned to the hatred he publicized in his satires. In contrast, he felt a durable affection for such women friends as Martha Blount and Lady Suffolk, mistress of George II.

Since his own lifetime, opinions of his character have see-sawed. Their low point was the prejudiced denigration of nineteenth-century critics, their high point the fiercely maternal partisanship of Edith Sitwell. On this crucial subject

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Mr. Quennell maintains an admirable objectivity. Although sympathetic to Pope, he examines the evidence carefully and interprets it with tact, sensitivity, and uncommon common sense.

He is also notably successful in his discussion of Pope's poetry, for this is a "critical biography," in which the poetry is analyzed for its biographical relevance—which is considerable—as well as for its own excellence. Pope was a dedicated poet whose whole being was focussed on cultivating his genius and perfecting his craft. His verse is so polished and memorable that, in proportion to the bulk of his work, he is the most frequently quoted of all the English poets. During the years covered in this volume he published the *Essay on Criticism*, *The Rape of the Lock*, the translations of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and the *Dunciad*. Had his career ended then he would still hold his high place as a poet; yet in the years ahead he would write his *Moral Essays*, *Imitations of Horace*, and the *Essay on Man*. Mr. Quennell's discussions of the poetry, accompanied by generous quotations, are "appreciations"; he assumes, justifiably, that most of his readers are not well acquainted with Pope's works, and so his method, though a little old-fashioned, is sensible.

As biography the book can be faulted for its sketchy social and political background. We do not sufficiently see the context of Pope's life story: his status as *petit bourgeois* and social snob, as Roman Catholic, as crypto-Tory. But this paucity is compensated for by the acuteness of the psychological portraiture and by the thumbnail sketches of Pope's friends and enemies as they entered his life. I also wonder—as my other demur—why the biography must extend to two volumes when this first one is relatively brief.

In the goal he has set himself—a biography for the general reader—Mr. Quennell has easily succeeded. His second volume will take Pope to his death in 1744, and I look forward to reading it.

The book by Professors Marjorie Nicolson and G. S. Rousseau on Pope and the sciences is addressed to a different readership. The volume opens with a long medical case history of Pope, laboriously diagnosing his physical disabilities, ailments, symptoms, and treatment from birth to death. This is followed by briefer articles, too formless to be called essays, on Pope's knowledge and poetic use of medicine, astronomy, and other sciences. The collection is unabashedly what used to be called *Wissenschaft*, "learned writing." Not only will it be useful to other scholars in eighteenth-century studies but also to those who write for a wider public. Mr. Quennell will certainly profit by it.

Suffering Sisterhood

The Woman Destroyed, *by Simone de Beauvoir, translated from the French by Patrick O'Brian (Putnam. 254 pp. $5.95), comprises three novellas whose heroines hold love to be an inalienable right and hence never understand its loss. Glendy Culligan is former book review editor for the Washington Post.*

By GLENDY CULLIGAN

TRUER WORDS WERE NEVER WRITTEN than those on the jacket of Simone de Beauvoir's new book. This trio of novellas is indeed "a masterpiece of feminine suffering," although it should be understood that the operative words are the ultimate and penultimate units of the phrase.

To some readers, of course, the achievement may be more liability than asset. Because the erudite historian of "the second sex" is notoriously free from levity, ironic intention seems unlikely, although the insensitivity of each narrator to her human environment verges on caricature. The first suspects her husband of indifference and her son of betraying her values, but after a prolonged siege of self-pity she grudgingly accepts these erosions. The second has passed the point of no return in bitchy self-indulgence. Having exhausted several husbands and driven a daughter to suicide, she reiterates her crazed complaint: "They are killing me the bastards." More moderate in tone, the final voice echoes banalities found in advice-to-the-lovelorn columns. Like so many outraged wives, Monique holds love to be an inalienable right, hence never understands its loss.

In any other context these stories could be construed as an absorbing study of self-deception. Each heroine represents a point on a curve of illusion that ranges from normal to monstrous. Despite their differences, these stubborn, self-righteous ladies are sisters under the skin—and rather thick skin at that. All protest (and protest too much) their devotion to "the truth" while busily ignoring it. Impartial readers may see a sharp-eyed justice at work in their several fates.

In the context of Simone de Beauvoir's previous writing, it is much less certain that these masterful feminine sufferers are offered as object lessons. Without relying on the conspicuous real-life parallels of *The Mandarins*, these novellas do suggest elaborate moods or incidents found in the memoirs. We remember that the Simonesque heroine of *The Mandarins* was also addicted to "the truth" and convinced of her power to discern it. In fact, "she saw through it." She too had a talent for self-pity, certified by the novel's terminal line: "Perhaps one day I'll be happy again. Who knows?"

THE novelist's more subtle technique in her present work thus cannot obscure the theme it shares with all her writing since 1945, expressed in the plaintive passive voice of the title. Nor can it stifle our desire to ask "who done it" when we read about so many women "destroyed."

In these pages the answer is not clear. It is hard to think of such aggressive women as victims. It is just as hard to find evidence in the author's past work of enough humor to classify her self-portraits as satiric in the manner of Elizabeth Bowen or Mary McCarthy. On the contrary, the last line of her 1963 memoir sounded an equally grim note: "I realize with stupor how much I was gypped." From a woman famed as teacher, philosopher, novelist and companion to a man of genius, that summation seems startling. If, as Carlyle once suggested, it was presumptuous of Margaret Fuller to accept the universe, is it not equally so for Simone de Beauvoir to write it off?

Her oddly grating colloquialism in that last line of *Force of Circumstance* also provokes thought. Can one be "gypped" without first holding a firm contract? What human or divine agent pledged benefits that have not been delivered to this embittered customer, instilling in her what R.W.B. Lewis elsewhere calls "the sense of existence as suffering" and provoking only resentment in response?

We recall that to the "dutiful daughter" of the earliest reminiscences the Gospel was "more amusing than Perrault's fairy tales because the miracles it related really happened"; in that golden dawn "the righteous" were invariably rewarded. Again, to the fictional Jean Blomart in *The Blood of Others* the very atmosphere wafted a promise: "The blue velvet upholstery was soft . . . the kitchen exuded a good smell of fat and cara-

(*Continued on page 79*)

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The Persuaded Muse

By ZENA SUTHERLAND

BETTINA HURLIMANN'S *Three Centuries of Children's Books in Europe* (World, $8.95), a splendid reference work just published in a second edition, is a joy to any lover of children's books. In a chapter entitled "Men of Letters Write for Children" Mrs. Hürlimann says, "I should like to pay tribute to those people, often formally referred to as 'men of letters,' who usually write their books for adults but who have persuaded their muse to spare some time for children. . . . It is these writers who put a bit of spice into children's literature, which is all too often inclined to be stodgy. They provide an artistic standard against which the professional writer for children can measure himself; in short, they are a most necessary influence and we cannot have enough of them."

Dear and eminent Mrs. Hürlimann, I should like to enter a caveat. Two, really. Many of the professional writers of children's books maintain standards that need no touchstone. And I prefer to think that all writers should be measured by the same artistic standards, those of the literary élite for any audience.

More important is the problem of the man (or woman) of letters who is persuaded that anyone can write a children's book. He may occasionally persuade himself, but I suspect that he is more often lured by an editor or agent who assumes—correctly—that the book will sell because of the author's name.

A quick scanning of young people's books published in recent years reveals titles by Conrad Aiken, Elizabeth Bowen, Kay Boyle, Heywood Broun, William Faulkner, Richard Hughes, Shirley Jackson, William Saroyan, and Mark Van Doren. Some of their work has redeeming qualities but the books are, on the whole, devoid of the craft that distinguishes their adult books. They are condescending or slick or saccharine or cute. Even Henry Morgan, a man of wit if not letters, wrote a fantasy whose rejection by critics provoked the author into public irritability.

Ursula Nordstrom, editor of children's books for Harper & Row, wrote indignantly (*SR*, Nov. 11, 1967) that she was told earlier in her career that "since she had learned to publish children's books quite successfully, perhaps it was time she be given an opportunity to publish books for adults."

That, I fear, is the same patronizing attitude that fosters the children's book ineptly written by people who are celebrated authors of works for adults. After all, they're just children; a child's book is a lesser thing than one for adults; it's easy.

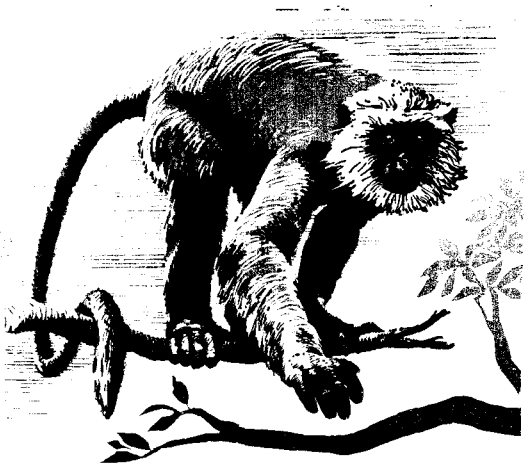
Writing for children is—or should be—as exacting, as exciting, and as careful as writing for adults. A pox on the pretty little story for dear little people, the labored whimsy or the hastily whipped-up adaptation. Not all the transgressors are men of letters, but it seems more culpable in them to treat their craft lightly.

THERE are, of course, men and women of letters who write superbly for children as well as for adults. Some, like Isaac Asimov and Gerald Johnson, make their contributions in their area of professional specialization, and others, like Rumer Godden and Leonard Wibberley, in fiction. In 1967, Elizabeth Taylor wrote her first children's book with the sensitivity and dignity that grace her adult books. Many contemporary poets, like Gwendolyn Brooks and John Ciardi, show their respect for children by the quality of their children's poetry.

Anyone who doesn't agree that children deserve the best is wrong, wrong, wrong. So while you are persuading your muses to spare some time for children, authors of note, please don't spare your pains.

Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes. *Selected and edited by Robert Wyndham. Illustrated by Ed Young. World.* 46 *pp.* $3.95. "This little cow eats grass/ this little cow eats hay . . . And this little cow does nothing/ But lie down all the day." All devotees of "This little piggy went to market . . ." will recognize the familiar pattern, and kinship of children everywhere is apparent throughout this collection of rhymes, riddles, and game chants. The translation is not always sheer lyricism, but the selections (most of them chosen from translations published at the turn of the century) have rhythm and some humor. The format is that of a Chinese scroll, with the pale calligraphy bordering the pages echoed by the pale outlining of the colorful and highly decorative illustrations. Ages 4-6.

Seven in a Bed. *By Ruth A. Sonneborn. Illustrated by Don Freeman. Viking.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. Papa meets his family at the airport: Mama, Juanita, Carlos, Ana, and Manuelo. And the baby. And Maria, Pedro, and



—*From "From Fins to Hands."*

Tomás, whom Mama has brought along to visit their Aunt Rosa. Since Papa's new home is not yet ready, seven obstreperous children are forced to sleep in one bed. Several times Papa has to change the line-up due to outbreaks of scuffling or fallout. The merry illustrations of their first night in the city are capped by a final page showing the peculiar distribution on the body-strewn battlefield in the calm of morning. Population density, a perennial urban problem, has never been treated with a lighter hand. Ages 5-7.

Baseball Mouse. *Written and illustrated by Syd Hoff. Putnam.* 48 *pp.* $3.29. How could any field mouse not become a baseball fan when his home was a baseball field? It didn't matter that he was nearly flattened by grounders or spiked by a runner; Bernard was right in there, assisting his team. He tried more conservative pastimes, like helping to raid a cheese factory, but his heart wasn't in it, and his understanding parents capitulated. It will come as no surprise that our hero saves the game in the last of the ninth and becomes the team mascot. Improbably shown as a sprightly, turquoise blue creature, Bernard is an engaging mouse; the vigorous cartoon-style drawings have verve and humor, and the story is told in a bland style that contrasts nicely with the fanciful plot. Ages 5-8.

The Giant Alexander in America. *By Frank Herrmann. Illustrated by George Him. McGraw-Hill.* 32 *pp.* $3.95. Always willing to help, Alexander responds with alacrity to a cablegram from the President and sets off for America on an aircraft carrier, pausing briefly for a friendly chat with a whale. A good thing, too, because it is the whale who comes to the rescue when Alexander (who has been contributing to the research of the space flight program) calls for a substitute for the craft that is supposed to pick up a capsule on re-entry. The story combines the perennial appeal of giants with the topical appeal of the space program; the direct style is an effective contrast to the wildly improbable events, and the hero is as amiable a character as one could meet. The colorful illustrations abound with humorous details. Ages 5-8.

Indian Summer. *By Ferdinand N. Monjo. Illustrated by Anita Lobel. Harper & Row.* 62 *pp.* $2.50. Breathes there a beginning reader with soul so dead that he does not swell with pride at having a book so ad-

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vanced that it is divided into chapters? That's one of the attractions of this easy-to-read history book about a fictional incident on the Kentucky frontier, and the suspenseful action is another. The sturdy illustrations enhance the story of a pioneer mother and children who outwit marauding Indians while Pa is away fighting with General Washington. Vivacious enough for reading to younger children but primarily for ages 7-8.

Four Seasons in the Woods. *Written and illustrated by Henry B. Kane. Knopf.* 60 *pp.* $3.50. With clearly defined photographs and precise drawings of flora and fauna, the author effectively describes the changing patterns of the woods. He conveys an appreciation of the beauty there without being didactic, and he succeeds in discussing many topics very simply in an easy, quiet style. Some of the aspects of woodland life that are described are hibernation, life cycles, predators, protective coloration and other camouflage, and the thrust of new life in the springtime. A good first book about nature. Ages 7-9.

From Fins to Hands: An Adventure in Evolution. *Written and illustrated by Anthony Ravielli. Viking.* 47 *pp.* $3. Three hundred million years ago the lobe-finned fishes moved out of the shallow water to dry land, and in the fins of these first vertebrates was the same bone structure that is found in living animals. From that beginning came the adaptations and variations that developed into the flexible, manipulative hands of man. Ravielli's description of the human hand is brisk and lucid; his illustrations, which show both the appearance and the skeletal structure of intermediary stages, are beautiful as well as informative and precise. Ages 9-11.

Building with Cardboard. *By John Lidstone. Photographs by Roger Kerkham. Van Nostrand.* 96 *pp.* $4.95. Profusely illustrated with clear photographs, many sets of which are numbered for step-by-step instructions, this is an excellent example of the something-out-of-nothing book. Unlike most of them, this contains no trace of cute little gifts or useless gadgets; the finished products are artistic, varied, and clever, some useful and some highly ornamental. Among the objects shown are masks, mobiles, paper sculpture, and models of trains, stages, and buildings, along with handsome designs from cardboard strips. The full explanations should inspire a ferment of creativity. Ages 9-12.

Arctic Rovings: or, The Adventures of a New Bedford Boy on Sea and Land. *By Daniel Weston Hall. Edited by Jerome Beatty, Jr. Illustrated by William Hogarth. Scott.* 144 *pp.* $3.95. In 1861, Daniel Hall published a journal recounting his adventures on the whaleboat *Condor* and in the frozen wastes of Siberia, where he spent a winter after deserting his ship. He was fifteen when he embarked, and he found the cruelty of the skipper unbearable; the wound inflicted by Captain Whiteside, against whom Daniel brought suit on his return to the United States almost four years later, was healed by a Siberian medicine man. The framing of the text and the summaries that precede each chapter lend the book a period flavor, and the careful editing adds to the charm and vigor of an exciting story. Ages 10-13.

When Shlemiel Went to Warsaw & Other Stories. *By Isaac Bashevis Singer. Illustrated by Margot Zemach. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.* 116 *pp.* $4.50. For reading aloud, for storytelling, or for private delight this collection of tales in the folk tradition is a variable joy. The illustrations capture both the tenderness and the sly, wry wit of the stories in soft line drawings. The title story is in the noodlehead genre: the lovable simpleton, Shlemiel, starts out for Warsaw but lands in his home town, Chelm, and is astounded to find a house and family that look exactly like his own. Some of the tales are fanciful, but most of them have the nonsensical humor that is the trademark of Chelm. Ages 10 up.

Jade. *By Sally Watson. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 270 *pp.* $4.50. In the days when proper young ladies swooned or tittered behind their fans, the only way for a girl to rebel was to rebel all the way. A misfit in Williamsburg, Va., Jade, the unconforming tomboy, was made for a life of adventure—and so she became a pirate. Although she is a fictional character and her adventures are wildly romantic, they are based on historical records: her companions really lived. The authenticity is a solid base for the excitement and color of invented details; the characters are flavorful; the writing style vigorous. Ages 11-14.

The Secret World of the Baby. *By Beth Day and Margaret Liley. Illustrated with photographs by Lennart Nilsson, Suzanne Szasz, and others. Random House.* 113 *pp.* $3.95. Wonderfully explicit X-ray pictures of embryos and fetuses make vivid the eternal miracle of birth, and charming photographs of infants illustrate phases of the learning process in babyhood. Dr. Margaret Liley and Beth Day explain the latest facts and theories about the baby's learning before birth, the trauma of birth and the aftereffects (adjustments to the pull of gravity) and the ways in which a new-born child responds to love, communicates, and explores his new world. Well organized and authoritative, the book is written in a clear, direct, and dignified style. Ages 11 up.

—From "When Shlemiel Went to Warsaw."

A Dictionary of Chivalry. *By Grant Uden. Illustrated by Pauline Baynes. Crowell.* 352 *pp.* $10. There are three good reasons for buying this dictionary. One, it is useful; two, it is beautiful; three, it is that rarity in reference books, fascinating. The subject index, carefully compiled, makes the topics (which have many cross references) easily accessible. Each topic is explored at length and in a lively style. The handsome and informative illustrations—some in black and white and some in full color—are printed in wide margins on every page, framing the single column of text. Ages 11 up.

The Bitter Choice: Eight South Africans' Resistance to Tyranny. *By Colin and Margaret Legum. World.* 207 *pp.* $4.50. Banned from returning to South Africa because of their writings about racial violence, the Legums continue their fight against apartheid with this collective biography of a number of the men who have courageously worked for peace and justice in their country. Black, white, mixed, or Asian, these men have dared to speak, have risked or received punishment or censure, have sacrificed status and personal comfort. Some, like Alan Paton or Albert Lutuli, have won international esteem despite the hostility of the rulers of their country. Written with bridled passion, this somber yet stirring book provides a broad and penetrating look at the monumental injustice of apartheid. Ages 12-15.

The Raw Pearl. *By Pearl Bailey. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 206 *pp.* $5.75. There's no business like show business, and Pearl Bailey writes about her life the way she sings—with gusto and warmth and honesty. All the little things one cherishes in life, she concludes, "I'm putting . . . there for you, dear readers, with love from Pearl, with all the great love." From most people this would sound like blarney, but love beams from the pages, along with courage and candor. With occasional rambling but pithy homilies about life and ethics, the author describes her start as the winner of an amateur contest (the prize, five dollars) while she was in high school, the rough days of touring the Pennsylvania "coal circuit," and her first big success at the Blue Angel, a New York supper club. The vibrant Bailey personality, the salty anecdotes about the entertainment world, and the glamour of a theatrical background make this a savory book. For young adults.

The Doctors Warren of Boston: First Family of Surgery. *By Rhoda Truax. Houghton Mifflin.* 369 *pp.* $7.95. Although he had no medical degree, General Joseph Warren became a distinguished doctor; although he was never in uniform, he died at Bunker Hill a hero. His brother founded the Harvard Medical School, and their descendants were pioneers in medical history. Three Doctors Warren are practicing in Boston today. This family biography is almost a history of medicine in our country, and is a small mine of information about Boston history. Serious but not stodgy, the book strikes a nice balance between personal affairs and medical practices. An index, a bibliography, and a voluminous section of notes are appended; endpapers show the family tree. For young adults.

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Criminal Record

Fact

The Telltale Corpus Delicti. *By Bruce Sanders. Barnes.* $4.95. These true-to-death accounts of murderers who couldn't get shut of their victims cover much of the world, USA included. Men appear to become more deeply involved in this type of predicament than women, but women are the more likely targets. Well, you can't have everything.

Ace of Spies. *By Robin Bruce Lockhart. Stein & Day.* $5.95. The next Olympic Games might find room to crown a world spying champion; until that time we shall have to make do with such a luminary as Sidney Reilly, whose career is set forth briskly in Mr. Lockhart's narrative. Reilly's fate is unknown, but that is only one of the mysteries that have grown up around him.

War for an Afternoon. *By Jens Krouse. Translated from the Danish by Carl Malmberg. Pantheon.* $4.95. This documented recital of what happened in and to a French village in the Limousin after the Normandy invasion of June 6, 1944, is a brutal fragment of history.

Fiction

Sunday the Rabbi Stayed Home. *By Harry Kemelman. Putnam.* $5.95. North-of-Boston cleric, in his third appearance as an amateur private eye, has to cope not only with murder but also with the threat of a schism in his own congregation. Tops, as always.

Kings Full of Aces: A Nero Wolfe Omnibus. *By Rex Stout. Viking.* $4.50. This assemblage of short and long tales assays for an unusually high content of reader interest. The Gargantuan peeper has been going strong since 1934, and long may he wave!

"A masterpiece . . .
With WHIPPLE'S CASTLE, Thomas Williams becomes one of our very few living novelists of enduring achievement."
—RICHARD RHODES, front page review, *Book World*

Whipple's Castle

AN AMERICAN NOVEL BY
Thomas Williams
$6.95. RANDOM HOUSE

Nero Wolfe of West Thirty-fifth Street. *By William S. Baring-Gould. Viking.* $5.50. This is both a highly readable and an eminently useful reference tool. Did you know that the great man is a master of eight languages?

Counter Paradise. *By Nichol Fleming. Coward-McCann.* $4.50. English youth, on his uppers in Provence, accepts profitable errand in London which turns out to conceal criminological gimmicks; yarn builds up to a superb hot-pursuit number.

Die Laughing. *By Richard Lockridge. Lippincott.* $4.50. Greenwich Village murder of retired Broadway songstress drops knotty problem in lap of gentle Lt. Nathan Shapiro, NYPD; Mrs. Shapiro doesn't quite see eye to eye with her spouse; pro job all the way.

A Capital Crime. *By Alexander Roudybush. Crime Club.* $3.95. Wealthy Eng-

lishman free-lancing in Washington finds his reputation in jeopardy; all is not quiet along the Potomac this time. (Note to author: p. 17, line 11, for *Brutus* read *Cassius.*)

The Tallbot Agreement. *By Richard M. Garvin and Edmond G. Addeo. Sherbourne.* $4.95. Believing the nuclear powers are contemplating an assault, Red China embarks on an all-out intelligence effort to meet threat; action also takes in Florida, California, District of Columbia. Fine it-could-happen-here air throughout.

Sign on for Tokyo. *By Alec Haig. Dodd, Mead.* $4.95. The profits and perils of industrial sabotage are beautifully set forth in this world-circling thriller wherein the author's familiarity with the steel traffic makes every reader an expert.

The Murder of My Aunt. *By Richard Hull. Introduction by Janis Nelson. Norton.* $4.95. First published in 1935, this *sui generis* mystery won instant acceptance. The scene is Wales, and the narrator is a bit of a heel.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

Testimony

Continued from page 44

biblical scholarship," that he does "not feel bound by the severe restrictions imposed by scholarship—even if he uses its methods."

On the Bible consists of eighteen selections from Buber's writings; three are printed for the first time in English. The earliest of the eighteen first appeared in 1929; the latest in 1954, more than a decade before Buber's death in 1965. Buber wrote of course about what Christians call the Old Testament.

He viewed the Bible as the record of encounters between God and the Jewish people. It is "a document of the true history of the world," "of a world swinging between creation and redemption." Buber thought of the Bible as a unity: "It is really one book, for one basic theme unites all the stories and songs, sayings and prophecies contained within it." He considered inadequate the view that makes of the Bible but little more than a compilation of writings which reflect the concerns of varied personalities and centuries.

Buber acknowledged that at times different sources appear in a single biblical account; but often he reacted against expositions that put the chief emphasis on "the sources." He wrote that the "two accounts of the creation . . . , no matter when and how the one or the other originated, complement one another perfectly." He held that the God of the Exodus was manifest without "external influence. . . . Indeed it is vain to attempt to find here a Kenite ingredient; YHVH has taken over nothing from the Egyptian God Aton." Buber held also that the manifestation at Sinai was in written form: "That it was written down on two tables is a tradition that is worthy of belief. . . . They must be stone and not papyrus."

The basic value of *On the Bible* is in its appeal to men to go beyond critical, scientific analysis to deeper meanings. Beyond the details of history is the Word, the Voice, urging man toward dialogue, toward I-Thou. "The biblical leaders are the foreshadowings of the dialogical man, of the man who commits his whole being to God's dialogue with the world, and who stands firm throughout this dialogue."

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1. The Erie Canal. 2. Billy Boy's. 3. Six by three. 4. Protection ("Mother Was a Lady"). 5. The wonderful one-hoss-shay. 6. Frankie ("Frankie and Johnny"). 7. Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines. 8. Annie Laurie. 9. Ol' Paint. 10. John Henry. 11. Sir Patrick Spence. 12. Clementine.

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As Others See Us

LONDON:

A Kennedy in the Future?

HAS YET another Kennedy drive for the White House been launched? That is certainly what most politicians now believe—including the man Teddy Kennedy dislodged as assistant Democratic leader in the Senate. . . .

The American people have seen him elected to the Senate at the minimum age of thirty, and now as the Democratic party's youngest Senator, to the assistant leadership. So there is no sense in rushing them toward contemplation of the idea of having in four years a President aged just forty.

But as a result of his triumph probably nothing can save him now from being propelled into the Presidential stakes. . . .

He has recently come to be seen by quite hardheaded political observers as the most formidable politician of the three Kennedy brothers. "He has," they like to say, "the charm of Jack without his frivolity, the drive of Bobby without his ruthlessness." And certainly in the Senate he has flourished where both his brothers languished.

What does he really want now? Most of those closest to him believe he would like to come to the Presidency—say, in 1976 or even 1980—not as the heir of the family legend but rather on his own merits as a successful legislative leader with a solid record behind him.

—*The Observer.*

MANCHESTER:

Post-election Tasks

. . . THE WAVES of alternate internationalism and isolationism in American history have all been in relation to Europe. But the intervention in Vietnam was new and different, an attempt to engage unilaterally on the mainland of another continent in a civil war. The Americans have had their fingers burnt. They will be less ready in the future to involve themselves in new areas, such as the Middle East. But as yet there is no evidence that they want to disengage where they are already committed, as in Europe. If there is a new feeling of isolationism, it seems to be more selective than in the past.

At home Mr. Nixon's great task is to unite the country. He avoided the word "consensus" yet he knows that he came in with only 43 per cent of the poll with almost no votes from the Negroes or other minorities. . . . President Nixon comes into office as the victorious candidate of the white, middle-class, affluent suburbs. Like all incoming Presidents he can expect something of a honeymoon for the first few weeks. By the start of the long, hot summer, we should know whether he will be hard on the other America or not.

—*Manchester Guardian Weekly.*

DUESSELDORF:

Problems in America

. . . PEOPLE IN THIS COUNTRY realize full well that America has more serious problems to master at home than abroad. In the past few years, particularly since the Cuban crisis, the world has learned to live with the bomb. It is no longer worried to the same extent that major catastrophe might strike as a result of defiance or carelessness. What the civilized world, particularly the West, has yet to learn is to live with itself in reason and order. . . .

Every little success President Nixon achieves in the way of integration in the United States itself will be a triumph. Even the most powerful man in the world is bound to appear small and helpless in the face of challenges of this order. As John Adams, George Washington's successor as President, once said: "No one who has himself been President would care to congratulate a friend on being elected." —*Handelsblatt.*

TAIPEI:

Confidence in Nixon

PRESIDENT NIXON is, happily, a good friend of the Republic of China and a long-time supporter of President Chiang Kai-shek. He backs our policy of mainland recovery and has said so on many occasions. We should not make the mistake of concluding, however, that he is going to pledge American support of counterattack as soon as he enters the White House.

Richard Nixon's first task will be to bind up some of America's domestic wounds and to determine whether the Communists are prepared to let South Vietnam decide its own destiny. Once he has proved himself, once he has developed into the leader that Dwight Eisenhower foresaw when he chose him as a running mate back in 1952, Nixon may have the opportunity to assert his determinedly anti-Communist sentiments both domestically and internationally. . . .

Richard Nixon . . . is the choice of a minority of the American voters. But the free world can be confident he will be a good President—just as Hubert Humphrey would have been—and can hope that he will be a great one. His experience and his statesman-like campaign

"Didn't anyone ever tell you you don't ride side-saddle on a Western saddle?"

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give every indication that the "new Nixon" is ready for world leadership.

—*The China News.*

TOKYO:

U.S. Bases in Japan

THERE SHOULD be no question about working out a mutually acceptable formula and timetable with the United States for the return of Okinawa to Japanese administration. That "mutual trust" between Japanese and American governments is the key to the whole problem of reversion should be obvious to all concerned.

And it is on this basis that the problem of security, not only for Japan but also for other Asian nations which depend upon the American military "keystone" on Okinawa, can be discussed honestly. This then brings up the question of what "security requirements" Okinawa should provide, once administrative rights are returned to Japan.

Leaving aside the emotional and ideological arguments that military bases are not needed, it leaves several alternatives. One is that the U.S. will be asked to retain its bases on Okinawa in their present form—whereunder they are free to maintain nuclear weapons. Another is that the American bases there will be on the same footing as in Japan, meaning that nuclear arms will not be brought in, stored, or transmitted through Okinawa.

Another possibility, seldom mentioned but which should be considered more fully, is that the Japanese Self-Defense Forces will gradually replace and maintain the present U.S. bases. . . .

—*The Japan Times Weekly.*

MADRID:

Peaceful Coexistence

SPAIN DOES not arouse any war stimulus in her American ally. But, once again, through a Spanish minister, she invokes the imperative of a peaceful coexistence in order to ask that the latter shall commence with a slackening of the tension which is involved in that dangerous patrolling of the Soviet and United States fleets in the waters of a sea which was the cradle of culture in the ancient world. If the "pax Romana" was based on the sheer power of Rome, today the "pax Mediterranea" which Castiella postulates can only be consolidated if the menace of an act of force between nations jealous of each other's power can be removed from those waters. The countries which limit their ambits will then be able to undertake a coordinated task of economic exchange, of mutual aid, or, which amounts to the same thing, of peace. —*ABC.*

Letters to the World's Editors

The Voice of the People in the Foreign Press

Frustrated Women

WITH REFERENCE to the current discussion on women, we should note the peculiar position in which they now find themselves.

This was summed up by Mrs. A. M. Cheetham of the National Council of Women (Great Britain) in an interview recently. Pointing to the fact that in some religious groups women may still not be ordained and that they are also denied membership in the Stock Exchange, she said: "We can serve neither God nor Mammon."

—*C. Wallace, The Toronto Telegram.*

On Growing Old

WHAT SORT of a mad society do we live in when a paper such as *Colour* magazine, with pretensions to intellectual standards, can unashamedly encourage women to spend £ 300 ($720) for the pernicious purpose of looking, but not *feeling*, younger.

I speak as a widow of fifty-three whose face is aging at the normal rate, and would suggest that if we were not worried and harassed into trying to compete with our younger sisters by means of hair-dyes and face-lifts, we might be able to relax in the light of our superior wisdom and experience. . . .

—*Bella Costello, The Observer, London.*

ONE SO OFTEN hears the platitudes that one should learn to "grow old gracefully" and that "one is only as old as one feels." Both these statements are absurd. Since the war, the *average* working woman of my generation has had a very tough time of it. How can she "be as old as she feels" when every time she catches sight of herself in the glass she feels two hundred and seventy?

It would be a lot nearer the truth to say that one feels as old as one looks.

—*Valerie Taylor, The Observer, London.*

Keeping Peace

SO NOW our peace keeping is served by supplying Jordan with arms. It's interesting to note how the Christian West piously tells the Jews of Israel to turn the other cheek and encourages the Arabs to test out the effect of this preaching by supplying them with weapons. Yes, I know that this latest batch was for "defense," but, of course, Arabs never attack, do they?

—*Ronald H. Lewis, Manchester Guardian Weekly.*

Dealing with Dogs

IN A CASE some years ago, damages were refused a man who had been bitten by a neighbor's dog. The judge was alleged to have said that this was an avoidable hazard All you had to do, if a dog threatened to bite you, was to hold out a clenched fist. Invariably the dog would calm down and nuzzle your hand, and probably lick it. The next day I tried it on a singularly nasty indeterminate pooch. This one never heard of the judge, or of his remarks, and fastened his teeth on my clenched fist. I bear the scars to this day.

—*Taidg Ocailliagh, New Statesman, London.*

Presidential Indulgence

I BELIEVE that in a country such as ours, where justice is measured out in accordance with the law pertaining to the crime . . . and where, through our freedom of expression, all opinions are heard, it should be enough that decisions of impersonal justice are handed down and verdicts executed.

I further believe that it is truly cruel to submit to the President of the Republic a matter for personal decision that will provoke nights of moral inquietude.

. . . Therefore I call upon the representatives of all parties to free the President of this moral torment and to make judicial decisions definite and final; making the verdict rest not on the conscience of one individual but rather on the impersonal codification that has been developed and accepted by the citizenry.

—*R. L. L., El Mercurio, Santiago, Chile.*

—Compiled by NICHOLAS G. BALINT.

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

"Can This Be America?"

ESTABLISHMENTS tend to overreact when confronted by challenges of the younger generation. It happened in Chicago; it happened more recently when the nation's television critics reviewed *Can This Be America?* – a package of five short films presented by the Public Broadcasting Laboratory (PBL). Independent film-makers were invited to contribute personal statements about America during the 1968 election campaign; they represented clashing political views, from revolutionary to ultra-conservative. Each camera artist also exhibited a sharply different cinematic technique.

The critics (to generalize from a dozen newspaper reviews in major cities) were, with one exception, intellectually and emotionally repelled. Among their epithets were "psychedelic field-day with no redeeming features," "stupid," "distorted," "tedious," "flip-flop hodge-podge," "eye-strain," and "throbbing headache." One critic accused the film-makers of "downright dishonest intentions"—"they didn't merit such a nation-wide video soapbox for their chintzy wares." Each critic merits his own peculiar soapbox, a perch he cannot escape; but in encounters with the new and unfamiliar in the arts, the burden of openness, at least of respectful curiosity, ought to rest more heavily upon the critic than upon the artist, our friend the explorer. Maturity, in its own way, takes care of most rebels, although in that taking care, small measures of progressive light and freedom may be made manifest.

All six film-makers (two worked as a team) were given generous budgets, adequate lead time, and complete freedom. Begin your film on the Capitol steps—that was the only request made (a stricture honored by all save one). The major failing of the critics was their reaction to the film by Jonas Mekas, movie critic of *The Village Voice*, editor of *Film Culture*, self-described "promoter of the Underground Film (Minister of Propaganda, Defense, and Finances)." This iconoclastic film-maker, who has such an enormous knowledge of film that he can turn it on its head when he wants to, sassed his subject and the audience. He found more of importance to show at a gaudy, rich Newport society wedding than he did in Washington, using his frame-by-frame technique reminiscent of old newsreels. Subject and style recalled to one viewer the classic footage of the court of Czar Nicholas II in the days before the Russian Revolution. The critics missed the history and the jest. They complained that the film was jerky, fragmented, made from within the punch bowl. They failed to perceive Mekas's lack of anger: his young couple was lovely; their decadence delightful; his irony loving. The critics were kindest to LeRoi Jones, poet-playwright-novelist, and not an established film-maker, who contributed a segment showing black militants organizing in Newark.

The craftsmanship was poor, but Jones communicated a sense of real power as he brought viewers very close to the consciousness of revolutionary blacks. Complained the critics: he never came close to penetrating journalism; rather, he raised questions that he didn't answer. Ricky Leacock's film was also attacked as "biased, unfair, savage." He attempted to convey the mood and preoccupation of police chiefs at a convention in Honolulu – their professional minds on new Mace weapons and riot-control guns, while their wives funned in the sun. It was reliable film-making, neither hot nor innovative. But one critic said that it lacked balance – it did not make plain that the police were merely agents of higher authority, the public.

Wendell Niles, Jr., a right-wing film-maker, answered the question—Can this be America?—with an unabashed idolization of H. L. Hunt, the very rich man, narrated by Walter Brennan, the actor. The latter called the former, "the greatest living example of what our free enterprise system can produce." It was standard, old-time film-making with incredibly bad structure—its ideology and technique probably embarrassing even to conservative-minded viewers. Still, it was valuable as an insight into an important part of the national mentality. The critics accused it of leaning too far to the right.

Ed Pinkus and David Newman made a film about a McCarthy supporter (Pinkus's father-in-law). It showed generally where film is at among the independents these days – snappy cutting, some freedom, but only a slight break with tradition. The subject, a wealthy fabric manufacturer, was exhibited as a smug, hypocritical liberal – demonstrating that meaningful change is impossible within the system. One critic said the film was "superficial . . . with a modicum of awareness of today's economic and social problems."

Can This Be America? was not a reassuring exhibit: the independents spared no point on the ideological map. Perhaps this is why the critics overreacted, and their professional faculties were dulled, for they faulted the films on two unsupportable grounds – lack of technical adequacy and journalistic balance. Three of the films, had their makers wished, could easily have been drawn to acceptable technical specifications. But these people are scouts, exploring the medium's potential, not quartermasters dealing out general issue cinema. As for "journalism," did the critics forget that the film-makers were invited to contribute "personal statements," which are not judiciously balanced analyses, or even editorials? A personal statement is an expression of how one person feels about a subject, without reference to anyone else's feelings. Have we all been so conditioned by television's dance of "objectivity" that we are uncomfortable in the presence of any viewpoint that does not come to us agreeably honed down to a balanced blandness?

Analysis is one good part of the forest; personal statement is another. The latter affords viewers the opportunity to develop their own sense of freedom and openness to different attitudes by seeing the same subject treated freely and differently by film-makers of divergent styles and philosophies. As for "art vs. journalism," who can any longer draw hard boundary lines between the two? Their worlds are moving closer to each other all the time under the impetus of the avant-garde: barriers are being broken; limits are being pushed back. We are in a period of self-examination in every way—condition fractious but healthy for society.

Young film-makers are very vulnerable; it is hard to trust oneself when moving against the grain of tradition. They need a sympathetic environment, encouraging, characterized by the respect and open-mindedness that ought to mark the democratic society.

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Booked for Travel

Edited by David Butwin

End of a Mission?

THERE'S NOTHING like a bicentennial celebration to make a person aware of his origins. Those of us who were living the lie that California derived from the Gold Rush of 1849 or the first Rose Bowl game in 1892 or the advent of Disneyland in 1955 are learning this year to our considerable benefit that it all started with the building of a mission in 1769.

In July of that year Father Junípero Serra, a plucky Franciscan missionary, planted a cross in the hills of what is now San Diego—an event that was pretty well lost on California historians until San Diego 200th Anniversary, Inc. decided that 1969 was high time to give Father Serra his due. Accordingly, there will be cause to celebrate nearly every day of the year, whether your bag is fiestas, trade fairs, boat races, parades, golf tournaments, historical pageants, or a quiet stroll through Mission San Diego de Alcalá, whose five-bell campanile rang in the 200th birthday on New Year's Eve.

By a sad quirk of history, this very mission, the *raison d'être* for San Diego's bicentennial party, may fade into oblivion before the year is out. Missions, like Broadway shows and baseball teams, depend on box-office clout, and in the last months of 1968 San Diego de Alcalá was drawing no more than a few visitors a day, down from a peak of 1,000 per week just a year and a half ago. There is no doubt that progress, the most important product of forward-lunging California, contributed to the decline. When San Diego Stadium, home of the football Chargers and baseball Padres, was built just west of the mission, it was necessary to lay down some new roads and realign some old ones to ensure easy access to the stadium. Thus penned in by bars of concrete, the mission all but lost its address.

"I don't know how long we can afford to stay open," a young mission guide told me, his voice sounding as hopeful as a death knell. "For 198 years we were on Friars Road, and then when the stadium was built, the city put in a New Friars Road 300 yards behind the mission. They decided they couldn't call the old road Friars Road any longer, so they renamed it San Diego Mission Road. Which was all right, except when the maps were redrawn, the mission was left out. Now the tourists have to rely on the wisdom of gas station attendants or hotel clerks to direct them here."

Father Booth, the mission pastor, proved with the publication of a new brochure that he hasn't lost his sense of humor. In careful detail the brochure describes three routes from downtown San Diego to the mission five or six miles east—the easy way, the confusing way, the hard way. Pursuing the easy way (Interstate 8 to Mission Gorge Road, north to Twain Avenue, and left on San Diego Mission Road), this unseasoned freeway voyager arrived without so much as a wrong turn or a gas station interview.

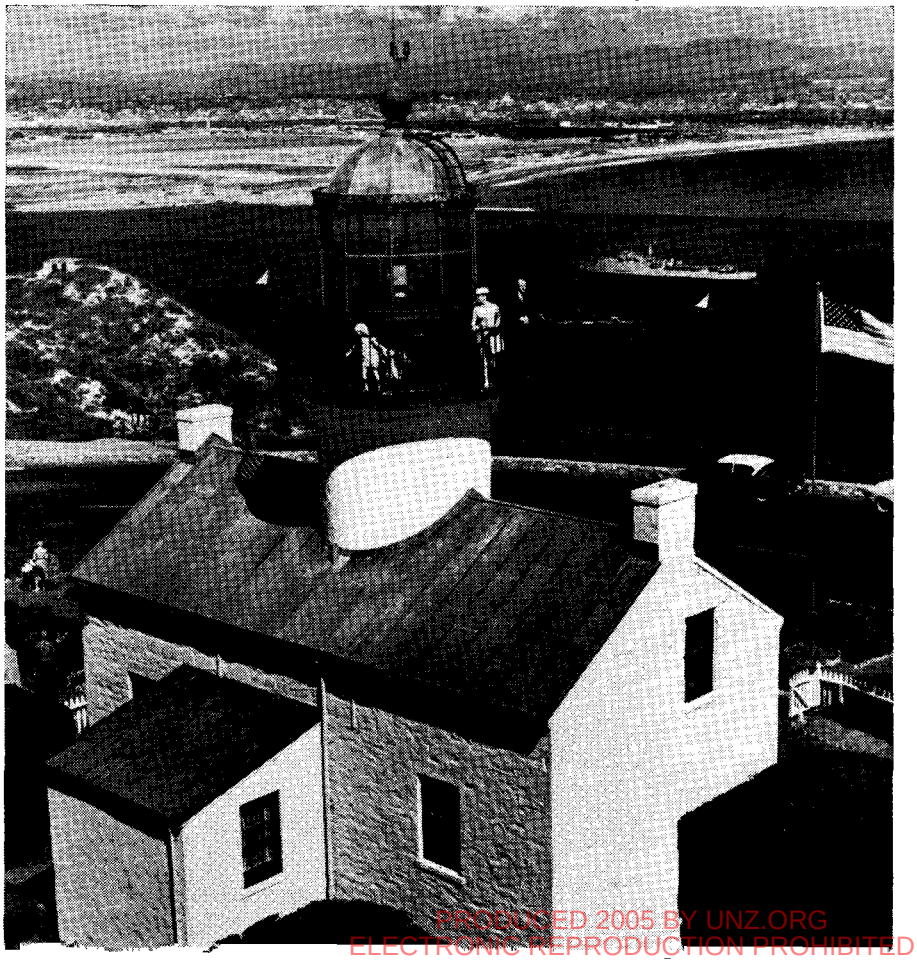
It is painful to think the mission is doomed, because it is a classic inside and out, redolent of its eighteenth-century derivation in spite of a full restoration completed only thirty-eight years ago. With its freshly whitewashed walls, red tile roof, and handsome campanile, the mission looks strangely misplaced in such close proximity to freeway and stadium. Inside, the chapel is cool and still, footsteps resounding like echoes of antiquity on the red flagstone floor. From the dimness of the chapel one steps into a courtyard alive with sunshine and birdsong, aflame with bougainvillaea festooning ponderous date palms. It is only when one climbs the bell tower and looks down the hill to the freeway and stadium that the sights and sounds of 1969 return.

If Father Serra was the first white man to settle in California, he was not the first to see it. Fleet Admiral Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo, a Portuguese who sailed in the service of Spain after working his way up from crossbowman in the conquest of Mexico, made a landfall at Point Loma in 1542, a few miles out of San Diego. There is a statue of Cabrillo looking out from Point Loma and a small museum describing his find, but the reason most people show up is to watch whales. If that sounds like a euphemism for clandestine necking, it's not. Each winter, the California gray whale plows its way down the coast from the Bering Sea to mating and calving grounds off Baja California, as true as the swallow returning to Capistrano. On a single Sunday in early winter, some 28,000 people have been counted counting whales at Point Loma. There, an official census-taking station operated by the U.S. National Park Service—totting up whales, not people—has recorded as many as eighty-seven in a day.

Three commercial whale-chasing boats take tourists to within spouting distance of the 50-foot mammals every day of

Cabrillo National Monument—"totting up whales."

—San Diego Convention and Visitors Bureau.



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2. Visas. You'll need them in most countries, in addition to your passport. In order to apply for a tourist visa check your travel agent or the consulates of the countries you'll want to visit.

3. Inoculations. Get smallpox, typhoid, para-typhoid, typhus, cholera and tetanus. It doesn't hurt to have them all.

4. Weather. It's mild and pleasant in almost every region you'll visit, all year round.

5. Photography. Bring a bag of Silicagel for protection against moisture. And pack as much film as you have room for. Color film can be scarce.

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the winter—just to look, not to catch. California grays have been protected by international law since the 1930s when they were all but gaffed into extinction. On reasonably calm days when the wind doesn't bury the gushing plume in the waves, it is easy to pick up the trail. The day I sailed we were barely out of the harbor when a voice roared, "Thar she blows!" and a few hundred yards off the port bow I spotted twin dashes of spray. The chase was on. Our Ahab, Al Pentis, a San Diego high school science teacher, stood on the bridge wielding not a spike but a stopwatch, hoping to gauge the period of submersion so he could direct the skipper to the point where he expected the two grays to surface. Evidently though, Pentis didn't reckon with the wiliness of this pair, which began to dart and dive with the elusiveness of eels. Coming up for air, they'd lurk briefly in the blinding sparkle (or "slick") where the late-afternoon sun glanced off the water.

After an hour of play the whales, perhaps overdue at the maternity ward, fell into a fairly straight course down the California shoreline, and we managed to pull within 50 yards. All the while Pentis was barking at them to spread their huge tail fins—an act known as fluking. They finally consented, to the delight of our sailing grandstand. Hoarse as he got, Pentis couldn't talk them into breaching—leaping free of the water like salmon going upstream. Drawing near, I could see the yellow barnacles encrusted on their great gray backs, and the boiling, churning whirlpool crashing around their 40-ton hulks.

If you will take my word and that of the San Diego Convention and Visitors Bureau, an integral part of the San Diego bicentennial experience, besides whale-watching, is a visit to neighboring Tijuana. For ten years or so, Tijuana has been striving to unsully its name, to shake off its reputation as the Sodom of the Southwest, and although it remains a high-priority retreat for kick-seeking sailors, I found it well on the road to respectability. Not *too* far along, mind you. The day that Tijuana wins the Good Housekeeping Seal as the West Coast's cleanest city, it will lose my heart forever. No doubt, too, it will lose the distinction of attracting more Americans than any other foreign city in the world.

Whatever changes Tijuana has undergone, it is not yet a place for the squeamish or niggling, an impression I formed the Saturday morning I walked into the city's Tourist Information Bureau, a little glass hut on Avenida Revolución. A man had come in with his several young daughters and was complaining to Reuben (Blackie) Reyes, the bureau representative, about a parking ticket he'd received his first half-hour in town. He wasn't merely arguing the point, he was yelping like a Pekingese. "What kind of a place is this?" he asked. "I'm going to get out of here before something happens to us."

Reyes allowed the man to yelp himself out, then lit into him like a teacher lecturing a truant pupil, observing that any gringo who didn't expect to get a ticket for over-parking on the main street and who blamed the city, state, and country for the $1 inconvenience didn't deserve to be in Tijuana. By now the man's expression had turned from Pekingese to hangdog. Slowly his shoulders began to slump. Then the oldest girl, no more than twelve, approached her father, patted his arm, said, "Come on, we'd better go," and guided him from the glass house.

Blackie Reyes was still fuming. "We're here to help," he said in an accent more Texas than Tijuana, "but I've got no sympathy for a guy who goes and blames the whole country for one lousy parking ticket. If he thinks it's bad now, he should have been here ten years ago. There was nobody to help the tourist. If a girl sat down with you in a bar and asked you to buy her a drink and you gave the waiter a twenty—well he'd bring her twenty drinks. If you got arrested, you didn't have a chance. Ask the cop why and he'd say, 'No speak English. See my lieutenant.' Then in 1958 we started up this booth, a hundred of us. Paul Coates, the columnist, called us the 'Hundred Vigilantes.' Now every cop on the main street has a smattering of English so he can direct the tourist."

What the vigilantes accomplished mainly was to change the mode of commerce along Avenida Revolución from womanizing to shopping. Walking up Revolución between 2nd and 9th Streets on a sunny morning, passing the curio stalls and smart duty-free shops selling French perfumes and Italian knits, one is smitten with the fever and excitement that pulses through a Turkish bazaar. Yet Tijuana's mood seems more infectious. There are small bands sitting in arcades off the main sidewalk playing the gay, brassy music that inspired Herb Alpert to fame, photographers taking pictures of tourist children on paint-striped burros, bump and grind records filtering from twenty-four-hour skin parlors, and just when you think everyone on Revolución is very happy, you look down and see an amputee propped on a board, reaching out for money. Then you remember that Tijuana is more than a bazaar; it is home to 300,000 people, some of them so rich that Tijuana has the reputation of having one of the highest per capita incomes in Mexico, but most of them unspeakably poor.

Tijuana may never rival the San Diego Zoo or Sea World as a family tourist destination, but a father should have no qualms about bringing wife and children to town. Indeed, women drive down from San Diego every week to have their hair styled in the countless inexpensive salons off Revolución. Children pack the bleacher seats in the Inco glass factory to watch young artisans twirling blobs of red-hot glass with the flourish of a matador, and, of course, the whole family takes in bull fights, horse racing, and *jai alai* (whose practitioners look about as physically fit as a weekend company softball team).

I suppose there is a recklessness about Tijuana that encourages even the young to casual impropriety. In a shop on Revolución I saw a group of boys clustered around a glass case buying up all the fireworks they could stuff in their pockets. One of the boys said they were from Michigan. "Fireworks are illegal there, aren't they?" I said with mock concern. "I know," said the boy, ready with an out. "I'm going to sell 'em to my friend in Kalamazoo." —D. B.

WIT TWISTER #100

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The learned scholar's voice was gruff.
"You ask what _ _ _ _ _ means," he said.
"The question's hard, as hard and rough
"As is this _ _ _ _ _ on which we tread.
"Or, as a man first casts his net,
"Then _ _ _ _ _ it in despite its weight,
"So is it with this question yet:
"So heavy and so obdurate.
"But Time, that _ _ _ _ _, also reveals,
"So you must _ _ _ _ _ your haste absurd,
"Till scholarship someday unseals
"The meaning of the psalmist's word!"
His pupil said, "Why drone on so,
"If all you mean is 'I don't know'?"

(*Answer on page* 67)

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Adam and Eva at the Met; also Karola Agai

ADAM AND EVA had a new, non-biblical connotation at the most recent performance of Wagner's *Die Meistersinger* at the Metropolitan, in which the Dresden-born Theo Adam made his debut as Hans Sachs; Pilar Lorengar, who had only sung the part here a time or two before, was Eva; and John Alexander ventured into the German repertory for the first time, as Walther. None could be said to have challenged historic standards but each contributed something to a performance of more interest than the current average.

Adam, whose credentials include the same role in last summer's Bayreuth Festival, was a somewhat unimpressive Sachs to behold (short, none too well made up, rather conspicuously on the youthful side) at his first entrance, and he did not dispose any organ tones, either. As the episodes and scenes accumulated, it became evident that Adam had the role wholly in hand, that he was building slowly but on firm foundation for the long vocal evening to come, and that the youngish appearance was not the key to his playing of the part. Adam may have been tempted by Eva's dilemma (being married off to whosoever might win her in a song contest), but he left no ambiguity about his belief that Walther was not only the likely but the inevitably successful candidate.

Vocally, this performance was a triumph of skill and discipline over not the greatest natural endowment. The Adam sound is even, clear, and resonant, but far from voluminous. However, it is so well produced and supported that it made more contact with the ear than might be the case with a bigger voice less cleverly used. He also has a sure command of the Wagnerian *parlando*, meaning that he can make the necessary dramatic points by that half-sung, half-spoken production. In type, this cobbler-poet was more cobbler than poet, but he clearly showed, in his enthusiasm for the contest-winner that Walther literally dreamed up, his admiration for a good thing when he heard it. Both monologues were well delivered, and those who may wonder about his success with "*Wahn! Wahn!*" may be assured that the sustained E natural in this episode was about the most beautiful sound he produced through the evening. Even if one felt that he was sometimes going all out when the best-endowed singers of Sachs have something in reserve, in present Metropolitan terms he has it made.

For Alexander, who came to the Met as Ferrando in Mozart's *Così*, this first Walther was not merely a long step forward, but also one in the right direction. The excellent technique he has previously applied to Italian and French opera enabled him to sing lines and phrases in a manner beyond the ken of the average German tenor. Also, he has a concentration of power where it is most needed (in the G-A-B area). A little bulky in appearance, not to say mature, Alexander might well reconsider some details of makeup and wigging to equalize these factors. But in timbre and quality, as well as access to the necessary volume, Alexander's management of the problem marked him for attention as Lohengrin and Parsifal, not to mention Max in the revival-to-come of Weber's *Der Freischütz*.

Taking everything together, Eva is perhaps the most suitable role for Lorengar that she has yet encountered here. It suits her not only in physique and temperament, but also in vocal resource, especially in the workshop scene. Here she could let the voice out in the upper range and at the dynamic level where it is still in focus, achieving a degree of emotional involvement that only an occasional Eva attains. Could she match this with better control, earlier in the evening, of the more lyrical music, Lorengar would be a memorable Eva. As it is, she has the most to offer of any current Metropolitan performer of the part, especially in the decisive moments of the quintet, which she met with shining sound and a rapt kind of emotional transport. This moment of fulfillment was aided much by the assurance of Loren Driscoll's now beautifully sung David, the seasoned excellence of Mildred Miller's 'Lene, and the solid attributes of Adam and Alexander. Conductor Joseph Rosenstock's intentions were sometimes thwarted by outrageously bad horn playing, and his treatment of the score could never, by any stretch of the language, be termed jubilant, but he knows it thoroughly, missing little of significance.

There was, earlier in the week, an unscheduled debut resulting from the inability of Anna Moffo to perform in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. In her place was the Hungarian soprano Karola Agai, advancing her assigned first performance by a week. To judge from her performance in the "Mad Scene" (the most, in the circumstances, that this listener could attend), Miss Agai is a well schooled singer, with a nice forward production of a not distinctive sound. It is in the middle range of Lucia sizes—not as big as the most dramatic or as small as the least—mostly secure in pitch, agile enough to make the flute keep up with her rather than vice versa. Dramatically and musically, her objectives were conventional ones, meaning that she got through it creditably but not compellingly. Conductor Carlo Franci, whose first Metropolitan effort was the preceding *Lucia*, found himself, in the second, immersed in the uncertainties and the insufficiencies with which the company is currently beset, not only in the instance of Agai vice Moffo, but in the presence of Flaviano Labò as Edgardo in order to permit Sándor Kónya to sing something that Nicolai Gedda had to give up out of need to replace the absent Franco Corelli. Renato Bruson, also new, sang a competent, undistinguished Enrico Ashton.

A Mozart-Mahler program, such as the Cleveland Orchestra performed in its seasonal return to Carnegie Hall, has, for all its seeming contradictions, more than alliteration to commend it. With Mozart, the act of creation was part of life itself, as natural as breathing. With Mahler, creation and breathing itself were also intertwined; but the result was the product of so much effort that it became—all too vividly—a matter of life (all too short) and death (all too soon).

In endorsing Bruno Walter's practice of bracketing Mozart and Mahler, George Szell was not only taking sage counsel but assuring his listeners of a satisfying experience. Following a sparkling performance of the *Impresario* Overture and the B-flat Concerto (K.595, in which Clifford Curzon was the infinitely adroit and musically motivated solo pianist), Szell invited the audience to enter, with him, into "the world" of experience built "with all existing means" (as Mahler described his concept of the symphony) of No. 9. It struck me that Szell's intent, in undertaking this oversized challenge, was to apply every impulse of his penetrating eye and probing mind to the clarification of the usually opaque and the glorification of the sometimes understated.

At times, in the first three movements, the thought intruded that, perhaps, chaos rather than clarification is the name of the game here, and that totality rather than detail is the proper play. In the end —and what an end!—Szell, as the composer's deputy, provided, in the superterrestrial "Adagio," a glimpse of a paradisiacal place in which all is order, all the curves are gracious, and orchestras play, always, with the angelic voices of this Cleveland one.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

"Beyond Technique"

"IT WAS MY BIG BREAK that I was a fiasco in my first big role." So recalls the world's finest *premier danseur noble,* Erik Bruhn. Today, he enjoys a succession of triumphs not only in the role (the hero of *La Sylphide*) he once muffed so badly, but in any role he chooses to play. In his recent appearances, with the fabulous Carla Fracci, as guest with the American Ballet Theatre here in New York, I reported on the awesome perfection he has achieved. Over the years, I have watched this growth—we all have in the world of dance—but what is fascinating is the secret of that growth, especially as he tells of it himself.

Therefore, I invite to your attention a remarkable issue of a remarkable magazine, *Dance Perspectives.* It is issue No. 36 (Winter 1968), and actually it is a book—a book entirely devoted to Bruhn. It is called "Beyond Technique" and it is in Bruhn's own words, arranged and compiled by Selma Jeanne Cohen, editor of the publication, from hours of taped interviews. Coequal with Bruhn's penetrating text are the glorious photographs by Fred Fehl, more than 100 of them, which capture Bruhn in a variety of roles (and over the years), in many moods and movements, and with a number of celebrated ballerinas.

Bruhn, just turned forty, tells of his dance start at nine in the Royal Danish Ballet's school in his native Copenhagen.

—Photos by Fred Fehl (from "Dance Perspectives 36")

Erik Bruhn—"An impeccable technician, a flawless stylist."

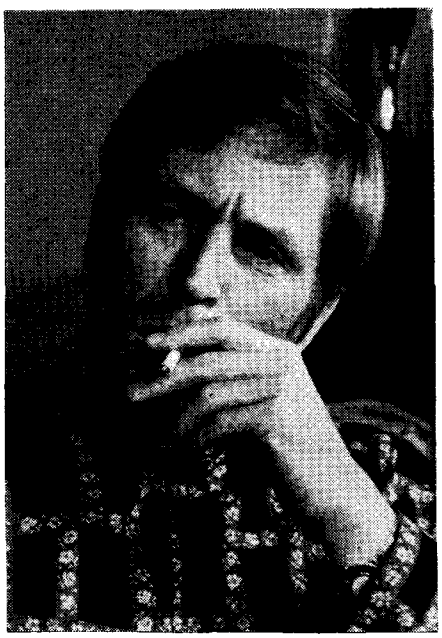
From there, he leads us on the adventure of how he grew up to become an impeccable technician, a flawless stylist, a versatile performer, and a great artist—a man with a mind and imagination. At first, he says, "I did exactly as I was told. I had no choice at that time and I didn't know any better either." Later, "When the body has learned to move quite well and fast enough, the mind will suddenly begin to question. . . . It is like the students rebelling at universities around the whole world today because they are not challenged enough." Still later, "The talent and the mind must be activated to a certain balance so that one day they can live a life of their own."

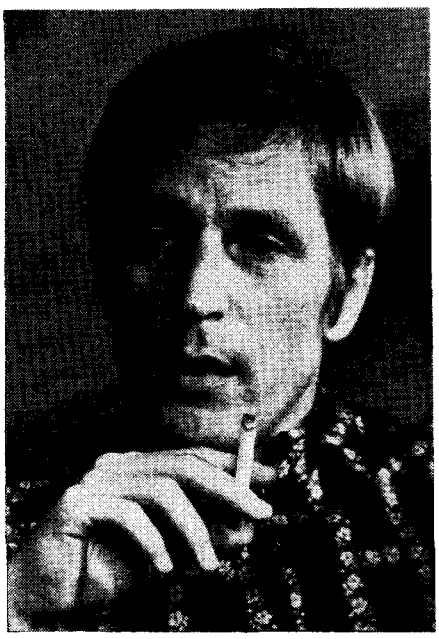
Bruhn discusses in fascinating detail a dozen ballets in which he has played important parts, and these range from ballets by his country's great August Bournonville of a century ago to the most modern creations. Here, you will find a questioning and questing mind at work in thoughts drawn from deep within the being, yet topped often with a flashing wit which does not avoid the sardonic.

Of James in Bournonville's *La Sylphide*, he says, "He is a true escapist. . . . When he is alone with his dream, he is quite himself; he is a total being. When the dream is gone, he must die with it." Of Albrecht in *Giselle* he says, "He realizes that he has done something terrible and that he must suffer. If he can survive his night of remorse, he will come out the better for it. He pays the price as James never did. Therefore he can live." Of Siegfried in *Swan Lake* (which he has restaged in a controversial new version), he notes that he need not be a traditional "cardboard prince": "It seems to me that he is quite normal, like any twenty-one-year-old, except that he does have a thing about his mother." Don José in Roland Petit's *Carmen* is depicted as "flamboyant and jealous"; and Jean, the butler, in Birgit Cullberg's *Miss Julie* reveals, according to Bruhn, "a sex conflict and a class conflict."

Bruhn explores other roles in other ballets, and also discusses the male dancer and his future. But I leave the total joy and stimulation of the book to the reader.

To *see* Bruhn dance, one can go to Europe now or to Chicago in April (with the American Ballet Theatre), and elsewhere in the world; but to *know* Bruhn, get yourself a copy of *Dance Perspectives 36* to be found in a limited number of arts periodicals stands and shops





"The mind will suddenly begin to question."

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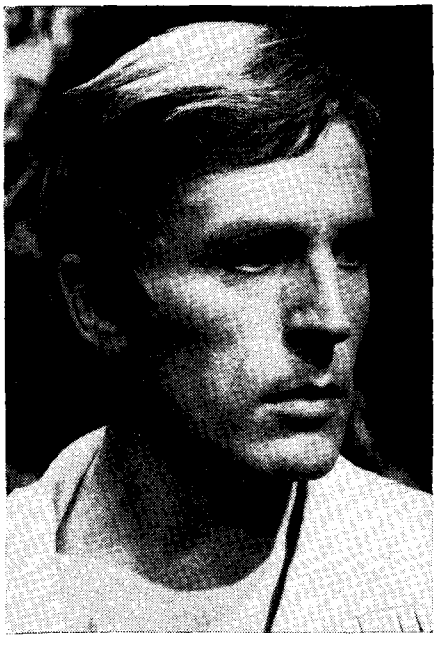
Bruhn and Alicia Markova—*Les Sylphides.*

Bruhn and Fracci in *Flower Festival*—a Danish classic.



Talent and mind must be activated.

Bruhn in *La Sylphide*, with Kirsten Simone of the Royal Danish Ballet —"James . . . a true escapist."

or available by mail order from the publication's offices at 29 East Ninth Street in New York City.

I shall be writing about other exceptionally important dance books from time to time, but this Bruhn-Fehl masterwork of word-and-camera images is pertinent right now, for in the theaters of the world we are witness to a youth who transformed, slowly, a fiasco into a triumph.

Aristotle's Poetics

Continued from page 28

tragic hero possesses a flaw in his otherwise noble character, and that this flaw is usually *hubris*, meaning pride, which brings him to disaster, is not found in Aristotle at all. Nor is it a common element in the plot of most of the tragedies we have. Do most tragedies evoke pity and fear or terror in the spectator? Does the witnessing of a tragedy purge the spectator of these socially undesirable emotions? Obviously not for us. It does no good to think up remote meanings for these three Greek words.

By *katharsis* Aristotle meant the same thing that we mean when we say "catharsis." His attitude toward the arts was not at all that they were the highest expression of mankind, but that they served as a kind of medicine to keep ordinary men and philosophers free from emotions, and hence motives, that would disrupt the social order. Aristotle's esthetics are medical. In the last analysis, the *Poetics* says: "Timid, sentimental, and emotionally unstable people will feel better, and be better-behaved, after a good cry on the stone benches of the theater." This is an esthetics identical with that of the child psychologists who are hired to apologize for lust and murder on television. There is never a hint in Aristotle that tragedy is true.

The *Poetics* could have been written substantially unchanged if he had never seen a Greek tragedy. The imaginary tragedy that could be deduced from the *Poetics* resembles the commercial fictions of our day for a very simple reason. It is a projection of the ordinary mind, the same then as now. It is the kind of play Aristotle himself would have written if he had possessed not the genius of Sophocles, but the learned talents of an ordinary craftsman. It is the kind of play that a highly competent academic philosopher, biologist, physicist, or psychologist would write today.

Why did Aristotle write about tragedy at all? Because of its immense social importance in the society in which he lived. We know that the plays of Euripides were performed on the eve of the Christian era far away from Athens on the borders of Afghanistan and on the coasts of Spain. Tragedy was the mass sport of the Greeks as the gladiatorial combats of the circus were of the Romans. It is undoubtedly true that tragedy did perform the functions of social hygiene that Aristotle attributed to it—for many in the way he said it would, but for others in ways he could not comprehend.

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The Fine Arts

Katharine Kuh

What's an Art Museum For?

THE TIME HAS COME to assess the functions of an art museum and to question why these functions are so often subverted today. Because of the Metropolitan's current show, "Harlem on My Mind," and because of lesser extravaganzas elsewhere (each vying to be first, fastest, newest, and noisiest) the role of American art museums becomes daily more suspect. If these institutions are to endure, they must come to terms with their priorities which, in my lexicon, are chiefly to preserve, to acquire, to educate, and to give respite and pleasure. Art museums are not normally social gathering places or sociological workshops; they are not music halls or film theaters; they are not political forums or scientific laboratories; they are not restaurants, bars, or travel agencies—though from time to time these extracurricular activities can be combined with art in useful if minor context. Art museums are for the preservation and presentation of art. They offer us islands of relief where we can study, enjoy, contemplate, and experience emotional rapport with man's finest man-made products.

No matter how much we rant against the idea, art museums *are* repositories. How else are the greatest relics of our past to be preserved and conserved for future generations? Why else would dedicated curators (like those at the Hermitage during the siege of Leningrad) take chances with their own lives in order to protect historic works? It is scarcely news that great European museums when sponsoring special exhibitions, notably controversial modern ones, often install these shows in buildings far removed from the central gallery that houses irreplaceable masterpieces. This is true of the Louvre and of numerous other institutions. To be a repository does not presuppose the breath of death, for works of art can be juxtaposed in meaningful, even dramatic, context if projected with sensitivity.

Established museum routines inherited over the years are not always as "square" as reputed. There are legitimate reasons why art museums are ill-starred rivals of far-out, "much-in" events and happenings. Picket lines and unruly throngs held back by restraints make for newspaper headlines but not for the security that rare objects demand. Too many important masterworks have already been lost through wars, fires, neglect, ignorance, and the usual erosions of time. What remains must be preserved. Today we have the scientific know-how, but do we have the simple good sense to accomplish this?

Our bête noir is publicity, a valuable activity when deftly controlled, yet one that ceases to serve as it becomes less a tool than an end in itself. Expanding American museums, not surprisingly, are borrowing Madison Avenue techniques. Funds, funds, and more funds are needed for exhibitions, purchases, operating expenses, and new buildings. Competition for donors turns into a full-time obsession. Attendance digits in annual reports can carry more weight than enlightening information about works of art. And acquisitions too often command public attention purely because of spectacular prices. How rare, indeed, to read of a recent purchase made with modest funds from a neglected area of art. Yet I am convinced that skillful presentation could lend considerable interest to just such a behind-the-scene story.

For a lamentable example of "big-time" museum promotion, one need only read a press release issued last month by the Vancouver Art Gallery. It describes an exhibition of works by thirteen op, pop, and minimal contemporary Americans. Extolling "the current world reputation of the participating artists, daily emphasized in the popular mass media," the museum obsequiously considered "miraculous" the opportunity to show these objects that command such "phenomenal prices." A second release went on to pinpoint these "phenomenal prices" which ironically were often far from phenomenal. When a museum no longer analyzes but merely advertises, it abrogates its *raison d'être*.

All of which brings me to that much excoriated exhibition, "Harlem on My Mind." Thomas P. F. Hoving, director of the Metropolitan, claims the original charter of his museum provided a green light for this multimedia non-art show. He writes that "one of the stated missions of the museum is to relate art to practical life, and practical living to art." Yet this is precisely what the show does not do. America's top art museum has blithely omitted art. Had the exhibition been so expertly designed, so successfully evocative as to have become a work of art in itself, then the lack of creative material might more readily be understood.

The trouble stems, I think, from an overambitious, overlarge, overcostly, pretentious installation that unfortunately engulfs everything but the most simplistic message. Because of psychological and technical ineptitudes, the fabric of Harlem's cultural life emerges only fitfully and negatively. Photography is amply represented with stills, movies, projections, slides, and accompanying tapes. It is true that photography can be a fine art, but here it failed, if only from "overexposure." Meaning gets lost in mechanical deficiencies and brutal exaggerations. While purporting to make exhibition history, the show distorts real history. Why a photograph of small black Sunday school children is blown up to superheroic dimensions (14 by 52 feet) is a mystery. These sober little people might have assumed authentic stature had they appeared in modest scale. Why photographs should decorate ceilings and leap off columns, why lights

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should imitate psychedelic frenzies are further enigmas. Had the sound equipment been better and the captions comfortably available, this "multimedia" show might have told us more about Harlem—and more sympathetically. As it is, one rushes back and forth studying small wall diagrams in order to identify jazzed-up displays. The impact is lost. How much better had the plethora of photographic material been clarified by appropriate quotations from Harlem's outstanding writers.

If it was a purely socio-historical survey the Metropolitan wanted, then why not enlist the help of outstanding authorities in this field, though one might still question the wisdom of an art museum dabbling in areas beyond its competence? If it was experimental exhibition techniques that were wanted, then why not turn to the most advanced specialists in this field? I personally had anticipated a mixed media exhibition where poetry, prose, films, paintings, drawings, prints, sculpture, music, dance, theater, and photography would all be woven together in a complicated interrelated web. It seems only sensible to have offered our most important art museum as a showcase for the best creative work New York's black community can produce. Otherwise the whole venture becomes condescending. Even works about Harlem by white artists would have been welcome.

This is not to say that the exhibition left me untouched. There are poignant moments in the show. But when we are told that this survey reveals the culture of black Harlem, then we are forced to ask—what culture? Is it a culture only of suffering, humiliation, and struggle? Is it all cacophony, jazz, rhythm, noise, fury, and vitality? Surely there are hidden undercurrents which demand further exploration. In the Metropolitan's January Bulletin, an article by Frank Conroy ends with these words: "Fantasy weaves in and out through black culture like gold thread in tapestry. An entire people have responded to misery by creating fantasies as powerful as the pain they have endured." The exhibition shows us the pain, but where are the fantasies?

Though as yet no definitive Afro-American style of painting or sculpture has emerged, still able American artists like Jacob Lawrence and Romare Bearden are far too accomplished to be omitted from any survey of black culture. As for creative writers, Harlem fairly teems with them. I found the youthful prejudices in the now-withdrawn catalogue's introduction less distasteful than the fact that Harlem's most articulate spokesmen were overlooked. Instead of words from them, we are offered the pseudo-sociological term paper of a sixteen-year-old high school girl, plus an endless parade of news clippings.

"Harlem on My Mind" was organized by Allon Schoener who was also responsible for a more memorable show at New York's Jewish Museum a few years ago, a show called "The Lower East Side: Portal to American Life (1870-1924)." I have asked myself repeatedly why the Jewish Museum's survey succeeded and the Metropolitan's failed, though similar techniques were used in both. The reason, I think, is fairly obvious. "The Lower East Side" was a compact exhibition entirely relevant to the institution that sponsored it. Photographs, recordings, documents, and art pungently recalled the history of immigrant American-Jewish life, but wisely avoided those complicated, highly charged present-day problems that are open to conflicting interpretations and that demand scholarly investigation. Because the material was subservient to the content and the content was absorbing, one rarely complained about faulty electronics, though they existed. In addition, the "Lower East Side" catalogue included writings by Irving Howe, Milton Hindus, Jacob Epstein, William Dean Howells, Lincoln Steffens, and many other distinguished personalities. However, when Schoener associated his thinking with the Metropolitan Museum, he seemed to lose his human touch and his sense of proportion. Now everything becomes bigger, more spectacular, more expensive, more emphatic. Harlem is lost in the trappings.

Justifiably hungry for the prestigious mantle of this great museum, the black community hoped to see and show itself in a serious light. Because the exhibition brings us up to date, personal reputations are at stake. Omissions can be just as important as inclusions. Living history is far more difficult to record than history of the past, for given time, time makes its own wise judgments. It is completely understandable that black artists would prefer their works on the walls of the Metropolitan rather than photos of hair-straightening parlors—and so would I.

Yet I suspect that no matter how representative the exhibition might have been, certain groups in Harlem would have renounced it unless the museum had handed over the whole enterprise lock, stock, and barrel to the black community. I asked a young antagonist marching in front of the building whether he would have picketed any similar Metropolitan survey not organized by Harlem. "But definitely," he said. That Harlem has faced heartbreaking agonies over the years is a truism which might better have been explored through art than through cliché-ridden photographic facts. Still I wonder whether some of the activists picketing the Metropolitan and demanding immediate curatorships for their people were not shortsighted. When I suggested that the job of a curator was specialized and not related to color, they responded by urging Afro-American departments even though no identifiable Afro-American art exists. What they fail to recognize, alas, is the difference between black art and art by black people. Possibly, from every point of view, the show was premature.

John Hightower, director of the New York State Council on the Arts, which collaborated on the Harlem exhibition, thinks "cultural institutions throughout the country must become more socially responsible, more concerned with the pressing problems of contemporary society. Not the least of these problems," he says, "is visual and environmental pollution. Museums have to take a leadership role in visual education." Naturally—but how? Surely not by jeopardizing our greatest works of art; surely not by arousing more hostilities than already exist; surely not by oversimplified sociological banalities. Where art museums are concerned, we still must depend on art. This need not preclude community responsibility, but the first priority remains art—and art, by the way, is both a community and a personal privilege.

Doors

By David Wagoner

ALL over town at the first rattle of night
The doors go shut,
Flat hasp over iron staple, bolt into strike,
Or latch into groove;
And locked and double-locked and burglar-chained,
All of them wait
For the worst, or for morning, steady in their frames:
From hinge to lock stile,
From hard head-casing down to the plinth block,
The doors hang still,
One side for knocking and one for hiding away,
One side for love
And one for crying out loud in the long night
To the pounding heart.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

To Los Angeles, with Love

IT IS CURIOUS how frequently the great European directors, working for the first time in the United States, have come up with films that capture the look and feel of the American scene more clearly and perceptively than those of most of their native-born confreres. Fritz Lang's *Fury*, that chilling revelation of lynch psychology in an urban setting, springs immediately to mind, as does Jean Renoir's *The Southerner*, still one of the most telling accounts of the joys and tribulations of the small-scale farmer this side of the documentaries. Perhaps it is because the Europeans have brought to these pictures an eye untrammeled by the ordinary; because everything is fresh to them, they can pick out and accentuate those details that are at once most characteristic and revealing.

To the distinguished coterie of Europeans who have heeded the siren song of the Hollywood studios must now be added the name of Jacques Démy, a still-youthful survivor of France's original "new wave," and perhaps best known in this country for his lilting operatic *Umbrellas of Cherbourg*. Almost ten years ago, in *Lola*, Démy set himself the Balzacian task of having the same set of characters running through all of his pictures, despite differences of style or—now—venue. A major character in one film may turn up quite incidentally in another, or simply be referred to in passing. In Démy's newest, *The Model Shop*, for example, Anouk Aimée's presence in Los Angeles is explained by the fact that she has just divorced her gambler husband, who had fallen under the influence of Jeanne Moreau in *Bay of Angels* and had subsequently squandered all of his money in Las Vegas. As with Balzac, one can enjoy each work independently of the others, but an awareness of the interconnections adds indefinably to its texture and meaning.

The tangled background of Miss Aimée, however, is at best tangential to the substance of *The Model Shop*. She has a child in France, and is earning the money for her passage home by posing as a model in one of the sleazy "photo studios" that dot Los Angeles: "$20 for ½ hr., $12 for 15 min.—camera and film free." A youthful hippie (Gary Lockwood), drifting aimlessly because of his draft status, follows her through the streets and into the studio. Although already sharing a pad with Alexandra Hay, he is instantly smitten. When he learns that he must report for induction, he spends his final night with the model. She goes to France, he to the Army.

Obviously, with a story as slender as this, the play is hardly the thing. The film's success depends, rather, on the incidents and encounters with which Démy has fleshed it out, the freshness of his backgrounds, and the visual style that holds everything together. For Démy is essentially a stylist, whether working with such patently artificial materials as *Umbrellas of Cherbourg* and *Young Girls of Rochefort*, or with the seemingly realistic surface of *The Model Shop*. In a typical scene, the young man declares his love in a manner almost operatic. In what might be called another aria, Miss Aimée explains to him her philosophy and her hopes. If the film were handled in a blunt, documentary style, such revelations might prove awkward, even absurd; as it is, for our realist-oriented audiences, these moments come perilously close to being uncomfortable. But then, the entire treatment is lyric. Los Angeles—its broad streets with their colorful filling stations and garishly dressed characters, its green vistas of rolling hills dotted with white bungalows and swaying tropical trees, its sleek cars that move like multicolored corpuscles through the city's arteries—has never before been so affectionately, so rhapsodically photographed. In the year or so that he has been here, Jacques Démy has come to know its people and their rhythms, and against these—still rhythmically—he has set a bittersweet little story that could have taken place anywhere in the world.

Theoretically, one would expect that the man best able to translate as important and impenetrable a novel as *The Magus* into film would be the novelist himself, John Fowles. Unfortunately, this has not proved to be the case—and for a very curious reason. Fowles seems to have worked on the assumption that everyone who sees the film will be familiar with the book, thus enabling him to combine characters, let time pass unexplained, and bring everything to a climax that clarifies nothing. As a result, not only is the audience wholly mystified, but none of the characters—including Michael Caine, Anthony Quinn, Anna Karina, and (especially) Candice Bergen—seems to have the vaguest idea of what he is doing either. The bright Greek sun only serves to make their odd antics the murkier.

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By HANS W. HEINSHEIMER

"DO You Know Who Owns Your Song?" This arresting question, which appeared over the leading article in a recent issue of *The Bulletin of the American Guild of Authors & Composers*, clearly defines the primary interest of the Guild's membership in the newest trend in music publishing. For, as the name suggests, that membership is composed of those to whom ownership and rights are a vital concern. "There was a time," continued the article signed by AGAC's President Edward Eliscu (himself the owner of credits in such standards as "More Than You Know," "Carioca," and, perversely, "Without a Song"), "when the music business was a simple arrangement between authors, composers, and publishers. All had a stake in music and the future of the music business. That future has now taken an interesting and complicated turn. The merging of large corporations has created super holding corporations that have come to be called conglomerates. Many of these conglomerates are now in the music business." And, pointing an alarmed and alarming finger at his large membership, President Eliscu added to his article another headline, whose bold type and capital letters seemed to address every member personally. YOU AND THE CONGLOMERATES, it read. Like Uncle Sam, who wanted YOU, it was unmistakable proof the boss wasn't kidding.

How little there was to kid about became evident to every *Bulletin*-reading member as he turned to an insert (reproduced on pages 62 and 63). The insert was prepared by The Public Relations Committee of the American Guild of Authors & Composers—a group of eight writers who, according to the *Bulletin*, meet every Tuesday morning at 10:30 for coffee and Danish and, as this impressive presentation indicates, for very serious and painstaking work. Looking like so many family trees of royal, if not imperial, ancestry, the insert showed the solidly framed trunks of twelve American industrial giants and, branching out from them, a web of 119 music publishers, 59 recording companies, and a number of incidental, music-oriented enterprises, such as tape cartridge companies, record distributors, and rack jobbers. The last of these suggests a firm wholesaling medieval instruments of torture but only describes, in the language of the trade, peaceful citizens who market music on thousands of display stands in drugstores, motels, and novelty shops all over the nation.

The twelve mother companies shown on the insert were listed as having dealt in the past in such fields as oceanography, men's clothes, insurance, the Ice Capades, tidewater drilling, slide projectors, rubber, outdoor advertising, oil, auto parts, gas, zinc, real estate, utilities, and restaurants specializing in barbecued foods. A few of these companies, however, seemed to have a much closer and quite natural affinity to the business of music, being associated with many aspects of education, with magazines and book publishing, and thus undoubtedly equipped and prepared to bring the methods of modern industry to music publishing, which, with rare exceptions, is today still very much a part of what Marshall McLuhan so convincingly termed "The Gutenberg Galaxy."

AMONG the 120-odd music publishers which, so far, have become branches on the mighty oaks of American industry are, of course, a great many unknown firms—founded, as it were, only to accommodate an individual writer or a performing artist who, on organizing his own publishing and recording company, wanted to cash in on sales, mechanical royalties, and performance income created by the music he himself pushed so relentlessly toward the best-seller charts. But there are also listed on the chart some of the mainstays of the American music-publishing tradition. There is Leeds (which is also the representative of the catalogue of the Soviet State Publishing House). There is also the old catalogue of T. B. Harms and the New World Music Company, representing the bulk of the works of George Gershwin. There is the publisher—a more recent arrival on the scene—who controls *Fiddler on the Roof* and several other Broadway musicals of world-wide radiation. There is Mills Music, one of the respected

(*Continued on page* 64)

In addition to being the author of several books (the latest being *Best Regards to Aida*), Hans W. Heinsheimer is a lifelong student of music publishing, and presently director of publications of G. Schirmer, Inc.

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Symbols Used in Listing
* ASCAP
† BMI

CONGLOMERATES IN

OMEGA EQUITIES CORP.

Omega Oceanographics Inc., United Gauge Co., National Technology Inc., Western Technology Inc., Nob Hill Knitting Mills of L.A., Raleigh Mfrs., etc.

SNUFF GARRETT PRODUCTIONS

RECORDING

Viva Records
Bravo Records

MUSIC PUBLISHING

Viva Music Pub.
Stone Canyon Music
Zapata Music *
Baby Monica Music †
Gringo Music †

MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANIES

Robert Mellin †
Robert *
Sherwin *
Elmwin †
Algonquin †
Stasny *
Vicki †

TAPE CARTRIDGE

North American Leisure Corp.
(tape cartridge duplicator and marketer).
NAL Record Co.

VIEWLEX, INC.

Largest company in U.S. devoted exclusively to the design and manufacture of audio-visual equipment for industrial, commercial, education and defense projects; electronic training devices; aerial cameras; missile electronic control subsystems; microfilm cameras; optical products and components.

RECORDING COMPANIES

Kama Sutra
Cobblestone
Buddah
(Buddah also distributes)
Super K
Team
Royal American
Thomas
Curtom

PRESSING AND COMPONENT PLANTS

Sonic Recording
Allentown Record Co.
American Record Co.
Globe Record Album Covers
Walnut Plating Co.
Phono Label Co.
Dumac Inc.

MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANIES

Kama Sutra †
Kama Rippa *
Tender Tunes †

BELL SOUND STUDIOS

(recording, mastering and tape manufacturing facilities)

Planetariums Unlimited, Inc.

TRANSCONTINENTAL INVESTING CORP.

Real Estate holdings; Spectrum Ltd.; Minisink Rubber Co.; Hullabaloo Dance Centers; Hullabaloo Magazine; Love's Enterprises, Inc.

TRANSCONTINENTAL MUSIC CORP.

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RACK JOBBERS

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Mershaw
Action Rec. Dist.
Tip Top Rec. Serv.
Reconar Inc.
Pioneer Distrib. of Kansas, Inc.
Somerset Corp.

TRANSCONTINENTAL ENTERTAINMENT CORP.

Record Producers
and
Music Publishers

Mike Curb's Sidewalk Productions

Jim Guercio's Poseidon Productions

3 Recording Studios in L.A.

CROWELL COLLIER & MACMILLAN, INC.

Magazine and Book Publishing, Brentano's Book Stores.

SCHOOLS

Berlitz School of Languages
Katherine Gibbs Business School
LaSalle Extension University

MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANIES

G. Schirmer, Inc. *
Associated Music Publishers, Inc. †
Schroeder and Gunther, Inc.

NORTH AMERICAN PHILIPS

Philips Phonographic Industries.

RECORDING COMPANIES

Philips
World Series
Mercury
Smash
Fontana
Limelight
Emarcy
Wing
Blue Rock

MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANIES

Chappell *
Bondola, Inc. †
Bondola, Ltd. †
Buxton Hill *
DeSylva, Brown & Henderson *
Gershwin *
T. B. Harms *
Mutual Music Society *
Williamson *

UTILITIES & INDUSTRIES CORP.

MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANIES

Mills Music *
American Academy of Music *
Ankerford *
Multimood †

METROMEDIA INC.

Owns TV and radio stations; Metro transit advertising; Mutual transit sales.

FILM COMPANIES

Metromedia Producers Corporation
(formerly Wolper Productions, Inc.)
TV program producers

MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANIES

Sunbeam Music †
Laurel Music Corp.*
Columbine †
Valando Music *
Appletree †
Vido Music *

RECORDING

Metromedia Records

Prepared by The Public Relations Committee
of
American Guild of Authors & Composers
50 West 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10019

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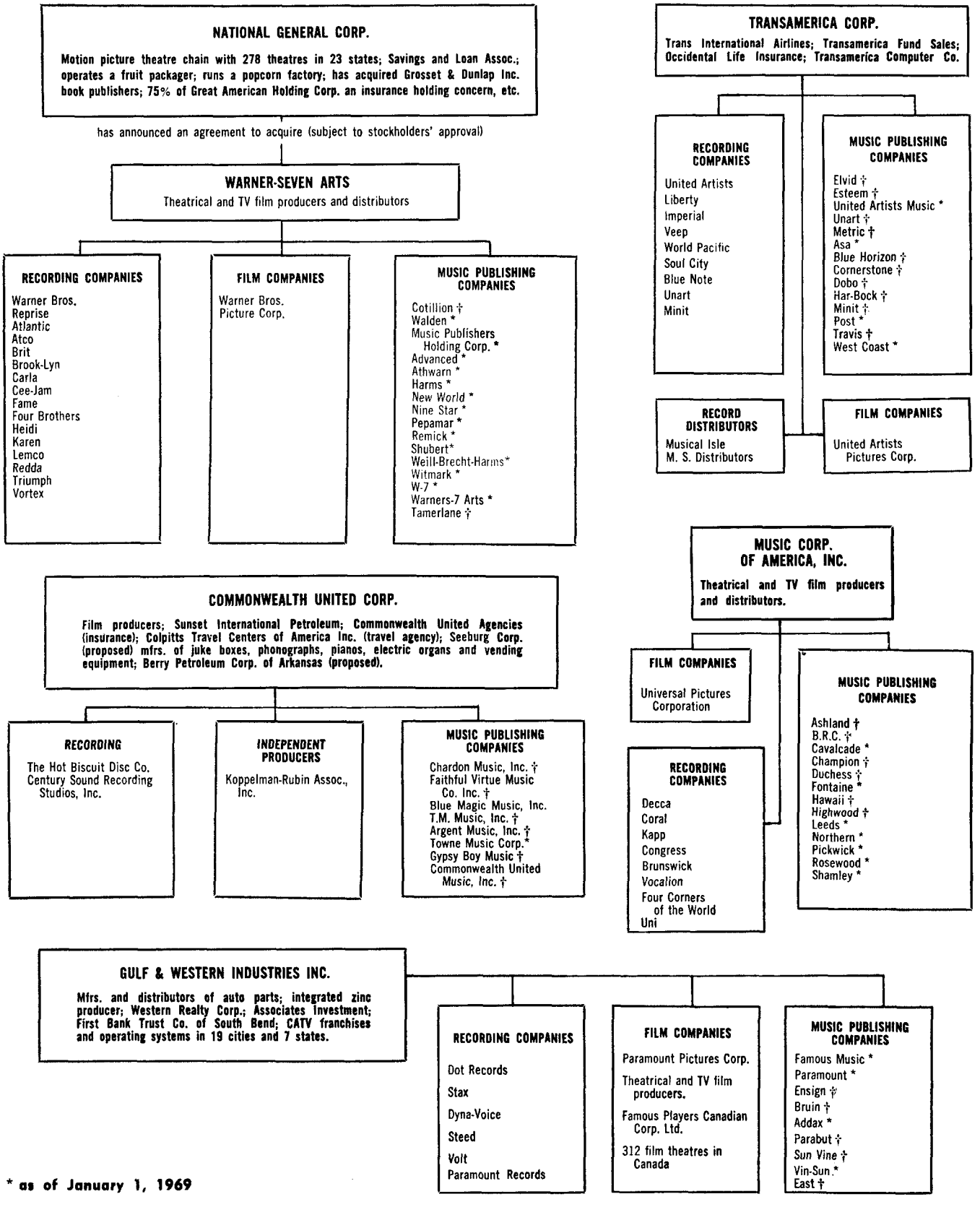
THE MUSIC BUSINESS*



* as of January 1, 1969

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(*Continued from page* 61)
veterans of the business. And there is the house of Schirmer, the oldest music publisher still existent in America, founded in 1861 and ruled until recently by a succession of Schirmers—most of them Gustaves—and its subsidiary, Associated Music Publishers, representing some of the most prominent American composers and an imposing number of European catalogues.

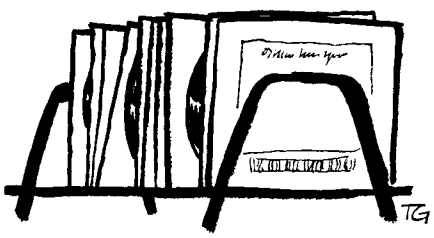
Why should big business—and it is happening all over the world—suddenly take so active and aggressive an interest in an industry that, in the past, was not even worth its contempt? Music appears in the pages of Birmingham's *Our Crowd* only as a means for the great barons of copper, railroads, or finance to torment their offspring from 5 to 6 in the afternoon between French and mathematics, or as a heavily money-losing hobby of one of them, Otto H. Kahn—an aberration which made him almost an outcast, suspected of unprofessional and asocial extravagance. Why the sudden shift; why a development that, there seems little doubt, is only in its early stages? The answer can only be that in the new age of communications and electronics, of mass education and cultural explosions, there is suddenly gold, a very different and very desirable sort of gold, in hills that, in the past, were not worth looking at, much less digging in. Music has become a very different commodity. Radio and TV stations sprout, by the thousands and tens of thousands, all over the globe. The bounty in the recording field is so rich that the Schwann Catalog, printed on thin paper in small print, takes on biblical dimensions. Tapes begin to compete with LPs and are being put to unprecedented, unpredictable uses. Published music is sold in combination with records and tapes, and the records and tapes threaten to push the printed page toward oblivion.

Enormous royalties can be extracted from the use of music on film, on radio, on TV. Palaces to administer the new wealth go up in New York, in Munich, in Paris, and in such unlikely places as Nashville, Tennessee, where presidents of performing-rights societies can be seen sheepishly breaking ground with much too heavy spades. The earnings of these performing-rights societies—which are charged with the collection of royalties for composers, authors, and publishers from radio and TV stations throughout the world, from concert performances of serious and popular music, from pubs, bars, football fields, and dance halls—has, within the span of a few years, doubled and tripled. In America alone, the income of ASCAP, BMI, and one or two smaller performing-rights societies rapidly approaches the $100-million mark, and the German society (GEMA) and several other European societies are not far behind. As all this money, after deducting only operating expenses, is apportioned to the members—authors, composers, and publishers—the potential slices of so huge an international pie are getting bigger and bigger.

There are some 170 educational TV stations in America today, and their potential as a revenue-producing, music-consuming force is just being tapped. How many will there be within a year? How many within a decade? Today, some twenty schools in the state of New York are connected with a central TV bank in Albany. How many schools will pipe ready-made programs, will flash computerized Xerox-music in future classrooms all over the nation and the world? Hundreds? Thousands? Tens of thousands?

Is it, then, a wonder that in the gigantic expansion of communication and education, music, too, has to be merged, literally, with the new forces at work? For centuries, ever since its inception, the craft, technique, and very philosophy of the music publisher have undergone only superficial changes. Today's publisher might have his statements and accounts prepared by computers and his inventory checked by electronic brains, but music, basically, is still engraved with tools not much different from those used by Johann Sebastian Bach. How long, in the age of moon voyages, will the old conceptions suffice?

THE principle that industry, under the unrelenting pressure of a changing world, had to take an interest in the business of music had been established earlier in America. No sooner had Al Jolson opened his heavily made-up mouth to initiate the era of the sound film (and signal the end of the orchestra pit in the movie theaters) with the singing of "Sonny Boy" than the motion picture industry sensed that a new connection between business and music had been created. Two of the motion picture giants were quick to draw the inevitable conclusions. MGM acquired three well established catalogues of music—Miller, Feist, and Robbins—to create the music-publishing concern known simply, if perhaps a little magniloquently, as the Big Three. Warner Brothers, in what then was undoubtedly the biggest transaction ever completed in the field of so minor an industry as music, purchased for an asserted $8,000,000 (this was 1928!) the catalogues controlled by two legendary figures in American music publishing, the Dreyfus brothers, containing a wealth of music by George Gershwin, Jerome Kern, Rudolf Friml, and scores of similar luminaries of the time. In both instances, the investment paid off handsomely. The Big Three as well as the Warner (now, as of recently, Seven Arts) music-publishing companies are, to this day, enjoying year after year some of the, if indeed not the, largest slices of the ever-growing heavily iced ASCAP pie. The income of these companies from the sales of sheet music, from mechanical licenses, and from many other sources—many of them only slowly emerging in the electronic age—is, of course, commensurate, which means simply astronomical.



Other motion picture companies—RKO, United Artists, Loews, or Twentieth Century-Fox—followed such shining and attractive examples and established themselves as music publishers. They could not only use their rich libraries of copyrights freely in their films, they were also the beneficiaries of sizable income as the film exposed the music all over the world and created sales, recordings, and performance revenue.

Today, industry is again drawn inevitably into the magical circle of music. And again the patriarchs of the American music publishing world, Max and Louis Dreyfus, set the spectacular precedent for things to come—this time, alas, posthumously. After the sale of their business to Warner Brothers forty years ago, they had rested for a short time—Mr. Max on a sprawling estate in Brewster, New York; Mr. Louis in London, where every morning his horse and groom were waiting for him at Hyde Park. Then they set out again on the road to even more fabulous and ever-increasing success. They acquired the old house of Chappell in London, which had been in the music business since the Battle of Waterloo. With it came a music publishing house; a piano factory; a big music store; a parcel of real estate, bordered by New Bond Street and St. George's Place; Queen's Hall, London's most prominent pre-blitz concert hall; and an organization which produced musicals in the West End on a lavish and enormous scale. In America, Chappell, Inc., created the shows Chappell, Ltd., produced in London, by becoming the publisher of most of the great Broadway musicals.

Following the trend of the times, when successful composers and authors wanted more than just their royalties from a publisher (namely at least a 50-50 division of the publishing profits from

(*Continued on page* 77)

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Not from the Singer, But for the Singer

RECORDINGS *by* singers have been produced for an eager public ever since the recording industry was in its infancy. Recordings for singers are a much more recent phenomenon. Five new releases aimed at the singer market are designed to teach the young vocalist the correct pronunciation of the texts of well known and commonly studied songs and arias in Italian, French, and German. They might take their place in the singer's record collection beside pre-recorded accompaniments, both piano and orchestral (and very unaccommodating they are, too), an assortment of musicianship-building recordings, and such other aids as the master class in the singing of the Bach aria "Aus Liebe will mein Heiland sterben," given by Maria Stader in a recently released book-score- record package (available through the C. F. Peters Corporation).

"Created and produced" for Virtuoso Records (56 West 103rd Street, Chicago 60628) by Arthur Lief, teacher, coach, and conductor, these pronunciation guides follow a technique that he claims to have found useful in helping his own students to overcome their initial language difficulties. The procedure, too simple to constitute a method, is merely to have the texts read slowly, clearly, and correctly by someone who knows how. The responsibility for correctly mimicking these sounds is left to the student.

None of the readers on these discs are identified anywhere on the jackets or labels, but their performances indicate that they are experienced language coaches. A German gentleman reads both *The Singer's Guide to Schubert Lieder* (816V-9764) and *The Singer's Guide to Brahms Lieder* (816V-9766). A mellow-voiced Italian woman also has two records in the series: *The Singer's Guide to Classic Italian Songs* (816V-9968) and *The Soprano's Guide to Italian Opera Arias* (816V-9768). They begin their records with brief introductory explanations of some of their languages' phonetic peculiarities. *The Singer's Guide to Classic French Songs* (816V-9762) begins startlingly, with a very American male voice (Mr. Lief's?) making the introduction, but he is replaced by a French woman who reads the song texts. All of the speakers read with a bland, neutral delivery which emphasizes sound rather than meaning. This is not as deadly as it might be, for all three have voices which are very alive, easy on the ear, and their readings are appropriate for the intended purpose.

Good diction has alway been a basic requirement of *bel canto*. Correct pronunciation and good diction, while not inevitable inseparables, generally go together. Singers who do not achieve both must be considered to have a major flaw in their technique. Compensating factors, however, have led to some spectacular careers. The American voice student is handicapped by having to cope with at least three foreign languages right from the beginning of his studies. The simplest music he learns is more apt to be in Italian than in English (those classic Italian songs), and, as he progresses, the first songs he will study for interpretative as well as vocal mastery probably will have French and German texts. Unfamiliarity with the sounds of these languages can complicate and hinder the development of the voice mechanism.

No student should assume that these five records can take the place of language classes and coaching sessions. At best, they can supplement them. The unalterable disadvantage of a "how to" record is its one-directional operation—it is possible to speak along with it or to repeat after it, but it is impossible to talk back to it. Students' ears cannot be trusted to distinguish between an accurate and an approximate repetition of a sound that may have been correctly or incorrectly heard. A teacher alone can provide this service and correct the faults. As a supplementary aid to such training, however, these records could be a valuable tool for study outside the classroom and probably would receive a teacher's blessing and help. Certainly, they are a more trustworthy source for study than another singer's recording of the song would be. The inexperienced singer would inevitably copy another singer's distortions—and possibly his interpretation.

The song texts chosen for inclusion are generally those which would normally be expected. One exception is the group of French songs which includes rarely heard works by Pierné, Lalo, d'Indy, Leroux, and Godard—perhaps these songs are more standard fare in the studios than they are in the concert halls. The selection of soprano arias also contains some surprises. The difficult mezzo aria "O don fatale" would seem to be a strange choice for a student soprano. The "Mad Scene" from *Lucia* and the arias from *La Sonnambula* would also seem unlikely to be among the first twenty-one arias a young soprano in need of this elementary kind of help would be encouraged to study, no matter how ambitious she might be. The other popular arias by Mozart, Puccini, and Verdi are all more appropriate.

The recording quality of these discs is uniformly excellent. Voice distortion on these particular records would have rendered them completely worthless. Packaging quality is not as good. Texts with literal translations accompany the records. Unfortunately, the first few are printed on the jacket and the rest are on a smaller-sized booklet which fits into the sleeve with the record. It is unhandy to have them in two places and awkward to switch from one to the other—especially in Schubert's "Auf dem Wasser zu singen," which is split between the two. Printing quality is variable, with blurred and faint spots occurring on the review copies. Printing errors, while infrequent, do appear and are intolerable in this context. What is the poor struggling German student going to make of a word which appears as "*steh'nä*" (instead of "*steh'n*) in Brahms's "Sonntag?"

SINCE a song text can be spoken faster than it can be sung, these records contain a large number of selections. The Italian arias, being the longest, total the least with twenty-one texts. The short Italian songs permit a total of forty bands including introduction. The others range from twenty-six to thirty-one. The connecting bands are wide enough to permit a user with a reasonably steady hand and an easily manipulated tonearm to isolate individual selections with ease. Unfortunately, the bands are numbered consecutively on both sides of the records which needlessly complicates the counting in of bands on the second sides. Even worse, the numbering is incorrect on both labels and jacket of the Brahms songs. They are numbered one through eighteen and nineteen through thirty-one, but the contents prove to be one through sixteen and seventeen through thirty-one. While the important things about this series of records—the quality of the readings and the quality of the sound—are excellent, the slipshod editorial work on the notes is distracting.

The only non-singers who might profitably invest in these records would be music-loving language students who would like to combine their interests—which is, as a matter of fact, a learning device which many have used with success. —GEORGE LOUIS MAYER.

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Recordings in Review

A High Mark for Henze

HENZE: *Whispers of Heavenly Death; Being Beauteous; and Cantata della Fiaba estrema. The composer directing members of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, the RIAS Chamber Choir, and Edda Moser, soprano.* DGG stereo, 139 373, $5.79.

OF the abundant amount of Hans Werner Henze that has come to attention in the last decade—five symphonies, operas, other matter—this disc is by far the most eloquent testimonial to his musical nature. The content ranges, in the order of the listing above, from 1948 to 1963, and there are expectable alterations of attitude from the earlier *(Whispers of Heavenly Death)* to the most recent (the other two). But there is, consistently, a high sense of fitness in the subject matter and the manner of its expression.

That is, there is such a sense of fitness when the manner of its expression is entrusted to the young German soprano Edda Moser. For most, this dazzling demonstration of ability to cope with writing that is consistently around "high" C and its extensions to E flat and F will be an introduction to a singer of uncommon achievement and even greater potentialities. Even to those who have a recollection of the participation in Karajan's recording of *Das Rheingold* (and its reproduction on the stage of the Metropolitan) of a soprano named Edda Moser in the role of Wellgunde, the order of capacity she demonstrates here will be as unexpected as it is gratifying.

Each of the works that Henze calls a "cantata" is based on a literary source of more than common quality—in the order of the listing, the poets are Walt Whitman, Arthur Rimbaud, and Elsa Morante. As a consequence of Henze's predilection for the highest range of the high soprano, it is often difficult to tell what language is being utilized, and much more difficult to tell one word from another. But it doesn't really matter, for in the melismatic up-and-down surge of the solo voice and its intertwining with the background instruments (in one instance, a top soprano tone blends into and is succeeded by the same pitch on a flute so tightly that it is difficult to tell where one ends and the other begins), it is the totality, à la *Pierrot lunaire*, that makes the effect, not the individual tonal statements.

On the other hand, it is well to be wary—precisely because of the virtuosity shown by the DGG engineers in fading a vocal sound into an instrumental one—

—*Metropolitan Opera Assn.*

Edda Moser—"an order of capacity . . . as unexpected as it is gratifying."

of over-valuing Miss Moser's ability to do "live" what she appears to do here on a recording. Of her ability to produce the fantastical high pitches evenly and accurately, there can be little doubt. But the swells and diminuendos, not to mention the throbbing fullness of tone credited to her at one point, are manageable electronically as well as vocally. A live demonstration, in some circumstances, would resolve quickly the question whether this is Edda Moser, a marvelous Wellgunde, or Edda Moser, a potentially marvelous Queen of the Night, Lucia, and Gilda.

Philadelphia Bruckner

BRUCKNER: *Symphony No. 7. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra.* RCA Victor stereo, LSC 3059, $5.98.

AS a probe into the package of six recordings with which RCA Victor has chosen to commemorate its resumption of relations with Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra (after a lapse of twenty-five years), this Symphony is perhaps the most probing of all. Not only is it a Bruckner work for which Ormandy has shown an affinity at sundry past times. It is, also, *the* Bruckner work which was the first to be issued in its entirety in this country, at the end of December 1935 in a performance by Eugene Ormandy and the Minneapolis Orchestra.

For all the fifteen sides required—"long play" was a vain dream, stereophony hardly imaginable in those days—it was possible for the attentive listener to determine that the treatment was "idiomatic." How much more so now, with another three decades of experience at his command, and the Philadelphia Orchestra (formed in his own image) with which to make it meaningful! To their credit, the RCA technicians (headed by producer Jack Pfeiffer and recording engineer Edwin Begley) have not undertaken to convert Bruckner's sober sounds into the means for a stereo spectacular.

They have maintained a well judged perspective of all the values involved and, in so doing, struck a fine balance between detail and totality.

For his part, Ormandy strikes me as responsive to the gravity, the sobriety, the eloquence which Bruckner poured into this music, without converting it—as some of his European colleagues are inclined to do—into the portentous, the solemn, or the mystical. A little quickening of tempo here, a lightening of the texture there—especially where the brass are concerned—keep the work moving forward in circumstances where it may, sometimes, lose momentum.

As is inevitably the case in any proper performance of the Bruckner Seventh, the essence of its expression comes in the "Adagio"—by far the best movement of the work and one of the best by the man who was sometimes described as the *adagio-komponist*. Ormandy performs it in a truly spacious and full-formed way, with a resounding climax that leaves no doubt that he endorses the view that this is the emotional peak not only of the movement but of the Symphony. The work is described as being performed in the "original version." Winthrop Sargeant's cogent commentary will serve many, otherwise unindoctrinated in Bruckner, well. It does not deal with the textual aspects of the version utilized.

Kondrashin on Mahler

MAHLER: *Symphony No. 9 in D. Kiril Kondrashin conducting the Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra.* Melodiya/Angel stereo, S-6029/30, $11.59.

SOMETIME in the not too distant future, when all the other worthwhile projects have been accounted for, some enterprising musical mentality (preferably not musicological) should direct itself to a monograph on the subject of Mahler and the U.S.S.R. Is there, indeed, a history of happenings prior to the recent past or present? There are implications, especially in the symphonies of Shostakovich, that there is, in some Soviet circles, a keen awareness of his production. Whether it has been acquired publicly, or only privately, is the question I should like answered.

This is a far more representative per-

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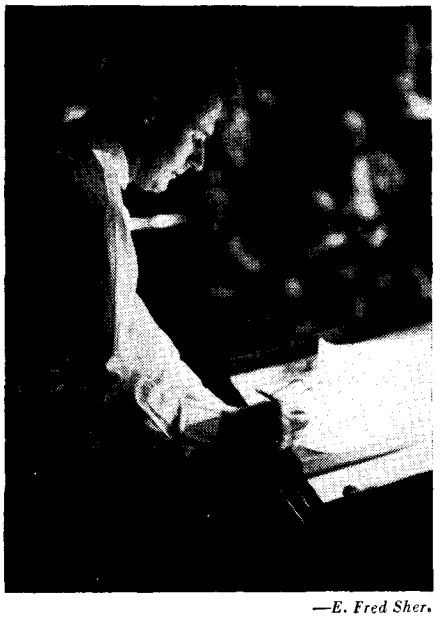
formance of Mahler than the version of No. 4 circulated last fall under the direction of David Oistrakh, if only for the reason that Kondrashin is far better versed in the conductor's art than Oistrakh. It is not only a better exposition of a given premise but a sounder, more comprehending premise to begin with. It is one of the best accomplishments to Kondrashin's credit to come this way since he burst into non-Russian prominence a decade ago as Van Cliburn's companion on that first triumphant homeward journey from Moscow.

That Kondrashin tends to overstress and exaggerate the scale of sonorities and the broad contrasts of the first three movements is hardly unexpected, and even less surprising. More than a few conductors whose exposure to Mahler has been closer to his scene of operation have done the same. Indeed, Kondrashin's vigorous way with the faster sections and the "Rondo-Burlesque" are no more extreme than the customary Russian way with Tchaikovsky or Rachmaninoff.

What is unexpected, and thus surprising, is the nobly phrased, warmly expressive playing of the "Adagio-finale." It is, of course, one of Mahler's best slow movements, warm with the flow of very human blood and, perhaps, responsive, in its spasmodic surges of emotion, to the uneven systolic-diastolic rhythm of a man whose own heart was none too steady. It is beautifully controlled by Kondrashin, with some especially tender touches in those falling cadences which trace their source to Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique*. And the special sonorities favored by some Russian wind players (especially in the French horn) impart a quality all its own to this well played, admirably reproduced Mahler No. 9.



—*E. Fred Sher.*

Colin Davis—"peak of a recording career."

Shakespeare Translated by Berlioz

"BERLIOZ never had any luck." Thus begin the comments by Claude Debussy on his great predecessor, reproduced in *Monsieur Croche, The Dilettante Hater* (Viking Press, 1928). "He suffered from the inadequacy of the orchestras and the intellects of his time." But if Berlioz was unlucky in life, he is also unlucky in death—even to the extent that the 100th anniversary of his death (March 8, 1969) falls at a time of the month and year when full honors may not be marshalled in observance.

So far as present information indicates, the release from Philips of *Roméo et Juliette* (Philips stereo, PHS2-909, $11.59, with Colin Davis conducting the London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, with Patricia Kern, mezzo; Robert Tear, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, bass; and the John Alldis Choir) may be the most notable, if not the only, recording of a major work to appear in this context. (The long-overdue stereo *Troyens*, as Thomas Heinitz noted in a recent comment from London, will have to wait its mounting in Covent Garden before a recording can be undertaken.)

For Davis, however, the new *Roméo* is unquestionably the peak of a recording career that began all inconspicuously back there a decade or so ago with Mozart symphonies (and, let it not be forgotten, the Rachmaninoff Second Concerto with Peter Katin). It proves beyond any doubt his ability to deal with musical means on the largest scale and not only to discipline them to his taste, but also to form them on the scale of the big design the composer created.

Indeed, the impression that this may be, in many ways, the best *Roméo et Juliette* yet recorded speaks volumes, rather than a phrase, for Davis's accomplishment. For the "competition" takes in nothing less than the work of Charles Munch, Arturo Toscanini, and Pierre Monteux. Davis may not command the frenzied energy of Munch, or the superheated eloquence of Toscanini, or the seasoned wisdom of Monteux; but he does command something hardly less important—a detailed, measure by measure, instrument by instrument, comprehension of Berlioz's scoring practices which enables him to recombine them in ways that not even his illustrious predecessors excelled (or, in some instances, equaled).

As an instance, one might cite the still unbelievably imaginative use of the orchestra in "La Reine Mab Scherzo." Most conductors labor to create, in this *prestissimo*, a breathtaking virtuosity of execution which reflects the greatest of credit on themselves and the players. Davis is not indifferent to virtuosity, but what he labors to reflect is the imagery in Berlioz's mind, the likeness in tone to the "fairies' midwife" whose chariot is "an empty hazel nut." The manner in which Davis controls the buildup (pages 141, 142, 143) to a climax (page 144 of the orchestra score), especially in the handling of the percussive forces mustered by Berlioz, leaves no doubt that Berlioz is for Davis, and Davis is for Berlioz.

On the whole, Davis is better with orchestra alone than he is with orchestra, chorus, and soloists. This is not to say that the extended sections for such total forces are a letdown, but rather that they do not quite reach the high level he achieves otherwise. In this respect, he does not as consistently equate his effort with those of Monteux, Munch, and Toscanini, all of them long indoctrinated in the skills such writing demands.

In the Davis case, there is something to be said for the soloists, none of whom is either ideal or even outstanding for the requirements of the music. Miss Kern has a big sound, but a sometimes unsteady one, and it tends to be over-recorded. Tear is an intelligent artist who does what is required of him capably; and Shirley-Quirk pours out the anguish of Friar Laurent with noble eloquence, but his is a voice with neither the amplitude nor richness that the music can accommodate.

What the performance contains in abundance is a sophisticated sense of the colors and timbres, accents and emphases appropriate to Berlioz's truly Shakespearean creation. Substantially the first in music on such a scale (Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* Overture preceded it by a decade and a half, but the rest of the incidental music did not come until later), it remains in many ways unsurpassed as a translation from English into the international vocabulary of sound. In this recording, Davis has proved himself a master of both tongues. —IRVING KOLODIN.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 54: selah, shale, hales, heals, leash.

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Orchestral LPs

Data	Report
Busoni: *Konzertstück.* Frank Glazer, piano; with orchestra conducted by C. A. Bünte. Divertimento, Op. 52. Herman Klemeyer, flute; with orchestra conducted by Bünte. *Rondo Arlecchinesco,* Op. 46. W. H. Moser, flute; with same. Concertino, Op. 48. Walter Triebskorn; with same. Candide stereo, CE 31003, $3.50.	This is what might be called after-dinner Busoni: music of considerable skill but no real depth, inviting as a variant from the more demanding expressions of others. It has its share of individual impulse, but it doesn't ever quite qualify as original. No matter which way he turns, Busoni doesn't quite manage to emerge from the shadow of whatever great man was then casting the longest, brightest light—Brahms at one point, then Strauss. All the soloists are qualified for the tasks to which they have been assigned, with the best results achieved by Triebskorn. This may be, also, because it is the most completely realized of the pieces on this disc. Excellent engineering and processing.
Debussy: *La Mer;* Nocturnes (No. 3 omitted); *Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune.* Guido Cantelli conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Seraphim mono, 60077, $2.49.	What emerges conspicuously from this disc, more than a dozen years after it was made (Cantelli died in a plane crash in 1956, at the age of thirty-six) are the same qualities that distinguished it when new. These are the meticulous workmanship, the clarity of definition, the interrelationship of physical elements that testify to this extraordinary endowment for the profession in which he achieved distinction. Less evident, for my taste, are the exposition of what might be called the "poetics" of the writing—the haze, the glow, the warmth of mood and density of feeling—that are embodied in the notes. As these are the qualities that, in the summing up, represent the totality of the composer's intention, their imbalance relative to the whole is a serious shortcoming. The sound is thinner than today's best.
Field: Concerto No. 2 in A flat. Rena Kyriakou, piano; with orchestra conducted by C. A. Bünte. Nocturnes Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 10, and 11. Kyriakou, piano. Candide stereo, CE 31006, $3.50.	The Concerto represents not only the pre-Chopin Field, but also the pre-nocturne composer whose initiative was so useful to his great successor. By the testimony of annotator William B. Ober, it was composed no later than 1808, for it appeared on a concert program in that year. Field's background clearly included acquaintance with the early Beethoven works. However, he had already struck out in directions of his own relating to embellishment, elaboration, and filigree in general, not to mention an elaborate orchestral introduction. The somewhat limited interests of the Concerto are broadened and deepened by a selection of Field's nocturnes, of which several are on the scale of the larger ones of Chopin. In no instance, however, is there anything like the personal identity and character of the Polish genius. Miss Kyriakou plays all the material sympathetically, though not with the final degree of stylistic finesse. The orchestra, described as the Berlin Symphony, plays well, and the recording is admirable.
Mayuzumi: *Bacchanale; Phonologie Symphonique.* Akutagawa: *Andantino-Allegro; Triptique* for String Orchestra. Tadashi Mori conducting the Tokyo Symphony Orchestra. Angel stereo, S 36577, $5.79.	Unlike the joke about all Orientals looking alike, not all Japanese composers sound alike (or at least not like Takata—there is, apparently, none named Phuge—or Takemitsu). Here, for example, is the something that might be called Far (East) Out from Mayuzumi, in the rhythmic detonations of his *Phonologie.* It is an essay in rhythm as a central structural factor in a "poem of sound" (his term). It makes its point well enough, at perhaps too great (11:20) length. The improbability of there being a Japanese Aram Khachaturian is refuted by Ysushi Akutagawa, who gives out with a Rising Sun vista of the "Sabre Dance" in his *Allegro.* Here and in the *Triptique* Akutagawa shows a real flair for the fluent kind of well orchestrated melodic writing that serves balletic ends. The performances reflect credit on both the Tokyo Symphony and Tadashi Mori, who led the Fujiwara Opera Group on a visit to this country.
Milhaud: Little Symphonies Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. The composer conducting the orchestra of Radio Luxemburg; with (in No. 6) Josette Doemer, soprano; Marie-Jeanne Klein, contralto; Venent Arend, tenor; Raymond Koster, bass; Norbert Matern, oboe; and George Mallach, cello. *L'Homme et son désir.* Candide stereo, CE 31008, $3.50.	Milhaud's fateful facility is as much a part of this absorbing group of works (written between 1917 and 1923) as his very real excellence as a musical mind. Several of the purely instrumental works (No. 1 titled *Le printemps* and No. 2 *Pastorale)* are effervescent and invigorating, but later get into the period of chaos for chaos' sake which, if it is undergoing another round of favor in a different form, long ago wore out the welcome for the form in which it was pursued by the French in the early Twenties. By far the best music of the two sides, as well as the lengthiest and most ambitious structure, is to be found in *L'Homme et son désir.* A product of Milhaud's famous sojourn in Brazil as a secretary in the Legation presided over by Paul Claudel (1918), it is alive with color, rich in suggestions—onomatopoeic as well as rhythmic—of the vast, primitive forests of the Amazon. It has, on an even larger scale, the kind of imagery Milhaud evoked for the other, primitive ritual of *Le Création du monde,* though without the jazz flavor he gathered in a visit to New York (and Harlem) in the early Twenties. A strange and evocative work, its only likeness is—as I recall it—to be found in the *Amazonas* which Villa-Lobos was writing about this time, and in his *Uirapurú.* Both the performances and recording are excellent.
Vaughan Williams: Symphony No. 3 *(Pastoral).* Sir Adrian Boult conducting the New Philharmonia Orchestra; with Margaret Price, soprano. *In the Fen Country.* Boult and the New Philharmonia. Angel stereo, S 36532, $5.79.	Hitherto pleasurable memories of the *Pastoral* and no expectations whatsoever so far as the companion piece is concerned are somewhat inverted in the actuality of listening to both. That is, the Symphony—save for its always evocative finale, for which the Price voice is very well suited—sounds to be a much more amorphous, non-sequential piece than one remembered it to be, whereas a first encounter with *In the Fen Country* is something to cherish. A product of 1904, it came to be regarded by the composer as the first orchestral work which he considered good enough to preserve (earlier efforts were discarded). There is some overcast of Delius on it, but the undertones are decidedly Vaughan Williams's own. The arrangement by which the finale of the Symphony must be preceded by an interruption for turning over the record (with a consequent disruption of mood) could have been avoided if *In the Fen Country* led off Side 1, the first two movements of the Symphony followed, with Movements Three and Four on Side 2. The fine-sounding orchestra is very well reproduced. —Irving Kolodin.

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Sing That Thing

A FEW years ago there was a widespread vogue for "vocalese," that is, for the stunt of putting words to a previously recorded jazz instrumental and turning the result into a tricky vocal re-creation of the original. The chief popularity went to the trio of Lambert, Hendricks & Ross. Jon Hendricks was the chief writer, and his verbal ingenuity seemed unintimidated by the most complex arrangement or the most intricate saxophone line.

I enjoyed the work of Lambert, Hendricks & Ross at the same time that I was dismayed by it. By definition, their performances could not be creative musically since they should involve no improvisation or departure from the original. Further, Hendricks's hip verses seldom rose above the level of cleverness, and I sometimes found myself feeling that if a Hendricks version of, say, a Johnny Hodges solo really represented the purport of the original, then I must have been kidding myself all these years in thinking of Hodges as an artist.

Some relatively early (1954) Hendricks now turns up on four selections on *Original Moody's Mood* (Prestige, PR 7586), but the album is dedicated to the recordings of "King Pleasure" (alias Clarence Beeks), one of the best practitioners of modern jazz vocalese.

The album takes its title from a King Pleasure hit, a version of saxophonist James Moody's variations on "I'm in the Mood for Love," and it includes Lester Young's "Sometimes I'm Happy." Indeed, on the basis of his voice quality and taste, Pleasure would seem to function best as a vocalese ballad singer. It is odd, therefore, that his reading of the Charlie Parker blues "Parker's Mood" should be the most nearly artistically successful example of vocalese there is.

The reasons are not obscure. Pleasure simply followed Parker's lead, and where the altoist alluded to time-honored blues melodies, Pleasure did the same with traditional blues verses and interwove these with fragments of quasi-biographical narrative and personal attitude.

Vocalese aside, however, a good jazz singer is required to be, if not exactly unfaithful to his original, at least highly interpretative. And that Carmen McRae is quite capable of being. Her new album, *The Sound of Silence* (Atlantic stereo, SD 8200), seems to be devoted to her recent publicity, which included a story in *Time*. There are big arrangements by Jimmy Jones (good ones) and by Shorty Rogers (who might have used all those rock 'n' roll devices a bit more fancifully). And there is a Lena Horne-

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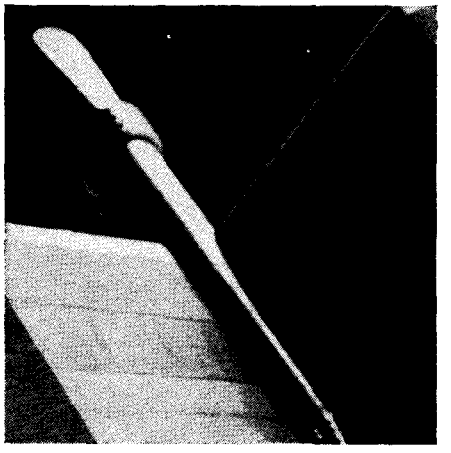

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Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report
Chopin: Waltzes Nos. 1-14. Philippe Entremont, piano. Columbia stereo, MS 7196, $5.98.	Of conventional virtues, Entremont's performances have a plethora—fluency, accuracy, ease, rhythmic vitality, etc. But of individual attitude or personal involvement, there is all too little. That is to say, the kind of overall personal viewpoint that made Lipatti's version of the waltzes one sort of experience, and Rubinstein's another, or Cortot's still another. If one may offer a generality (that usually unreliable formulation) about Entremont's treatment, it is that his deviations from the literal are to be found in small accents, the shaping of phrases within measures, rather than in the larger segments. Thus the largest divisions, which have caused some to be described as "dramas in miniature," are seldom characterized as they should be, but tend to run on and on. Fine piano playing, not so fine Chopin.
Martinu: Sextet for Strings. Prague Quartet, plus Jaroslav Motlik, viola, and Sasa Vectomov, cello. Quintet for Piano. Prague Quartet and Eva Bernathova, piano. Artia stereo, ALPS 716, $5.98.	The insistence of the display title to the contrary (where it is misidentified twice), this is not a "sextet for string orchestra" but the string sextet (1932) that has long ranked among the composer's best. It is a score of considerable emotional motivation, formed to the purposes of the ensemble with intimate understanding of the string instrument that comes naturally to one who began professional life as a violinist. If there is a count against the work, it is that the idiom never does really, clearly, truly say "Martinu" without any mystification or anonymity. It comes close but doesn't quite make it. The Quintet is rather more seriously beset by the same disability, and it tends to push the piano a little too prominently into the foreground. Excellent reproduction from the Czechoslovakian source.
Mozart: "Der Vogelfänger bin ich ja," "ein Mädchen oder Weibchen," "Papagena! Papagena" (*Die Zauberflöte*); "Rivolgete a lui lo sguardo," "Donne mie, la fate a tanti" (*Così fan tutte*); "Finch' han dal vino," "Deh vieni alla finestra," "Meta di voi qua vadano," "Ho capito" (*Don Giovanni*); "Bravo, signor padrone . . . Se vuol ballare," "Non piu andrai," "Aprite un po quegli occhi," "Vedrò, mentr' io sospiro" (*Figaro*). Hermann Prey, baritone; with the Dresden State Orchestra conducted by Otmar Suitner. Angel stereo, S 36481, $5.79.	Prey is, if not the best Papageno in the world, as good as any other (the qualification respecting the possibility of Fischer-Dieskau being available for a stage performance), and these superior performances tell why. Cheerful, tasteful, and yet vivaciously sung, they get to the heart of this sometimes innocuous character and make him a whole human being. Prey's fluency and verve are also relevant to the music of Guglielmo in *Così*, and the results are special. However, for either the Don or Figaro, Prey gets into a contest with others of greater vocal displacement. The build-up possible with a microphone helps somewhat, but it doesn't give him the breadth of sound desirable. As for Masetto's "Ho capito," this is hardly an arietta, let alone something worth singing by itself out of context. Throughout, the work of Suitner (who has a fine *Figaro,* in German, to his credit) is of a quality to mark anything he does for attention. Fine sound.
Mozart: *Litaniae Lauretanae* (K. 195). Dresden Cathedral Choir and Soloists conducted by Kurt Bauer. Everest stereo, 3233, $4.98.	The beauties of this work by the eighteen-year-old Mozart are so considerable that any new recording of it is a command to the attention. (There has been, so far as I can determine, only one version in the American market during the last decade: on the L'Oiseau-Lyre label.) However, the result of this investigation is more in the nature of a warning than an endorsement. The disc has been "electronically re-recorded to simulate stereo" (to quote the record jacket) and does not produce a particularly good sound. The performance sounds to be a by-product of a live performance, with more than a little off-pitch singing. The unnamed soprano has an excellent voice, but the tenor (also unidentified) leaves a good deal to be desired. Beyond that, the direction is vigorous and Mozartian, but the balance of elements is below recorded par.
Nielsen: Quintet in A (Op. 43). Richard Adney, flute; Peter Graeme, oboe; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; Neill Sanders, horn; and William Waterhouse, bassoon. Berwald: Septet in B flat. De Peyer, Waterhouse, and Sanders, plus Emanuel Hurwitz, violin; Cecil Aronowitz, viola; Terence Weil, cello; and Adrian Beers, double bass. Angel stereo, S 36538, $5.79.	The second wave of interest in Nielsen that adds a representative range of other works to the symphonies originally issued in the early Fifties has produced few examples of musical quality more endearing than this one. It is a work whose clarity and ease of expression suggest certain late one of Bartók, though there is little kinship in the style of writing. The final variations, in which the instruments are endowed with the ability to carry on discussions and disagreements, are especially personal to Nielsen. The annotation for the Nielsen, though unsigned, is informative; that for the Berwald, equally unsigned, doesn't even identify the instruments (one each of violin, viola, cello, and double bass, plus clarinet, horn, and bassoon). It is an engaging work, with Berwald's well known ambivalence, where a personal manner is concerned, characteristically evident. Unlike the rather mechanical reading of the Schubert Octet recently commented on (MISCELLANEOUS LPs, *SR,* Jan. 25), these performances by members of the Melos Ensemble are zestful, strongly defined, and full of animated interpretative effort.
Soler: Concertos Nos. 1-6. E. Power Biggs and Daniel Pinkham, organists. Columbia stereo, XSM 51576, $5.98.	Those whose Soler appetite was stimulated by the collection of sonatas in the performances of pianist Alicia de Larrocha, will find in this reissue this a further exposition of his remarkable powers as a post-Scarlatti composer. Indeed, had the deft and terpsichorean humors of the First Concerto been sustained throughout it would claim the attention of all music lovers; but it only returns in No. 6 (where one of his master, Scarlatti's, most characteristic figures turns up in a trumpet fanfare). The works in-between tend to a rather more sedate demonstration of Soler's polyphonic skills, with "chase" figurations divided between the two organists. The instruments on which Biggs and Pinkham perform (in Cambridge) may or may not duplicate the sound of those for which Soler originally wrote, but they serve the ends of the duet-writing advantageously. The whole atmosphere is admirably conveyed by the reproduction, abetted by Biggs's own informative annotation. —I.K.

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ish stance from Miss McRae that I don't exactly appreciate.

I like Lena Horne for what she is, and I think there is more jazz in her than is generally recognized. She can swing in her fashion, and despite her protest that "I just sing the song like the man wrote it," she makes good use of embellishments and variational devices that she obviously learned from jazz. However, she has the nightclub singer's penchant for taking a melodramatic or pseudo-grandiloquent stance over the most banal melody and the most ordinary lyric.

Carmen McRae has a musicianship and dramatic sense that I think make such stances beneath her. Even so, there is much to praise and to enjoy in the new LP. There is her impeccable diction, yet I remember when that diction was an aspect of a frequently effective rhythmic energy, and not just a matter of how she *pronounced* her words. There *is* a movingly dramatic "I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good" (not quite spoiled by the indulgent coyness, right out of Miss Horne, that she uses on the words "and sin some"). There is Miss McRae's use of variation on "Stardust," yet for all the various paths along which she leads its phrases, she does not really give that venerable piece a new direction. So for my Carmen McRae recordings, I shall still play her early Decca album *By Special Request* (DL 8173) and her *Bittersweet* (Focus stereo, S 334).

Most of my reservations obviously have to do with the conviction that Carmen McRae can be a jazz singer, and I intend to compliment her by saying so. I do not suppose that Nancy Wilson cares whether anyone would call her a jazz singer. She is certainly a very popular singer. She is also, to anyone who has seen her perform on TV, a good actress and a very good sketch comedienne.

Miss Wilson's new album is called *The Sound of Nancy Wilson* (Capitol stereo, ST 2970), but as far as I'm concerned, there is still no sound of Nancy Wilson, only the borrowed sound and style of Dinah Washington. True, she uses Miss Washington's devices with an almost rococo flexibility. She does not have Miss Washington's emotional conviction, or those moments of raw climax that Dinah used so unashamedly. "When the Sun Comes Out" is the best, and best-paced, performance here; Nancy Wilson seems to be singing *about* something while it is on.

It is a wonder to hear someone find herself so poised and confident while using someone else's voice and style. Indeed, there is a spot on "Black Is Beautiful" when Miss Wilson reaches for a quavered tone out of Sarah Vaughan; it is the only remotely awkward moment on the whole LP.

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.

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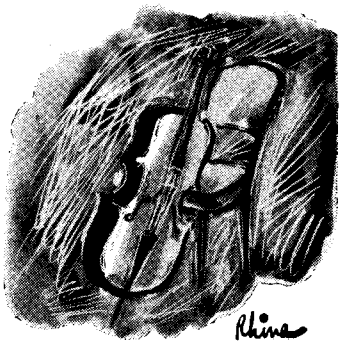

ONLY nine years separate K. 384 and K. 621, yet within those few years Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was to create the cream of his operatic whole milk: *Le Nozze di Figaro, Don Giovanni, Così fan tutte,* and *Die Zauberflöte.* This was Mozart at the pinnacle of his lyric-dramatic powers, an intense period of creation in which he forged a new union of words and music: The dramatic current flows forward in the musical numbers, and the score fashions three-dimensional characters beyond the confines of the libretto. *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* (K. 384) marks the complete emergence of Mozart as a dramatic composer. But, by a strange twist in his musical path, when he wrote his final opera, *La Clemenza di Tito* (K. 621), he turned back to the old-style *opera seria.* Over the final months of 1968, these two Mozartean bookends, as well as two of the "Big Four"—*Le Nozze di Figaro* and *Così fan tutte*—have been served up anew on record: *Figaro* on Deutsche Grammophon conducted by Karl Böhm (stereo, 139276/9), *Così* on RCA Victor led by Erich Leinsdorf (stereo, LSC 6416), *Die Entführung* on Seraphim under the baton of Josef Krips (stereo, SIB 6025), and *Tito* on London conducted by István Kertész (stereo, OSA 1387).

It is not without regret that Karl Böhm, in these autumnal years, has taken to recording and re-recording his specialties, without always gathering under his rein the top-echelon casts he should be leaving to sound history. For he is a maestro who gives full attention to all the details of a score without sounding fussy or without losing sight of the architecture of the whole. His *Figaro* tempos tend to the gentle side, leaving everyone ample breathing space—yet it never plods. He may not bring the *brio* and dramatic tension others do to the music, but there is no doubting his love for this score. In this, his first stereo outing with *Figaro,* Böhm extracts far more of the Mozartean essence than he did on his previous 1956 reading for the Philips label.

Ironically, though, his all-round casting for that Mozart Year release had more to offer than its current counterpart. Hermann Prey's lyric Figaro is a strangely mild figure, infinitely suaver in voice and bearing than the master he schemes against. Although beautifully sung and elegantly articulated, it has little suggestion of the cynic or snarling revolutionary we imagine to be Figaro. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau's ignoble Count Almaviva, on the other hand, is totally without charm: gruff, cruel, vengeful. He cannot let a word slip by without inflecting it almost to the point of exaggeration. Vocally, he finds it hard going in the climax of "Vedrò, mentr'io sospiro" and in the lower regions of the role.

A certain blandness characterizes the singing of the female contingent. Gundula Janowitz (Countess) gives some liveliness to the recitatives and ensembles, but come the two arias, and all the color, all the emotional life seem to slip away. Crystalline purity simply will not suffice for depth. With the right encouragement, however, she could fall natural heiress to the Schwarzkopf-Della Casa roles. The American mezzo-soprano Tatiana Troyanos, too, suffers from a lack of imagination as Cherubino. Is there to be no ecstasy or breathlessness in "Non so più"? The singing per se is lovely, but hardly ever does it go beyond that.

Edith Mathis, a fine Cherubino on the German *Figaro* (Seraphim), is a charming and vivacious Susanna, with a radiant instrument to match her personality. A truly first-rate Marcellina is that of the English Patricia Johnson, who sings memorably throughout, climaxed in the restored florid Act IV aria, "Il capro e la capretta." The score, as on the RCA-Leinsdorf and London-Kleiber recordings, is complete with Basilio's "In quegl'anni" also reinstated in the final act, and well enough sung by the late Erwin Wohlfahrt. The Orchestra and Chorus of the Deutsche Oper Berlin give mellow support, and DGG's engineers have maintained that rare blend of voices and instruments so that all those intertwining orchestral figurations hold equal status with the singers, without overwhelming them.

If Böhm is one to relax occasionally at the helm, Erich Leinsdorf leads with all the give and take of a metronome on RCA's new complete *Così fan tutte.* This brilliant, sophisticated score is gleamingly and precisely executed by the New Philharmonia, but it stubbornly refuses to come to life as an affectionate fable about people and their wiles. *Così* is the polished Mozart ensemble opera raised to its highest level, demanding that its six balanced characters and conductor work together in an all-pervading ambience and style such as Busch, Karajan, and Böhm accomplished on record. Instead, this neat, shiny new model is decked out with six well endowed singers engaged in a vocal exercise that is as about as enticing and amiable as a well ordered drill, in which set pieces and recitatives pass by in heartless fashion.

WITH casting Leontyne Price as Fiordiligi comes the secondary problem of mating a mezzo companion as Dorabella. Miss Price's voice is darkly rich, mezzoish in quality, despite the soaring top. Tatiana Troyanos's lightish, somewhat straight mezzo sound is enough of a contrast to the throbbing quality of the soprano. One of the treasurable characteristics of the Price voice has been the classical purity of the top tones. Today, however, into the sublime has crept some of the ridiculous, so that in "Come scoglio," for one instance, with that radiant top comes a growly, dusky lower voice, quite unsuited to the music at hand. But, in large measure, she gives a luscious (if unornamented) reading of the role. Miss Troyanos has a quiet charm and finds no problem in gliding easily through her music, including some dazzling interpolations in "E amore un ladroncello."

Judith Raskin finds real humor and humanity at every turn, delectably tossing off the recitatives and vocal line with her accustomed sheen and musical insight. For the male half, Ezio Flagello has the right sly authority for Don Alfonso, combined with the vocal solidity, while both tenor George Shirley (Ferrando) and baritone Sherrill Milnes (Guglielmo) do not indulge in a great range of vocal shading or embellishment. Both Ferrando's "Ah! lo veggio" and "Tradito, schernito" are included in this first note-complete *Così* on record, and Shirley handles them with aplomb, if with too consistently open sound. Milnes has the natural riches, if less feeling, for the Mozart style. Of special interest is the enclosed discussion of "The Seventh Character of *Così fan tutte,*" the orchestra, whose course throughout is charted in detail.

Like its modern-day stage history, *La Clemenza di Tito* is a stranger to the recording studio. Yet, despite a wooden libretto, cardboard figures, and an in-

(*Continued on page* 78)

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Sibelius in Perspective

DISSIMILAR in all ways but one, those unlikely colleagues—Meyerbeer and Sibelius—share common ground in our generation's downgrading of their music. Audiences of another era—Paris and Berlin in the 1840s and 50s—regarded Meyerbeer as Europe's leading opera composer. As late as the turn of the century, a whole mystique of casting revolved around his works in New York. And then the slow disintegration set in until today, except for a few translated revivals in Italy, the Meyerbeer repertoire has ceased to exist.

On the Sibelius side, more recent, one's own recollections can travel back to the boom of the 1930s. Music critics here and in England were acclaiming his scores as final flowers in the symphonic garden. We were advised that the bloom begun at Esterház had culminated in Finland. Most of the existing Sibelius symphonies were regular fare; and others yet to come were eagerly awaited. Then, unlike the more protracted case of Meyerbeer, deflation set in quickly. Within fifteen years (from the mid-Fifties to the present) the bottom dropped out of the Sibelius market until in the current season only one of his scores—a minor one, *The Swan of Tuonela*—is being presented at the New York Philharmonic. Other leading orchestras maintain a related silence.

I am referring to live performance. On records, the decline of Sibelius seems to have been stayed, that of Meyerbeer intensified. There is, at this time, no first-class recording of any Meyerbeer opera. Conversely the Sibelius repertoire, at death's door in the concert hall, keeps growing on discs. Lorin Maazel is completing a full cycle of the symphonies; Mr. Watanabe and the Japan Philharmonic are listed in Schwann; Herbert von Karajan has recorded the majority of them; and now Leonard Bernstein conducts the New York Philharmonic in an album (Columbia stereo, M5S 784) containing all seven.

The music of Sibelius offered, in its salad days, a last hope and refuge to academicians deploring modern developments. Here they were, a group of symphonies cast in a form that, though freely varied, stemmed from Brahms and Tchaikovsky. And, like his predecessors, Sibelius often painted in gray: a dignified shade, apt for the concert platform—nothing disruptive as in Schoenberg, perverse as in mid-career Stravinsky.

Another group of admirers, rhapsodic rather than conservative, joined the chanting chorus. They sang of northern lights, of vast pine forests, of a land bearing primeval myths—all in fervent, neo-Victorian prose that has not spanned the alienation gap in our time.

The academicians, the rhapsodists are gone. And yet we have the weightier example of great conductors in a past generation—Toscanini and Koussevitzky—and distinguished ones in our own—Karajan, Bernstein, Maazel—turning to this music for expressive outlet. It would seem to me, after a rehearing of the symphonies on Columbia's new set, that their appeal to performing artists must lie less in the merits of the individual scores than the profile *in toto* of a fascinating evolution, the forward march of a composer from prolix and grandiose earlier works to compact, tight-lipped ones.

If you enjoy Sibelius, the new album may be commended for its good sound, its clean and energetic playing. And in Bernstein's realization of the Fifth and Seventh Symphonies, one finds—beyond the set's overall professionalism—a convincing emotional sweep.

The first two symphonies come off well, with the conductor casting their rhythms for strength while playing down the endless sequences. The Third, a transitional work with a history of infrequent performance, receives at least its due; while the more celebrated Fourth is splendidly given. I still find it a cryptic piece, astringent, geared to monotony by woodwinds persistently paired in thirds—but if the music is to your taste, the performance is able. The Fifth has been known to irritate through its smug, Everett Dirksen-type peroration but ends, in the present superb account, by commanding. The Sixth, most transparently scored of all, travels on a wisp of material (wallpaper patterns can carry even Sibelius only so far); but the one-movement—on a giant scale—Seventh brings another concept, stark and rewarding, in which momentum never fails. Bernstein and his players have done it justice.

The question arises, after hearing the set in its entirety: was this a composer ungifted in thematic ideas? For those acquainted with the songs, with the violin concerto, the answer would be "No." But in the symphonies—except for the first two, with their Tchaikovskian frame of reference—Sibelius seems deliberately to have sacrificed melodic interest for rhythmical pulse. The compensation, in most cases, has not outweighed the loss.

—ROBERT LAWRENCE.

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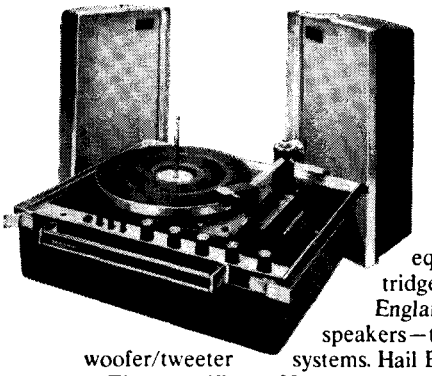

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The Old Timers: Paint It Blue

By ELLEN SANDER

NEED anyone worry about the future of veteran American pop musicians, a fistful of the first wave of 1969 releases shows them very much alive, mellowed, and full of ideas. From the dozen or so great groups that have fragmented, others are in the process of emerging around key personnel. Some former group stars are pursuing solo careers, still others have gone into production. The small flurry of jam recordings, while not yet significant (in either number or quality), reveals a fascinating and unexpected development: the seasoned pop boys are breaking out and exploring uncharted possibilities. It may not be the loudest thing around, or even, for the most part, the most attractive, but it's certainly a fascinating sideline to occupy us while rock 'n' roll gets itself together again.

Flippant opening speeches by Michael Bloomfield (he, originally of Butterfield's Blues Band and lately of The Electric Flag) and Al Kooper set an easy, informal tone on the opening cuts of a two-LP set titled *The Live Adventures of Mike Bloomfield and Al Kooper.* It's a jam record, fresh and comfortable, easily the best pop jam released so far.

The first number is a deep, dark paint-it-blue version of Simon & Garfunkel's "59th Street Bridge Song" ("Feelin' Groovy"), exploring a potential for blues I never imagined a song of that nature could contain. The rhythm section holds it all together and never gets in the way, and the Bloomfield guitar solos are, as ever, full of soul.

Ray Charles's "I Wonder Who" is given an equally tasteful workout. "Her Holy Modal Highness" is a sweetened up-tempo breath of freshness closing Side 1.

There are few two-disc sets that I can take; generally I find them so foreboding, and usually so uncalled for, that I hesitate to turn the first record over. With this one I could hardly wait; Kooper and Bloomfield double disc it in style. Side 2 opens with a funky adaptation of "The Weight," which crashes and jives for four immensely satisfying minutes. Many other types of material are blues fused, and Michael Bloomfield makes his singing debut on this recording, an interesting but not tremendously successful event. The playing is ratty at times, very loose and very free; recorded live at the hallowed Fillmore West (the original Fillmore Auditorium), it absorbed the freewheeling spirit of the occasion and the atmosphere.

My particular favorite is a reworking of Stevie Winwood's (he, late of Traffic) "Dear Mr. Fantasy," which cooks up a steam and bridges into a few bars of The Beatles' "Hey Jude" (song of the year by anybody's poll). It's a lovely tribute to the English pop scene handled with taste. There were other musicians who helped out with this recording, notably Elvin Bishop (also late of Butterfield), Skip Prokop (late of The Paupers, a talented Toronto group that somehow never made it), Carlos Santana, and Steve Miller. The album was produced, and produced well, by Al Kooper.

Apparently Kooper needs the distance, discipline, and ego-restraint of working with other musicians. His own album, *I Stand Alone,* on which he is both featured performer and producer, is a patched together collection of grandiloquent tricks and treats that have nothing to do with the material he sings. With the exception of "Camille," the album is a bore. It skits and scats, never knowing where it's going, or what to do when it gets there.

Kooper is a pretty fair singer, a better musician, an imposing character, and, when restrained, a potentially great producer in addition to being no mean composer. But *I Stand Alone* is a ridiculous album; it's almost embarrassing to listen to, considering the multitude of intriguingly beautiful musical experiences with which Kooper has been associated.

Kooper was a key musician in the now defunct Blues Project, a revolutionary group at the time, which lightened up the blues, dabbled in a bit of jazz and fugue, and rocked the whole thing to sleep. Bits and pieces of the Blues Project regrouped into an amalgamation called Blood, Sweat and Tears, when Danny Kalb, Blues Project guitarist, had a nervous breakdown and the group, already weakening, fell apart. (Kalb, incidentally, is now producing for Atlantic.)

Kooper's musical personality dominated BS&T, a collection of musicians too talented and independent to be restrained. After a stunning debut album, *Child Is Father to the Man,* released early in 1968, Kooper left to accept a production offer from Columbia.

BS&T went through a number of un-

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Salvaging the Past

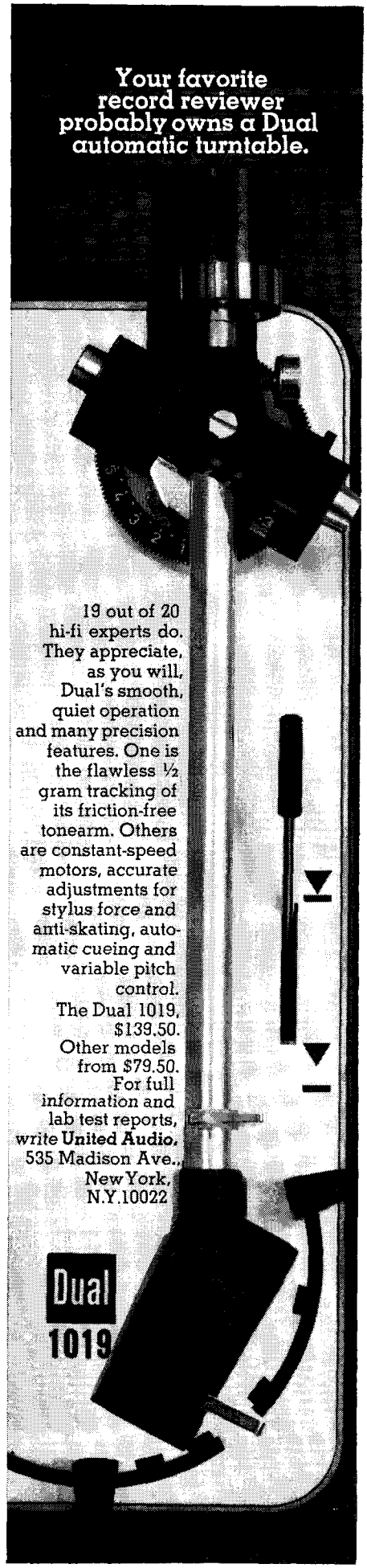
By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

LONDON Records has issued a two-disc set entitled *A Festival of Baroque Operas* (OSA 1270 stereo, $11.59), with Richard Bonynge conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra, the Ambrosian Singers, and a group of soloists headed by Joan Sutherland. It consists of excerpts from two eighteenth-century operas: Karl Heinrich Graun's *Montezuma* (1755) and Giovanni Battista Bononcini's *Griselda* (1718). Internal evidence strongly suggests that the two records were not at first intended to be yoked together (the individual record numbers are not contiguous; two separate brochures quite unalike in typography are provided, one for each opera). Thus associating them may not have been a good idea. For, at least as represented by these disjunct excerpts, the Bononcini is a dull run-of-the-mill representative of early-eighteenth-century idiom, whereas the Graun is astonishingly original, moving, and beautiful.

Bononcini was, of course, with Nicola Piccinni, one of Handel's two most publicized London "rivals." His setting of the story of "Patient Griselda" used a libretto by Apostolo Zeno, at least when it was first performed in Milan (Teatro Regio Ducal, December 26, 1718). When the opera was staged in London under the auspices of the Royal Academy (March 5, 1722), however, the text had been revised by Paolo Antonio Rolli. *Griselda* became well enough known so that Richard Steele put conversation about it into his 1723 comedy, *The Conscious Lovers*. For this recording of its overture and nineteen of its vocal sections, Mr. Bonynge edited it and brought in two harpsichords and two recorders. His soloists are—in addition to Mrs. Bonynge (Joan Sutherland)—Margreta Elkins, Monica Sinclair, Lauris Elms, and Spiro Malas. The performances are prevailingly stylish and convincing, though Miss Sutherland does not always distinguish between the sounds of Italian vowels or articulate consonants clearly, and Miss Sinclair often produces peculiar hollow tones, particularly in her middle register. I should not call this successful restoration—partly because not much to restore seems to have been available. One number—Rambaldo's "Eterni dei," well sung by Mr. Malas—so closely resembles Polyphemus's "O ruddier than the cherry" in Handel's *Acis and Galatea* that one wonders who was borrowing from whom.

Graun's *Montezuma* appears to have been something altogether different. The opera is itself of peculiar interest. The libretto was written by Frederick the Great in French and then translated into Italian for Graun's use. Furthermore, the King had derived its action from his friend Voltaire's *Alzire*—which was also to be the source (with Peru and Incas replacing Mexico and Aztecs) of Salvatore Cammarano's libretto for Verdi's *Alzira* (1845). To the royal text, Graun—to judge on the basis of the overture, battle music, and vocal numbers of this recorded performance—composed an intensely dramatic, varied, and highly original score. With stage settings by Giuseppe Galli Bibiena and with two of its roles sung by the great soprano Giovanna Astrua and the castrato Giovanni Tedeschi (called Amadori), *Montezuma* was a notable success when first staged in Berlin (January 6, 1755), and was played often thereafter.

This time, Mr. Bonynge again employs two harpsichordists, Miss Sutherland, Miss Elms, and Miss Sinclair; but the other singers are different, being Rae Woodland, Elizabeth Harwood, and Joseph Ward. Miss Sutherland and Miss Sinclair again demonstrate their remarkable capabilities and especially irritating faults; the others are superb. Miss Woodland's singing of the extraordinary "Erra quel nobil core" and Miss Elms's of the stirring "Ah, d'inflessibil sorte" tell us how mid-eighteenth-century Italianate *opera seria* really worked. What a refreshing relief from constant repetition of "standard repertoire opera" could be provided by a reasonably complete staged performance or a recording of so striking a musical drama (the score is available in Volume XV of the *Denkmäler deutscher Tonkunst*). For introducing us to *Montezuma*, Mr. Bonynge and his colleagues deserve real gratitude.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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

The Johansen Timetable

WITH REGARD TO the recent Johansen *affaire* and Irving Kolodin's statement in MUSIC TO MY EARS [Feb. 1] that "the quest led, not much *more than thirty-six hours* before concert time, to Gunnar Johansen," I can tell you the following.

On Monday, January 13, one of our secretaries handed me a note at 12:50 p.m. and said, "This is urgent." The note read: "Call Roger Hall right away—Operator 430 in Philadelphia—517-3784." I did, and Mr. Hall briefly described the Peter Serkin/Ormandy predicament, asked whether I knew the Beethoven D-major Piano Concerto (I did, but only as a listener), told me that Arrau, Frager, Johannesen, Lateiner, Wild, and Claude Frank all had turned him down, and asked whether I knew anyone who might save the day. "What about Gunnar Johansen?" "Can you get him for us?" (Mr. Hall knew that Johansen and I were friends.) I told him I would try. After many long-distance calls, Johansen finally was located. He called me at 2:45. I explained the situation and, with characteristic understatement, he said that it seemed "a sportive proposition." I gave him the number to call in Philadelphia and cautioned him to call it *before* leaving for the airport. I knew no more until 6:30 when Mr. Hall called again, this time from New York, to say that he had just heard the news but was astounded that Johansen had agreed to play the work for the first time in his life on such short notice.

Thus, the text properly should have read, "the quest led, not much *less than nineteen hours* before concert time, to Gunnar Johansen."

FRANK COOPER,
Professor of Piano,
Butler University,
Indianapolis, Ind.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Shouldn't an hour be deducted for Central Time vs. Eastern?*

Browning's Ravel

IN THE REVIEW of John Browning's RCA Victor recording of the Ravel *Sonatine*, etc. [MISCELLANEOUS LPS, Jan. 25], it is mentioned that this seems to be the first recording of music of Ravel made by Mr. Browning.

Actually, a fine and much-admired performance of the Left Hand Concerto was released by Capitol (SP 8545) in 1961 with Mr. Browning, Erich Leinsdorf, and the Philharmonic Orchestra. This recording is still fine, still much-admired, and still very much available.

MARK STERN,
Angel Records
New York, N.Y.

Down with Rock

SHAME ON *SR*. You should be more than a cultural weather vane, responding to every fetid breeze that blows off the polluted waters of rock 'n' roll. ["The Rolling Stones: Beggars' Triumph," *SR*, Jan. 25.]

Were it not for the enormous economic power of teen-agers, there would be no rock groups. Were it not for a very few adults—nostalgic or bitter about their own youth, but, at any rate, insecure about their present—there would be no one to review these groups.

Could it be, gentlemen, that you don't even yet suspect that the rock 'n' roll kings aren't wearing any clothes? Rest assured: they are entirely naked—of both taste and talent. The myth of their clothes is entirely economic in origin, and more's the shame to *SR* for having been duped.

WILLIAM C. SCOBLE,
Stephenville, Tex.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The purpose of the column is to seek out the naked and the dead from the live and the meaningful.*

Down, Down, Down with Rock

IT IS INDEED unfortunate that no one aided me when rock 'n' roll enthusiasts disputed so warmly my effort to keep the RECORDINGS section free of encroachment with lesser stuff. They seized upon my word, "garbage," to define the corpus of their art, saying there's substance to it, citing certain palatable morsels; by their sleekness, alley cats bear witness to the fact that the cans contain some nourishment.

Those who appreciate our heritage, musical or otherwise, by their silence accept the alloyment that an unconscionable minority foists upon them in the guise of modernity. We are told to seek the nuggets in a cloaca of amplification, animalism, and amorality.

My sincere thanks for limiting reviews of other than classical music to the very few pages allocated in the last two RECORDINGS sections.

JULIUS B. KAISER,
Jamaica, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *See above—and below.*

Up with Pop

I CONGRATULATE you on the inception of your "Pop in Perspective" [*SR*, Oct. 26, 1968]. Pop music is indeed becoming hard to ignore. I realize that the column is aimed at the older readers of your magazine. And your attention to them is appreciated. But, please try to tone down some of Miss Sander's overblown conclusions. In the future it would be nice to see less attention paid to pretentious verbiage and more to actual content.

JAMES FIKEJS,
Missouri University,
Columbia, Mo.

Stones and Doors

I THOROUGHLY enjoyed Ellen Sander's review of the Rolling Stones album *Beggars Banquet* ["The Rolling Stones: Beggars' Triumph," *SR*, Jan. 25]. I find fault with only one statement in an otherwise flawless evaluation of the Stones. I do not feel that Mick Jagger "is *the* prototypical sex symbol of rock." For that Dionysian distinction, I feel only Jim Morrison of the Doors adequately qualifies.

LARRY WATTERS,
University of Washington,
Seattle, Wash.

Slavic or West Indian?

I FOUND Ellen Sander's article on the Beatles' new album to be, on the whole, an accurate appraisal of their new work ["The Beatles: Plain White Wrapper," *SR*, Dec. 28, 1968]. I would, however, like to take issue with Miss Sander as to the origin of "Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da." Miss Sander called it "a Slavic gypsy folk song à la Beatles." Actually, it is a West Indian ditty à la Beatles. And to be more specific, it has a Jamaican origin. The music is based on the "ska," a musical style popular a few years ago in Jamaica. The most telling evidence supporting its Jamaican origin is the first line of the third verse—"Happy as a Rasta in the marketplace." A Rasta is short for a member of the Rastafarian cult, native only to the island of Jamaica. Therefore, it would seem to me that Miss Sander jumped the gun in labeling this particular tune before making inquiry into its true nature.

MAYNARD CALNEK,
Chicago, Ill.

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Conglomerates

Continued from page 64

their works), the brothers formed some twenty music-publishing companies, all of them administered by Chappell, to accommodate, on the basis of such profit-sharing arrangements, the works of Rodgers and Hammerstein, Kurt Weill, Cole Porter, Lerner and Loewe, and a growing number of younger composers and writers. When the two brothers died—Mr. Max in New York at the age of ninety; Mr. Louis in London soon after, just a short time before he, too, would have reached that age (almost obligatory in the Dreyfus family of twelve brothers and sisters whose grandmother had given up only a few days after her one hundredth birthday)—they had, in addition to all these properties, Chappell branches in more than a dozen other countries in Europe and South America, including South Africa, Australia, Canada, and Japan.

And then, not long after the second brother had passed on, there was the big headline in *Variety* that clearly signified that a new era had arrived. Chappell, the entire, far-flung empire, had been sold to North American Philips. The pre-crash price of $8,000,000 seemed ancient history indeed: North American Philips, on behalf of the real powers behind the new throne—Philips of Eindhoven (Holland), Deutsche Grammophon of Hamburg (Germany), and Siemens, Berlin (the largest electrical concern in Germany and one of the largest in the world)—paid $42,500,000 for the Chappell family of music companies. This was a very different step from the modest functional uses the motion picture industry had tried to secure for itself with its musical acquisitions of yore. These were new forces which, as the next century slowly dawned on the horizon, were certain to propel the music business out of The Gutenberg Galaxy. J. S. Bach and his engraving tools were, at last, on the way to the Smithsonian. The space age of music was arriving as the giants of the electronic age began to move into the acquisition, administration, and exploitation of copyrights.

Copyrights, as one of the men closely connected with the new breed of music publishers recently stated, are more inflation-proof than gold, paintings, diamonds, or real-estate. They last, in most parts of the world, for at least fifty (in some countries, seventy) years after the death of the author or, in case of works spawned by several of them, of the last surviving participant, be it a composer or a writer. In the United States, the period of protection, at present, is only fifty-six years from the day of first publication. But a new copyright law, nearly passed by the last Congress and again on the docket of the present one, provides a fifty-years-after-death protection. What this means in terms of immeasurably increased value can be explained by one simple example. Irving Berlin's "Alexander's Ragtime Band" was published and received a copyright in 1911. Under the old American copyright law, it would have become PD (public domain) in 1967, well during the lifetime of the composer. Under the proposed legislation, with Irving Berlin being very much alive, just having celebrated his vigorous eightieth birthday, the song would be fully protected far into the next century. The same applies, of course, to a glittering treasure of other evergreens and to everything that is written now or in the future.

ALL, thus, will be well in this best of all possible music-publishing worlds, in this and all possible centuries. For one whose interest in the earnings of tidewater drillers from musical compositions in the year 2000 is of a rather limited sort, there remains, in the midst of all these intricate, complicated, and quite expectable changes, a slightly personal question which, perhaps, cannot be answered but still has to be asked. What, he would like to ask, will happen in the moon age, the space age, the post-Gutenberg Galaxy age, to the spring from which the very life of music publishing has spurted, since Breitkopf met Härtel, back in 1718. As one looks back, it was always the idealist, not the businessman, who influenced the history of music—the obstinate believer, not the accountant; the dreamer, not the man in the flannel suit on the 8:47 from Mt. Kisco. There was really a man by the name of Schott: he invited Richard Wagner to come and see him in Mainz to read the libretto of *Die Meistersinger* for him and Madame Schott and a selected number of guests, and didn't mind almost going broke ("You need a prince, not a publisher," he cried out in despair and continued to pay) by publishing and supporting the composer of *Der Ring des Nibelungen* and *Parsifal*, at a time when the computers and the efficiency experts would long since have rejected and dropped Herr Wagner as an unjustifiable business risk.

Who will ever forget Max Dreyfus, frail, slim, pale, very soft-spoken, coming into the music room of Chappell for the audition of a new show? He sat there, silent, seemingly dreaming, dressed in his celebrated linen jacket—there aren't any on the 8:47—the royal purple of his trade and the symbol of his majestic station. There the great composers and the great writers paraded, not at all great in his presence, ready to accept the verdict of the little man in the linen jacket; and when he leaned forward and cupped his hand to his ear and said, "I don't hear any music," they hastily scrapped what they had just played for him and had thought to be so good and turned to the next number, hoping that Mr. Max would just say nothing or, perhaps, nod a little, or just quietly go back to dreaming.

There were three successive generations of great Ricordis in Milan. They not only published Verdi and Puccini; they administered their lives, protected and inspired them, discussed, often ferociously, their plans and ideas with them, talked them out of or into operatic projects, got them together with librettists and producers, were their friends, their counselors, their confidants. And there were live Fischers and Hawkeses and Booseys and a real Carl Friedrich Peters, although posterity knows him only as C. F. in a green cover.

There was a Bote and a Bock, a Monsieur Durand (Place de la Madeleine) waiting for Debussy, a Herr Simrock in Leipzig for Brahms and Dvořák, and magnificently bearded Russians named Belaieff and Bessel for Rimsky-Korsakoff.

There was devotion, sacrifice, imagination, patience, faith, and creativity.

Let's hope they can put it all on the punch cards.

André Watts'
Accompanist

The New Baldwin

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Mozart

Continued from page 72

herent lack of drama, the score itself is never less than lavishly melodic and varied. It is also vocally demanding: the role of Sextus, originally for a castrato but today entrusted to a mezzo, is full of bravura singing, as is Vitellia, a combination of the Donnas Anna and Elvira. Aside from Tito—the summation of all Mozart's "good" tenor roles—a modern performance can be a feast of the sound of the female voice, blending soprano with mezzo, and mezzo with mezzo in rich vocal expression.

To recreate a "golden age" of singing, it would be necessary to begin with Teresa Berganza, the vocally impeccable Spanish coloratura mezzo, who assumes the role of Sextus. In terms of natural timbre, awesome control, tasteful phrasing and shading, she is perfection, reaching her peak in the famous "Parto, parto" and in the impressive recitative, "O dei, che smania e questa." The opera also serves to introduce two new voices—the Sardinian-born mezzo Maria Casula, as Vitellia, and the Viennese tenor Werner Krenn, as Tito. Miss Casula seems destined for an impressive career with her even, finely shaded high mezzo. In "Non più di fiori," she is both intense and lyrical, and throughout she is the proper embodiment of revenge. Krenn's light, flexible voice fits this magnanimous character, though there is little variety of color. Mezzo Birgit Fassbaender, as Annio, and soprano Lucia Popp, as Servilia, make positive contributions, particularly in their touching duet, "Ah, perdona al primo affetto."

István Kertész, realizing that this is a festal court opera, gets every ounce of stirring pomp and joy out of the score, as well as offering supple and sympathetic accompaniment to his soloists. The playing of the Vienna State Opera Orchestra responds to the majesty and humanity of this music, and London's engineers have made fine use of stereo effects for entrances and exits and in the dialogue recitatives.

If Mozart brought human dimension to the formality of *Tito*, he did likewise for the slightness of the comic *Singspiel*, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*. Seraphim's album, led by Josef Krips, is a genial ensemble effort, with no severe imbalance of one artist or another. Krips conducts with more gusto than in his recent New York Mozart efforts, granting it a lively and often loving reading with his long-time compatriots, the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra.

THE challenge of any *Abduction* performance is the casting of Constanze, since it calls for the weight and authority of a dramatic voice with the extension and flexibility of a coloratura. Anneliese Rothenberger, whose voice has grown by leaps and bounds from the *soubrette* of a few years back, handles this incredibly virtuosic music with enormous command, bringing to it her usually well honed sound, with the right kind of urgency and resolution in the heroic "Marten aller arten."

Nicolai Gedda is a genteel Belmonte, missing some of the rapture of a Wunderlich or Haefliger. But he and Miss Rothenberger make a noble pair of lovers. Gottlob Frick, who has made a specialty of *buffo* roles such as Osmin, is abundantly endowed both vocally and stylistically to enliven this paragon of human baseness and treachery. Lucia Popp has a few trying, unsteady moments as Blonde, but Gerhard Unger has the healthy, robust sound for Pedrillo. The score is complete, save for the tenor's "Ich baue ganz" and certain portions of the spoken dialogue.

—ROBERT JACOBSON.

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Paint It Blue

Continued from page 74

certain personnel changes but somehow held together at the core. With the addition of David Clayton Thomas, a powerful vocalist from Canada, they regrouped magnificently. Now nine musicians strong, with a full horn section, BS&T began a series of musical adventures almost totally removed from the contents of the first album. The result is the second BS&T album, titled *Blood Sweat and Tears* (which is, in reality, the *first* BS&T album; *Child Is Father to the Man* might have better been titled *Al Kooper's Group*).

Blood, Sweat and Tears is one of the most imaginative, unafraid albums I have ever heard. It begins and ends with serene adaptations of *Trois Gymnopédies* titled "Variations on a Theme by Erik Satie." Upbeat, jazzy concoctions, flute-laced confections, and brassy big band sounds fall into place in between. Carefully constructed instrumental passages run through many of the songs, and in each instance they are well worked, appropriate, and inventive. David Clayton Thomas is one of the most joyous singers around.

Stevie Winwood's classic "Smiling Phases" is adapted brilliantly, and "Sometimes in Winter" is one of the most comfortable songs on any pop album I can remember. Laura Nyro's spirited "And When I Die" is countrified with some idiosyncratic harpwork, a beautiful transmutation. (It can now be told that when BS&T was searching for a lead singer, they rehearsed several times with Miss Nyro and tried vainly to convince her to join them.)

I have mixed feelings about *anybody* doing Billie Holiday's "God Bless the Child," but BS&T pulls it off with humility and grace. "Spinning Wheel" and "More and More" come close to, but somehow elude, rock. In fact, BS&T make a good try of just approaching jazz, spiritual, rock, classical, and folk—without ever getting caught up in any of them. They flash riffs, spin solos, tie bridges, skim surfaces, and delve into a rich variety of textures and tonal combinations that work, yet they carefully skirt any dominant theme. If the album as a whole has any faults at all, it's a little too inclusive and slightly sterile.

The album explores a multitude of characteristics without thematic anchor or conceptual prejudice. It's an undeniably successful experiment in which each of the hundreds of small moving parts cooperate with the precision of fine clockwork. Some of the wanderings are quite beyond my ability to either describe or evaluate, but never does the unfamiliar become oppressive—I lose interest at times, but I never lose respect.

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Sisterhood

Continued from page 45

mel; from the drawing room came the murmur of silk-smooth voices."

Such were the intimations of cosmic good housekeeping in those bourgeois drawing rooms, only later dispelled by bad tidings from the undisciplined outer world. To the solemn young scholar who sampled the consolations of philosophy and of Sartre, the unadmitted sense of loss must have been profound. The exchange of that security for a dubious and double-edged freedom may explain the sense of exploitation that afflicts the historian of the second sex no less than her heroines. "I was gypped." "They are killing me." Like a ball fan booing the umpire, Simone de Beauvoir was robbed.

Black Knight on a Motorcycle

***Maundy**, by Julian Gloag (Simon & Schuster. 287 pp. $5.95), describes a quest for love in a world too hellish to accommodate it. Henry S. Resnik, a free-lance critic, is a frequent contributor to Saturday Review.*

By HENRY S. RESNIK

THE YOUNG ENGLISH NOVELIST Julian Gloag demonstrated in *Our Mother's House* a penchant for the macabre, but it was balanced by a warm sensitivity to human foibles, especially those of the seven children who so respectfully buried their deceased mother in the back garden and then tried to make a go of life on their own. *A Sentence of Life*, Gloag's second novel, lacked the liveliness of his first, but almost succeeded anyway because of its intricate structure, a combination of murder mystery and morality tale. *Maundy* is one of the most relentlessly disagreeable books to come our way in a long time.

"Maundy" happens to be the name of Gloag's protagonist (it is his only name), and the word establishes at the outset the novel's highly ambiguous, richly symbolic character: derived from the Latin *mandatum*, it carries overtones of Christ's commandment, at the Last Supper, that the disciples love one another—the subject of the book can be seen as Maundy's search for a way in which to follow this behest. But the word is also linked with Christ's ceremonial washing of the disciples' feet, a ritual of purification. In the character of Maundy, Gloag has united these two disparate, but complementary, elements; *Maundy* is the story of a quest for love, but it is also about a guilt-ridden, fragmented, terrifyingly inhuman world where love is almost impossible, a world in which Maundy is both an innocent victim and an instrument for perpetuating lovelessness.

On the one hand, the world of *Maundy* is ultra-civilized. Maundy's living room is stark white, his clock (Gloag is obsessed with clocks) stainless steel, his deodorant in abundant supply, the bank where he works a "marble mausoleum"—his life is consumed by deadly order. But behind its façade of Victorian calm, this world exudes violence, glimpsed at first only in Maundy's fantasies, but later increasingly actual. Even in the gentle English countryside, where Maundy visits his mother, a tidy garden is fertilized with powdered bones and protected by hedges against a flock of malignant sheep who continually attack it. This is a world where, as Mrs. Maundy observes (she is easily the anti-mother of the year), "Everything's dangerous these days, my dear."

The disintegration of order in Maundy's life begins when, returning from the country one night on his motorcycle—the symbolic power between the legs suggests that there is still hope for him—he gives a ride to a mysterious, silent girl who disappears or dies when the bike accidentally skids off the road. Not sure what has happened to the girl, Maundy becomes haunted by the need to find her. Gradually he surrenders all his little order-games to continue the search—leaves his job, abandons his masochistic fiancée, and ultimately drifts into a state of near-madness.

The plot is an odyssey through Ugly-land. While he is looking for the girl, Maundy witnesses one death and hears about several more, including a few murders; indulges in some graphically described sex with a prostitute and her young nephew; chases various girls who might be *the* girl in and out of movie houses and bars; and continually shuttles back and forth between city and country—between, perhaps, innocence and "civilization" (though there is ample evidence, particularly in the grim references to Africa and those sheep, that even the purest animal innocence is essentially violent and evil).

Julian Gloag—"as an exercise in metaphor, a tour de force."

This odyssey may prove a source of endless amusement to graduate students and symbol-hunters, for the imagery of the novel is almost impenetrable. A whole seminar could be devoted, for example, to the images of washing—scarcely a page goes by without one, right down to an improbable ritual involving spilled drinks (at one point, however, where Maundy washes his face with ice the image is both striking and apt). Image-pickers might want to devote another seminar to the topic "City and Country: The Shattering of the Pastoral Tradition in *Maundy*"—they will have no trouble finding references with which to support their observations. As an exercise in metaphor, *Maundy* is a *tour de force*.

ONE has a right, however, to expect more from a novel than complex imagery. It is essential, for example, that one care what happens to Maundy himself, but unfortunately Gloag has allowed his central character to blend completely into the world around him. Maundy is never anything but blank, empty, pallid, and sterile—perhaps never so sterile as when he is speaking. Here are typical examples of the grotesque dialogue: "There are no unexpected places in this flat"; "I don't dream"; "Just something running over my grave"; "That's the trouble with surprises, no one can ever tell in advance. Like death, you know, or marriage . . . " For a book that professes such deep concern with human feeling, *Maundy* is unremittingly cold.

For a while the sheer horror of the novel is enough to sustain it, but the brilliant ghastliness of the first sixty or so pages soon palls. The images of foot-washing, spilling water, blood, wounds, death, violence, and destruction eventually become tiresomely repetitive and predictable. When new inventions of supreme offensiveness are not forthcoming, the familiar metaphors lose most of their lurid appeal. The structure of the novel cannot bear the strain of Gloag's moral indignation.

At one point in the book, Maundy's only friend observes of the crowd at a country pub, "If you played back a recording of this, you might think it came from an abattoir." Indeed, reading *Maundy* is an experience somewhat similar to viewing Jean-Luc Godard's *Weekend*—but nowhere near as satisfying.

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(Continued from page 83)

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I. Conjointly (3 wds.)	63 100 113 127 176 139 149 129 163 211
J. "The grim ——— iron-bound serving man, / That oft names God in oaths," (comp.: Donne, *Elegy IV. The Perfume*)	10 22 75 152 155 200 212 217 28 47 64 / 108 54
K. What may be needed, if at first you don't succeed (2 wds., not listed as a phrase)	78 90 180 99 34 48 117 146 17 9 51 / 94 123
L. Flowering dogwood; zapatero	141 171 132 218 5 35 23
M. A poison gas characterized by vesicant action	37 15 69 182 124 191 31 57
N. Timely	61 118 135 185 190 128 76 86 116
O. Pusillanimous	192 111 203 6 82 177
P. St. ———: One of the Leeward Islands	215 207 136 151 165
Q. Barbarians	209 16 181 156 168
R. Concise statement of a principle	110 41 29 197 154 26 140 89
S. President of South Carolina (1778-79), born on WORD P	8 72 98 208 145 150 21
T. One who acts as representative for a superior	42 58 167 109 1 68 4 105 216 44
U. Enraged	83 130 112 143 49 97 119 125 46 184 38
V. Rice cooked in meat stock	202 32 147 93 53 160 195
W. Native of Sana, for instance	172 153 134 159 213 210 187 175

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are the acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

		1 T	2 D	3 B		4 T	5 L	6 O	7 D	8 S		9 K	10 J	11 A	12 E	13 C	14 B
15 M		16 Q	17 K		18 C	19 F	20 B	21 S		22 J	23 L	24 E	25 D		26 R	27 F	
28 J	29 R	30 F	31 M		32 V	33 F		34 K	35 L	36 H	37 M	38 U		39 G	40 D	41 R	42 T
43 F		44 T	45 D		46 U	47 J	48 K		49 U	50 F	51 K	52 D		53 V	54 J	55 D	56 G
57 M		58 T	59 H		60 A	61 N	62 H	63 I	64 J	65 D	66 C		67 D	68 T	69 M		70 H
71 A	72 S	73 F	74 D		75 J	76 N	77 G	78 K	79 H	80 E	81 D	82 O	83 U	84 A		85 A	86 N
87 H	88 D	89 R	90 K	91 G		92 C	93 V	94 K		95 A	96 C	97 U		98 S	99 K	100 I	101 B
102 C	103 G	104 H		105 T	106 D	107 G		108 J	109 T	110 R	111 O	112 U	113 I	114 G	115 H	116 N	117 K
	118 N	119 U	120 B	121 F	122 A	123 K	124 M		125 U	126 A	127 I		128 N	129 I	130 U		131 F
132 L	133 H	134 W	135 N	136 P	137 C	138 G	139 I	140 R		141 L	142 F	143 U	144 E	145 S	146 K	147 V	
148 B	149 I	150 S	151 P	152 J	153 W	154 R		155 J	156 Q	157 B	158 E	159 W		160 V	161 E	162 H	163 I
164 A	165 P		166 F	167 T	168 Q	169 A	170 B	171 L	172 W		173 B	174 A	175 W		176 I	177 O	178 D
179 A	180 K	181 Q	182 M	183 B	184 U		185 N	186 G		187 W	188 A	189 B		190 N	191 M	192 O	193 B
	194 F	195 V		196 G	197 R	198 B	199 E		200 J	201 C	202 V		203 O		204 D	205 E	206 H
207 P	208 S	209 Q		210 W		211 I	212 J	213 W	214 E		215 P	216 T	217 J	218 L			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue

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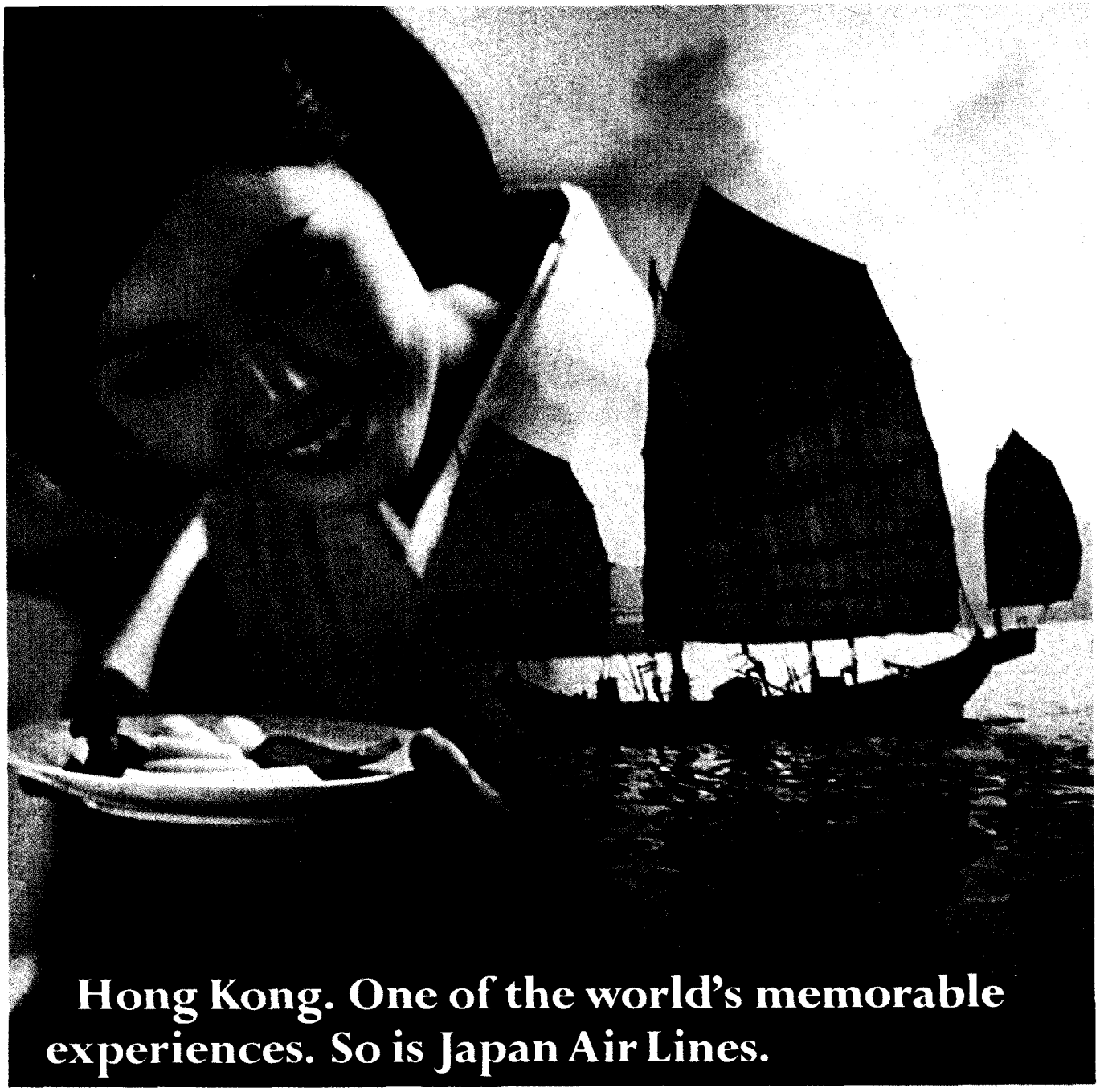

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